# JOSHUA REDIVIVUS:

OR,

Three Hundred and Fifty Two

# RELIGIOUS LETTERS,

By the late Eminently Pious

MR. SAMUEL RUTHERFOORD,

Profeſſor of Divinity, at ST. ANDREWS.

DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS.

THE FIRST,

Containing thoſe which were written from ABERDEEN, where he was confined by a ſentence of the High Commiſſion drawn forth againſt him, partly upon the account of declining them, partly upon the account of his Nonconformity.

SECOND AND THIRD,

Containing ſome which were written from ANWOTH, before he was by the Prelates perſecution thruſt out of his Miniſtry; and others upon divers Occaſions afterward, from St. ANDREWS, LONDON, &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The Author's TESTIMONY to the Covenanted Work of Reformation, between 1638 and 1649. And alſo his DYING WORDS, containing ſeveral Advices to ſome Miniſters and near Relations, not in any of the former Editions.

AS ALSO,

A large PREFACE and POSTCRIPT, which were left out in ſome of the late Editions, wrote by the Rev. Mr. M'WARD.

THE TENTH EDITION.

GLASGOW:

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor of this preſent edition of the Rev. Mr. RUTHERFOORD's LETTERS, does not propoſe to entertain the reader with any encomiums upon the worthy Author, whoſe praiſe is already in the churches; or any commendation of his unparalleled LETTERS, which have already been ſo well reliſhed by the religious part of mankind: all that is intended, is only to point out the ſuperior excellence of this Edition to any of the former ones. It will appear obvious to every one, upon the ſmalleſt attention and reflection, that moſt of the former impreſſions of this part of our Author's performances, have been printed both upon a very ſmall type, and an extreme coarſe paper, which made the peruſing of them, (tho' excellent in themſelves) very unpleaſant to the reader, and often marred that edification that might otherwiſe have ariſen from them. To remedy which, was the deſign of the Editor in offering the following edition of Mr. RUTHERFOORD's LETTERS to the public; an edition which, he hopes, from the largeneſs of the type, goodneſs of the paper, and elegancy of print, will do juſtice to the Author, be a credit to himſelf, and at the ſame time yield pleaſure and ſatisfaction to the reader.

Moſt of the late editions of theſe LETTERS have been conſiderably curtailed, in lopping off a large PREFACE from the beginning of them, tending to caſt light upon the Book, and the tranſactions of thoſe times; and alſo ſome of the late impreſſions have left out the POSTSCRIPT, uſually ſubjoined to the end of them; both ſuppoſed to be wrote by the Rev. Mr. M'WARD. As the ſuppreſſing of theſe was complained of by the public, they are both retained in this impreſſion. And to render this edition ſtill more acceptable to the public, the publiſher has added Mr. RUTHERFOORD's *Teſtimony to the covenanted work of Reformation*, between 1638, and 1649. And alſo his *Dying Words*, containing ſeveral advices to ſome miniſters and near relations.

That nothing might be wanting that has a tendency to reflect honour upon the juſtly eſteemed Author, to gratify the candid reader, the editor begs leave to conclude, with ſubjoining the account and character given of him, by the late Rev. Mr. ROBERT WODROW, author of the Hiſtory of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland.

" That bright and ſhining light of his time, Mr. *Samuel Rutherfoord*, may juſtly come in among the ſufferers, during this ſeſſion of Parliament, [*viz.* in the year 1661,] To be ſure, he was a martyr, both in his own reſolution, and in men's deſigns and determination. He is ſo well known to the learned and pious world, that I need ſay little of him. Such who knew him beſt were in a ſtrait whether to admire him for his ſublime genius in the ſchool, and peculiar exactneſs in matter of diſpute and controverſy; or his familiar condeſcenſions in the pulpit, where he was one of the moſt moving and affectionate preachers in his time, or perhaps in any age of the church.

" But he ſeems to have outdone himſelf, as well as every body elſe in his admirable, and every way ſingular LETTERS, which, though jeſted upon by profane wits, becauſe of ſome familiar expreſſions, yet will be owned, by all who have any reliſh of piety, to contain ſuch ſublime flights of devotion, and to be fraughted with ſuch maſſy thoughts, as loudly ſpeak a ſoul united to Jeſus Chriſt in the cloſeſt embraces, and muſt needs at once raviſh and edify every ſerious reader.

" The parliament were to have had an indictment laid before them againſt this holy man, if his death had not prevented it. After his book, intitled LEX REX, had been ordered to be burnt at the croſs of Edinburgh, and the gate of the new college of St. Andrews, where he was divinity profeſſor; in their great humanity they were pleaſed, when every body knew Mr. Rutherfoord to be in a dying condition, to cauſe cite him to appear before them at Edinburgh, to anſwer a charge of high treaſon. But he had a higher tribunal to appear before, where his judge was his friend.

" Mr. Rutherfoord died in March 1661, the very day before the *Act Reciſſory* was paſſed in the parliament. This eminent ſaint, and faithful ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt, lamented, when near his end, That he was withheld from bearing witneſs to the work of Reformation, ſince the year 1638, and giving his public teſtimony againſt the evil courſes of the preſent time; otherwiſe he was full of peace and joy in believing.—I have a copy before me of what could be gathered up of his *dying words*, and the expreſſions this great man had during his ſickneſs *."

* See this Copy ſubjoined at the end, Page 522.

THE

# THE PREFACE TO THE CHRISTIAN READER.

I INTENDED at first, to have given thee the trouble of a larger Preface to these Epistles; but I perceived upon second thoughts, that as thou shouldest be at a loss in being thereby kept up too long at the entry, so I should gain but little at following my first look, and therefore I have on purpose forborne what I intended, wherein, as I have pleased myself no worse, so I am sure I have pleased thee much better, than if I had followed forth a design, whereby thou couldest have reaped so little advantage; and therefore leaving and laying it aside, I shall confine myself to what doth more peculiarly relate to this great, little book.

In the entry give me leave to tell thee, that as there are many of the author's papers, both polemic and practical, which he intended for public use and advantage, that will never see the light, because (being like Apelles's picture, which was either to be perfected by his own pencil, or wholly laid aside) he carried his pen away with himself, leaving few in the generation that would undertake to follow his notion and finish it, or if they should essay it, it would be in the issue, *humano capiti cervicem jungere equinam*; upon which account the church of God may lament the loss of such a *Master in Israel*: as the world, I say, is at no small loss, by being robbed of so rich a treasure, which was intended for them; so these few, which the author did not at all intend for public use, are here sent abroad: he did violence to the desires of many in refusing to publish them, (howbeit he was known to consult the satisfaction and advantage of the truly godly, more than his own contentment or ease) not because he thought them unworthy of a Scholar, as not being stuffed with a great many sterile notions. If any alledge this, 'tis *non causa pro causa*; but the true reason why

why he endeavoured to ſuppreſs and conceal them from the world, was, leſt any man ſhould think of him above what was meet; becauſe (if not of the abundance of revelation, which yet God did indeed give his ſuffering ſervant, as will be clear by comparing what he forſaw, both as to the work in general, and as to ſome particular perſons, with the event; yet) of the abundance of ſoul-refreſhing manifeſtations that he had: this is the true reaſon which made him inexorable, and kept him from liſtening to the moſt preſſing and aſſiduous entreaties of his friends: he had many things which commended him to the people of God, but his covering his great attainments as a Chriſtian, and the pregnancy of his parts as a ſcholar, with the vail of humility, (which is the chief ornament of a gracious ſpirit) as it did render him peculiarly and deſervedly dear to them, ſo it made both the one and the other ſhine more brightly, and did, beſides their native and intrinſick beauty, give an adventitious brightneſs and luſtre to all that great ſtock of grace, and ſtore of parts, which were found *(rara avis in terris)* jointly in him. It was manifeſt to all who were but a little acquaint with him that his modeſty and humility was ſuch, that in all his moſt eminent appearances for God, he ſtudied to diſappear, leſt he ſhould by ſtanding up, be guilty of intercepting any part of that glory, which belongs to him alone, *of whom are all things, and for whom are all things:* neither was he at any loſs hereby; for thus he became great in the kingdom of God: his growing downward, in that high and goſpel-adorning grace of humility, made him grow upward in favour with God and all good men; and thus by denying himſelf, and ſeeking God alone, he both found what he ſought, and got what he was not willing to take, nor would own as his due.

But, beſides this true account I have given, why the world was deprived of ſo uſeful and edifying a piece to this day; I think it ſhould not paſs without a remark, that God in his good providence, hath reſerved the publication thereof, for ſuch a time as this, wherein it ſeems to promiſe a ſingular advantage, beyond and above what was probably attainable at any other ſeaſon: firſt, as the ſuffering people of God, who, while they are deprived of theſe things in public, for the moſt part, which comforted them over all their ſorrows, and while the ſongs of the ſanctuary (becauſe the Philiſtines have ſtopped moſt of thoſe wells, out of which they uſed to draw and drink with joy, that which was ſweeter to the taſte than honey to the mouth, or they have thrown that into them, which hath not only made them loſe their former reliſh and ſweetneſs, but hath rendered them ſo bitter, that they are now become gall and wormwood) are turned into howling and bitter lamentation; while it is thus,

I ſay,

I ſay, with the people of God, that inſtead of being made glad in his houſe of prayer, as formerly, they are ſighing for the ceaſing of thoſe ſolemn aſſemblies: they may in their ſad hours commune with this ſufferer, who not being willing to eat his morſel alone, ſpeaks to them good words, and comfortably telleth you, beloved ſufferers, what a heaven is to be had in Chriſt's company, even when ye are put to bear the croſs, and to have ſhame and ſuffering for his ſake, as your inſeparable companion: neither is his diſcourſe upon this ſubject, an empty or idle ſpeculation: nay, he ſpeaks what he knoweth: the God for whoſe cauſe he ſuffered comforted him in the like tribulation, and ſo he is in caſe to comfort you by the comforts wherewith he himſelf was comforted of God.

Next, as to thoſe of the miniſters of the goſpel, who by the violence of their adverſaries, are driven from their flocks (which to a godly miniſter is the greateſt of afflictions) ſuch, I ſay, may ſee for ſtrengthening of their hands, while they are put to contend with thoſe that are too ſtrong for them, how this noble witneſs, who ſuffered for the ſame cauſe, carried, how he acquitted himſelf, and overcame: the archers ſhot ſore at him, but his bow abode in its ſtrength; the arms of his hands were made ſo ſtrong by the hand of the mighty God of Jacob, that he was too hard for all that entered the liſts with him: and when they thought they had done ſufficient, either to force him to a compliance, or to make him faint under the effects of their fury, by depriving him of his miniſtry, which was dearer to him than his life, he was not by all this ſo much put to ſuffering (to ſpeak properly) as he was for a ſeaſon, a little removed from the noiſe and diſtraction that is abroad in the world, to be alone with God. O bleſſed ſolitude! O ſweet ſociety! he was taken out of the clamour and confuſion that is here below, up to the mount, where he was admitted to a near familiarity, and experienced the ſweetneſs of that fellowſhip with God, which he had preached to others: though he was not taken from the earth, yet he was not only kept from the evil that was then, and is now, in the world; but he enjoyed ſuch a heaven under his heavy preſſures, that if he being about his Maſter's buſineſs, had not been prized by him, as preferable to his own conſolation, he would have been in hazard of forgetting the troubles of Zion, and ſo ſaying, "It is good for me to be here:" but he was ſuch a ſervant, as made it his meat and drink to do his Maſter's will; he had ſo learned Chriſt, as to prefer his concernments to his chief joy: and therefore, ye will find him often in theſe epiſtles, feaſting upon the conſolations of God, with the tear in his eye; while he remembers Zion, and calls to mind the deſolate condition of the

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flocks of Chriſt, particularly his own, for whom nothing was prepared.

He found in his ſolitude ſuch a meaſure of preſence, as could hardly have been expected, out of the chamber of preſence, where there is fulneſs of joy and pleaſures for evermore: he knew more in his happy retirement, of the exerciſe of them who are above (who being made kings unto God, have crowns upon their heads; and being made prieſts alſo, ſacrifice theſe to the giver) than he could have learned, by revolving all the volumes that are written in many ages, amidſt the greateſt outward calm and tranquility: this is the ſummer fruit which grew out of the hard tree of the croſs of Chriſt that he was put to bear, which was ſo ſweet to his taſte, that it made him diſdain the dainties of his adverſaries, and diſreliſh theſe ſour and unſavoury delights of the ſons of men, which however they may at firſt ſeem to have ſome petty ſweet in them, yet they quickly ſet the teeth of the eater on edge, and are found bitter in the belly, and of a bad digeſtion; theſe were the quiet fruits of righteouſneſs that his ſervant reaped by his ſufferings for Chriſt, and that in ſuch plenty, that out of his abundance, he ſends ſome baſkets of theſe ſweet fruits abroad amongſt his friends, both to bring up a good report upon his liberal Lord and Maſter, who allows on his followers, while they are pinched with penury of other comforts, full meaſure, heaped up, running over, and ſhaken together; and upon the croſs of Chriſt alſo, to the end it might appear, that this burden is ſo far from imbittering the life of a ſuffering ſaint, that by the contrary, as the ſufferings of Chriſt abounded in him, ſo his conſolation alſo abounded by Jeſus Chriſt.

The publication then, I ſay, of theſe epiſtles, ſeems in providence to be tryſted on purpoſe, with the ſufferings of his ſervants at this time, that we may be encouraged by his example, to a zealous faithfulneſs, and a cheerful ſuffering, and may wax bold by his bonds, under, and in which, he did experience much of the glorious liberty of the ſons of God. How oft do we find him prefering his confinement to all the ſublunary contentments of his perſecutors? Here did he feed upon theſe pure and unmixed delights, which put ſuch a gladneſs in the heart, as expels all the latent and lurking griefs that are there, and cauſeth the ſoul, while ſurrounded with all outward trouble to ſing, while they feed upon aſhes, and fill their belly with the Eaſt-wind, who feaſt upon the tears of the people of God, and ſeem to have nothing elſe to interrupt their tranquility, but how they may trouble the children of peace. It was under this reſtraint, and in this houſe of his bondage, when being ſhut up from, and ſpoiled of all creature comforts, that he found the

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ſurpaſſing ſweetneſs of the conſolations of God, which taſte beſt when they are moſt free of the mud and mixture of other enjoyments; there it was where he found the truth of that ſaying of Auguſtine, *Tanta eſt dulcedo cœleſtis gaudii, ut ſi una guttula deſluerit in infernum, totam amaritudinem inferni abſorberet:* 'If one drop of heavenly joy ſhould fall into hell, it would ſwallow up, or ſweeten all the bitterneſs of that place of torment.' The love of God and the joy of the Holy Ghoſt, was ſo abundantly ſhed abroad in his heart, while he was in the furnace, that his croſs was not only made thereby light and eaſy, and his life pleaſant, but ye have him often ſaying, (becauſe he found by theſe foretaſtes what inconceivable conſolation muſt be in the immediate viſion and full fruition of God) that if there were no other way to come at the poſſeſſion of that bleſſedneſs, he would not only chuſe to ſwim through a ſea of outward troubles; but he would wade through the lake of fire and brimſtone, to be poſſeſſed of God himſelf; and there is none who knew the ſobriety of this holy man, that will judge he complimented in ſaying ſo; nay, there are none, who have found what a cool refreſhing ſhade and abundant conſolation the ſoul finds, in the company of the Son of man, while they walk with him amidſt the flames of the moſt ſcorching fiery trials; but they would think ſtrange, if he ſpake otherwiſe. Let us then be aſhamed to ſcar at the croſs, or at Chriſt's company, becauſe of it; ſince it bears the man who bears it; let us reſolve to take joyfully the loſs of all things, life itſelf not being excepted, in the ſervice of ſuch a maſter, who makes us gainers by our loſſes, and then in a ſpecial way makes up all our wants, according to his riches in glory, when we have forſaken all to follow him. Let us ſtudy to carry in the ſight of adverſaries, as men who cannot be made miſerable by affliction: for if we be but indeed faithful to him, we are more happy at our worſt, than we know; or rather we are in ſo far miſerable, as we know not how happy we are: he who is admitted to know that he hath a place in the heart of God, needs but care little what he meet with from the hand of man: this may wipe all tears from his eyes, even while he ſighs out that ſad word, *I am poor and needy*, that he knoweth, and is in caſe to add that other, *yet the Lord thinketh upon me*, and doth earneſtly remember me ſtill. And by the way, (tho' it is neither far out of my way nor thine, nor eccentrick to my preſent purpoſe) let me ſay, that if the queſtion were moved, How it cometh to paſs, that he found ſo much, and other worthy ſufferers alſo before him, that theſe things ſeem almoſt dreams, and incredible to us? Truly (without ſpeaking any thing of the abſolute Sovereignty of God, who may do with his own what he will, and diſpenſe as he pleaſeth, both as to meaſure and time) the reaſon may

ſeem to be very obvious: his, and their witneſs-bearing for Jeſus Chriſt, did every way, and in all reſpects exceed ours: they gave to God as Kings (tho' it was of his own they ſerved him) their teſtimonies, againſt the corruptions of their times, whether in king, or parliament, or church-men, had ſo much of miniſterial faithfulneſs, ſo much of freedom, ſo much of grave and goſpel-becoming boldneſs in them, ſo much holy zeal, even for the leaſt of the concernments of the kingdom of Chriſt, (upon which we are loth to ſtate our ſufferings, or for the keeping whereof we are unwilling to hazard the loſs of any thing) that it was apparent, they loved him ſo well, that they loved not their lives unto the death; and that Chriſt could require nothing of them, as a ſignification of their zeal for his intereſts, which they were not at a point to part with, and were not ready to give away: and he, upon the other hand, to make it appear, that they could not ſerve the Lord for nothing, and to evidence his ſpecial complacency in ſuch a zealous frame of ſpirit, did, not only extraordinarily ſupport them under their trouble, ſo that they did not ſink, even when they ſeemed to others, to be preſſed out of meaſure, and beyond ſtrength; but did manifeſt himſelf in a moſt familiar manner unto them, ſo when they were almoſt at this, That they had not whereupon to lay their head, they had then free acceſs, to lean it and lay it on his boſom: In a word, God did declare, that he thought nothing too great, nor too good for them, who gave themſelves away ſo intirely to him; ſo that if the queſtion were aſked at God, whence is it, that there is ſo vaſt a difference betwixt his dealing with the former witneſſes, and thoſe who now give ſome kind of teſtimony to his name? He could quickly ſilence and put to ſhame the movers of that queſtion, by ſending us back, to ſee what a difference there is, betwixt what thoſe worthies did and ſuffered for him; and what we have done, though under more obligations, at leaſt ſubjective, under more oaths, covenants, engagements, proteſtations, and theſe often reiterate, than many of them were: he met them, as men who rejoiced and wrought righteouſneſs, and could neither be flattered nor frowned out of their fidelity and freedom, and he hides himſelf from us, as it were, aſhamed of ſuch witneſſes, whoſe very teſtimony is ſo unworthy of ſuch a Maſter, and ſo far ſhort of what it ought to be, as if indeed we were aſhamed of him and his truth, or thought the torn and the lame a ſufficient ſacrifice for him. It was not the main queſtion of theſe men in a ſuffering time, how much they might let go, and yet keep the ſubſtantials of religion, or how long they ſhould be ſilent, out of fear, leſt if they endeavoured to acquit themſelves faithfully, they ſhould both be reputed raſh and imprudent,

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and provoke the magiſtrate, by venting their needleſs jealouſies, to do what he intended not; they did not think it enough to give ſome oblique intimation of their diſlike, or half ſignification of their deteſtation of theſe courſes, whereby they conceived their Maſter's intereſt wronged, his prerogative encroached upon, and the whole endangered; nay, nay, theſe men of God, who knew the times and what Iſrael had to do, thought ſuch a carriage unworthy of the ambaſſadors of Chriſt, who are ſet for the defence of the goſpel, and upon the matter, but as the couching of aſſes under the burden; they would ſooner have parted with their lives, than with one hoof of what belonged to their Maſter They thought it more worthy of a watchman, to put all on their guard, upon the leaſt appearance of the approach of an enemy, than ſuffer themſelves to be ſhamefully ſurprized in their ſecurity; and they thought it more like the good ſoldiers of Jeſus Chriſt, to cover the ground where they ſtood with their dead bodies, than as afraid or terrified by their adverſaries in any thing, to make a diſhonourable retreat; he who would have put them from witneſſing a good confeſſion, when the danger of the work of God called them to cry aloud, and not to ſpare, behoved, not only to have threatened them, (for that would not have done their buſineſs, they being men of ſuch metal, as could have looked death out of countenance in its moſt formidable ſhape, and carried in the face of all oppoſition, as thoſe whom no affliction could make miſerable) but to ſilence them perfectly, he behoved to have ſent them into the other world, which could not be terrible to them, who had the certain expectation, that if ſo diſmiſſed, they ſhould take up their place amongſt the ſouls under the altar, ſlain for the word of God, and their teſtimony that they held; and I may ſay particularly, to the commendation of the grace of God, in this his faithful ſervant (who having ſerved his generation according to the will of God, is now fallen aſleep) that to the obſervation of all, he never was afraid of the face of man, in appearing for the intereſts of Chriſt, neither knew he what it was to be ſilent, when he ſaw theſe in hazard; nay, he was ſuch a ſon of Levi, as knew neither friend nor brother in the matters of God; which bleſſed diſpoſition did accompany him to his grave; for though ſuch was the indulgence of his Maſter to ſo faithful a ſervant, that he would have him to die in peace (tho' he denied him not the honour of a martyr, dying under the ſentence of confinement to his own houſe) plucking him out of the jaws of a bloody death, wherewith he was threatened, and which was intended for him, by them whoſe indignation had almoſt come to that height, as to ſay upon the matter, *Bring him hither upon the bed that we may kill him:* for not being ſatisfied

fied with the teſtimony of the phyſicians, nor the magiſtrates, or the miniſters of the place, certifying that he was not able to travel to Edinburgh (as by the ſequel was too ſadly confirmed) he was confined to his own houſe, when he was not able to go abroad, and put to ſhame in that place, where he had deſervedly gained the repute of one of the moſt learned and ſucceſsfully laborious doctors, that ever had filled that chair, and one of the moſt faithful and diligent miniſters that ever watched over, or laboured amongſt a people. Ah, Scotland, Scotland, whither haſt thou cauſed thy ſhame to go? If it had been an enemy who had ſought to deal thus with thy ſeers and faithful prophets, it had become thee better, to have hid theſe by fifties in caves, from the fury of their enemies; or if thou couldeſt not have preſerved the lives of ſuch worthies, either to have died with them, or to have made it appear, that thou only lived to lament the loſs of a greater treaſure, than if thou hadſt loſt all the gold of India and Ophir; but for thy own ſword to devour thy own prophets, and that under the colour of law, what canſt thou ſay for this that will ſatisfy? What apology canſt thou make to God, for miſuſing his prophets, and ſhedding the blood of the juſt in the midſt of thee? What canſt thou ſay for ſatisfying the nations, who have heard of the renown of theſe men, theſe precious ſons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, who have been daſhed in pieces in the midſt of thee, and dealt with, as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the Potter? Wilt thou not be ſpeechleſs, and not have wherewith to anſwer him that reproveth and reproacheth thee? Canſt thou look forward, and not bluſh to think, what ſucceeding generations will ſay of thee? What wilt thou ſay, when it ſhall be aſked, by one whom thou muſt anſwer, what manner of men were theſe whoſe blood thou didſt ſhed? (however thou haſt repreſented them now as malefactors, that thou mighteſt deal ſo with them; yet then thou muſt ſay) all of them were as the ſons of kings. Ah, Scotland! Scotland! the moſt ſolemnly engaged to God, and the moſt guilty and ungrate of all the nations under the heavens: doſt thou not fear, after all this, the cry of the ſouls under the altar? *Saying with a loud voice, how long, O Lord, holy and true, doſt thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?* Thou waſt once made uſe of as a carpenter, to fray the horns of them who did puſh the inheritance of the Lord; but now the ſpirit of the horns hath entered into the carpenters: and doſt thou think thyſelf ſecure after all this! It is true, there is no viſible power or party upon earth, of whom thou haſt much reaſon to be afraid; but remember, that he who is higher than the higheſt regardeth, who will make inquiſition for the blood of his ſaints, which thou haſt ſhed, and

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his intereſts; if thou wilt fear nothing elſe, let me recommend the Scythian fear unto thee, of whom it is reported, that they fear nothing, "but that the heavens ſhould fall upon them;" alas! if thy enemy be above thee, how wilt thou guard thy head, or ſecure thy heart, when he gives the blow, and recompenſes thy way upon thine own head? But if thou wilt ſtill go on, and inſtead of ſmiting on thy thigh, and ſaying, What have I done? harden thyſelf, and think to proſper; I ſhall deſire grace to have ſuch a frame of ſoul as to weep for thee in ſecret. But to return to my purpoſe from which this ſad meditation hath a little withdrawn me; though ſuch, I ſay, was the tenderneſs of his Maſter to this ſervant, yet when he had nothing elſe to complain of (being for many days together before his death, filled with as much joy of the Holy Ghoſt as he could hold) he went away regretting this (though with a ſweet ſubmiſſion to his Maſter's will) that he died not in that bed of honour, and was not brought forth, to breathe out his life and laſt upon a ſcaffold, ſince his Maſter was dealing ſuch favours amongſt his followers (for to ſome (and bleſſed be he eternally who carried them honourably through) it was given, not only to believe, but alſo to ſuffer, and to the convictions of their enemies, as men who ſeemed rather to triumph over that king of terrors, than to be daunted by its dreadful aſpect:) and ſince he was taking ſuch proofs of the fidelity and affection of ſome of his followers, it will not be amiſs, for this purpoſe, to inſert his own words, which were taken from his mouth, not once, but often reiterate: *Now* (ſaid that faithful ſervant, even when he was upon the threſhold of glory, ready to receive the immortal crown) *my tabernacle is weak, and I would think it a more glorious way of going hence, to lay down my life for the cauſe, at the croſs of Edinburgh or St. Andrews; but I ſubmit to my Maſter's will.*

Is it any wonder then, I ſay, ſince his, and thoſe other mens way in witneſſing for God, was ſo unlike ours; and ſo far beyond what is to be found in our faint appearances for him, as the one keeps no proportion with the other; that there ſhould be ſo remarkable a difference, betwixt his bearing witneſs to, and teſtifying his complacency in what they did, and what we do: if there be, for the moſt part, ſome proportion, betwixt the diſpenſation of God, and the diſpoſition of men; what wonder, that he who admitted them to the neareſt familiarity with himſelf, deal thus with us, and ſo let us know our breach of promiſe? Nay, if there be any thing ſtrange, and to be wondered at in this, it is rather, that he hath not been more terrible to us, by writing his diſpleaſure againſt our lukewarmneſs in greater characters,

racters, than that we have not been more indulgently dealt with. It is exceedingly of all our concernments, to lay this to heart, and ſeriouſly to conſider, whether this be not the very thing that makes him keep at a diſtance from us. I ſuppoſe upon a very overly ſearch, and ſurvey of our way, it will be found, that by our unworthy carriage in his matters, we have rewarded this evil to our own ſouls: our ſuffering (if it deſerve that name) is with leſs edification and advantage to the church, and leſs comfort to our own ſouls; becauſe if our teſtimony be weighed in the balance of the ſanctuary, it will be found light, and to want many pounds, not only of what it ought to have, but of what theirs had whoſe work was found perfect before God.

But if we be really deſirous, to be dealt with as they were (and what is ſo deſireable, next to heaven, and the coming of the kingdom of the Son of God upon the earth) let us endeavour to carry as they did: were they not men of the like paſſions and infirmities with us? Why then ſhould not we aim, to be men of the like faithfulneſs and zeal with them: then is it, that we may hope to have ſweet and halcyon days in his ſervice; ſuch as will make us the envy of our enemies, a comfort to our friends, and an ornament to our profeſſion: hereby ſhall a good report be brought up upon the ways of God, and we ſhall be living witneſſes, that godlineſs with all diſadvantages, and when accompanied with the fiery trial, is great gain, and hath its hundred fold in this life, even with perſecution. Let us ſtudy to be like them in going about our Maſter's work, and then we have rational ground to hope, that he who ſhewed by his dealing with the cloud of witneſſes that went before us (and do ſtill compaſs us about, and call to follow on) that he who was not unrighteous, to forget their zeal in doing, their patience in ſuffering, their work and labour of love; will alſo remember us with the favour that he bore to theſe who went before us: then may we expect that he will ſay to our ſouls in ſecret, when we have faith to acquit ourſelves for him in public, go your way now, and eat your bread, though it be brown, with joy, and drink your drink, though it be not wine, with a merry heart: for I have accepted your works, and theſe are come up in remembrance with me. O but one of theſe hours, which Mr Rutherfoord had in God's company, were worth many years ſuffering, and ſweating in the heat of the day! I know the Prelates and their party, will think themſelves at a loſs, to hear of it, or have it ſaid, that God did admit to ſuch familiarity with himſelf, his faithful witneſs againſt the wickedneſs of their way (I grant indeed, it is a ſpecial prejudice to them; for though it be ſtrange, yet they who perſecute his favourites and followers,

followers, would even be thought to do God good ſervice) but leſt I ſhould ſeem to ſay, that there was ſome ſingularity in God's dealing with him (which I know would grate the ear of ſome of them, who pretend to be chief amongſt the reſt, that had a particular ſpleen againſt this eminent ſervant of Jeſus Chriſt, I need not trouble the world in telling them who he is, that being no ſecret, though I know not whether he would bluſh to have it ſaid, he hated and perſecuted a man, ſo greatly beloved of God, and dear to all his people, or if he would not rather boaſt of it; I owe him the charity that the latter of the two will be his choice, and that for fear of being charmed he will ſtop his ear from hearing that, *Why perſecuteſt thou me?* and will eſſay to juſtify himſelf, and ſatisfy others, by ſaying (according to his accuſtomed candor and conſcience) that he was a ring-leader amongſt the phanatics: it will ſound harſh alſo I know, in the ears of them, who, in joining with him, have ſerved themſelves heirs, to theſe, who went before them, in perſecuting him, and ſuch faithful men as he was: for as they have come in their places, ſo they perſiſt in their practices, only with this difference, that in making havock of the church of God, they out-do all that ever made apoſtaſy to that way and run at that rate, in endeavouring the ruin of the work of reformation, as if they were afraid to be out-run by any who ſhould come after them, or have it ſaid, that there had ever been men, who with more malice did perſecute, and ſtretch forth their hands, not againſt certain of the diſciples, but againſt the whole church of God. Reader, pardon, I pray thee, that I now and then digreſs in a parentheſis, while theſe wiſe men come in my way, for thou knoweſt very well according to the proverb, that the devil ſhould have his due, and I deſire to do them juſtice, and here I cloſe it, if they ſhould take it ill, I ſay, to have ſo much ſaid to the advantage of this worthy man. If it will be acceptable to them to hear it, I have a mind to gratify them ſo far, as to ſay, that Mr. Rutherfoord was not alone in this, as his practice in that oppoſition was not peculiar to himſelf (for he but walked in the way of them who left him an example, to continue with Chriſt in his temptations) ſo, his privileges were not ſo peculiar to himſelf, that he had none to ſhare with him: and therefore I ſay (if they can reap any ſatisfaction by having it ſaid, or if they have a mind ſtill to quarrel, ſee if there be any of them in caſe to convince me of a falſhood) that God made it known, not only to themſelves, but to the world, how highly he eſteemed the fidelity of others alſo before him, who were his conſtant witneſſes againſt introducing and eſtabliſhing of prelacy in Scotland, he not only made themſelves find what favourites they were, by putting them (if I may ſay ſo)

upon

upon his ſecrets: (for Mr. Davidſon, Mr. Welch, Mr. Bruce, and many others of the valiant ſoldiers of Chriſt, and worthy witneſſes in their time, were known to have been prophets; which I could evince by many particular paſſages, but they deſerve a more honourable mention, and it may be ſome will undertake it, than to be ſhut up within the limits of a parentheſis) particularly renowned Mr. Welch, who at home, and abroad in France, was taken notice of, as an extraordinary man, as a ſervant from whom his maſter did not conceal what he was about to do: not one word hath fallen to the ground, of all that which by that ſeer was foretold, concerning the troubles of Scotland; hath not the ſword of ſtrangers, according to his prediction, been made drunk with the blood of the ſlain? Is not Chriſt crucified this day in Scotland, which he foreſaw would follow? Yea, and buried too; and for fear that he ſhould riſe again, there is by the procurement of the chief prieſts, a watch ſet, the great ſtone rolled to the mouth of the ſepulchre is ſealed, and all made as ſure as they can: becauſe if he riſe upon them again, this laſt error will prove worſe than the firſt by far: the Lord, I ſay, hath fulfilled in every circumſtance the word of his ſervant hitherto; only the laſt part of it is not yet accompliſhed, wherein he foretelleth of the glorious reſurrection of Chriſt crucified and buried in Scotland; but the exact accompliſhment of the former, puts us in expectation of the latter, notwithſtanding that the great ſtone of the act Reciſſory, and many ſubſequent acts ſuitable to that ſad one, is rolled to the mouth of the ſepulchre, and notwithſtanding that the prieſts (the prelates, I ſhould ſay) have by their importunity, procured an order from the magiſtrate to make it as ſure as they can, and being now clothed with the formality of that law whereby he was crucified (for alas! we have a law now, by which law he muſt die!) they are moſt diligent in ſetting their watches and making all faſt: this is the thing, I ſay, that his ſad-hearted diſciples are in expectation of; notwithſtanding of all the endeavours of his enemies to the contrary, and then prelacy in Scotland will breathe out its life and laſt together: for between Chriſt's riſing and reigning, and their falling, there hath ever been ſeen amongſt us, a certain connection: and truly for as great an enemy as they may think me, I would make a very friendly overture unto them (I grant I come to counſel uncalled) and I hope alſo, that my ſoul ſhall never enter into their ſecrets, and this is the advice I have to give them, that they would even look ſo far before their noſe, as to make their teſtament, ſo long as they are in caſe to go to kirk and market; but I fear I loſe my labour; for ere ever Judas will part with his pieces,

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he is the next door to hang himself, and who can help it? God not only dealt with them, I say, so as to put them upon his secrets, but he made their very enemies take notice of them oftentimes, as men that had been with Jesus.

Hath it not been a heart-staying, and hand-strengthening remark amongst the servants and people of God in our native land, especially in a declining time, that God did singularly shine from heaven upon, and shew his satisfaction in the way, and towards the persons of those of his servants, who stood firm in their opposition to prelacy; and that he did as signally, one way or other, either sooner or later, give significations of his dislike of the way and persons of them who turned aside to these crooked courses? and was it ever more visible (as to the latter part) than at this day? It may be, that they will think it sufficient to convince me of a lie, that their greatness and grandeur is such, as if they had monoplized to themselves all the riches and honour of the nation; but if they will have patience to hear me to Amen, I may possibly convince them of a truth that they are not willing to hear; for I only grant, that they have forgotten their Master's directions, inhibiting them, to lift up themselves above their brethren, but I will grant them this also (for they must have much given them) that they have carried away the primacy, and precedency from the nobility, on whose necks they now trample; but when all this is granted them, yet they have not convinced me of telling an untruth: they must have leave to put out mine and other mens eyes besides, (which we are not willing to give them: though if any man would gratify his grace, and their lordships, he must part with these in the first place; for an implicit faith is the basis and foundation of their kingdom of darkness, without which it would fall about their ears, and but overwhelm them in the rubbish, and that would be very sad to them, for I suspect they have no great mind to die) before this come so much as under debate, almost with indifferent men; whether God be angry at their way; his very giving of them up, to persecute his people and servants, says nothing, if it say not this; that whatever be their outward prosperity, he hath classed them with Pharaoh, in pouring out his plagues upon their heart; is not this seen, that so soon as a man becomes serious in seeking of God, he becomes the butt of their malice, and the mark against which they bend their bow, and shoot the arrows of their indignation? And so soon as any begins to mind seriously the concernments of his soul, then, *sine monitore*, he falls in a dislike with them, and their way: I do not say, that all who hate the prelates are saints; for there is sufficient in their way to make them odious to others; but is not this known, that these who once begin

to ſet their face towards God, turn their back upon them? I am ſure this obſervation doth ſeldom fail, or can be proved falſe in our native land: and then on the other hand, ſince theſe men were exalted, do not the wicked walk on every ſide? Is there not a profane ſpirit (the conſtant attendant of epiſcopacy in Scotland) broken looſe in the land? Is there not ſuch a flood of impiety running through the land, that carries moſt men down the current, as hath hardly been ſeen? Hath not this leproſy ſpread itſelf over the whole land? So that we are an abomination, and talk to all about us: and if any would endeavour to accompliſh a diligent ſearch, to find out the fountain that caſts forth this mire and dirt, to the defiling of the land, and defacing of congregations, he would, it may be, find it where it ought leaſt to be expected: theſe ſtreams of impiety and impurity run from the ſanctuary; hence is it, that profanity goes forth through the whole land: and can it be otherwiſe, when ſo many faithful miniſters are driven away, and men put in their places to handle the law, of moſt of whom without breach of charity, it may be ſaid, that they know not God, and care not for the ſouls of his people: it is under the ſhadow of this plant (which becauſe it is not of our heavenly Father's planting, we live under the expectation, and though our eyes ſhould be ſhut before we ſee it, we hope to die in the faith of its being pluckt up) that theſe weeds have grown up; ſo that, alas! the vineyard of the Lord of hoſts is now no more like his incloſure, it bringeth forth briers and thorns inſtead of good fruit; he planted the church of Scotland a noble vine, wholly a right ſeed, but ſince it became a ſeminary for prelates, the converſation of the generality proclaims this, that we are turned into the degenerate plant of a ſtrange vine unto him: this is the prelatical reformation, which is ſuitable to itſelf all along; for having purged out of the church the faithful miniſters of Chriſt (and the few who are yet remaining, being in expectation of the ſame lot) what can follow among the people; but that the land ſhould be drowned with a deluge of profanity? Are we not for the moſt part (oh, if with a ſuitable meaſure of ſorrow I could make mention of it) as the children of the Ethiopians to him? Are not our ſpots unlike the ſpots of his people? This obſervation, I ſay, as it was a very heart ſtaying conſideration in former times, and was inſtead of many arguments amongſt them who were no great diſputants: ſo I hope, (ſince it was never more evident) it will ſtill prove a heart-eſtabliſhing conſideration in the faith once delivered to the ſaints.

Reader, how deſirous ſoever thou mayſt be, to have dead Mr. Rutherfoord live in the hearts of the preſent and ſucceeding

ing generations, by an account of his ſingular gracious life, and anſwerably glorious death: yet, I ſhall not (for that would lead me a length beyond the juſt limits of an epiſtle, where, contrary to my purpoſe, I find myſelf almoſt arrived already) be able to ſatisfy thy deſire, nor anſwer thy expectation. It is not my preſent work to tell thee, that he was a gentleman by extraction. That he was educated at ſchools and colleges, where he was admirted for the pregnancy of his parts, and deſervedly looked upon, even then as a perſon of whom great things might be expected: of his being pitched upon for a profeſſion of philoſophy by the college of Edinburgh (where he was educate) when he was very young. Of his being called thence to the miniſtry in Anwoth (to which charge he entered, by the means of that worthy Nobleman my Lord Kenmure, without giving any engagement to the biſhop) where he laboured night and day with great ſucceſs, the whole country being to him, and accounting themſelves as his particular flock: There it was, where he wrote that great maſter-piece of learning againſt the Arminians (which yet was but a compend of what he then intended,) his *Exercitationes Apologeticæ*: Of his perſecution by the prelates, who were ſo ſound in the faith, as to challenge and accuſe him for writing that book.

Being called before their high commiſſion court, he appeared and declined it, as none of the courts of Chriſt (nor was there need of any thing elſe for a confirmation, that it came not from on high, but from below, ſave its procedure; for its acts had the very dye and vilage of hell upon them; if they will plead that it is from above, they will be puzzled to pitch upon a period, or fix upon any other time when it came down, except with the fallen angels; but it may be, this pleaſes ſuch angels of the church (ſo they will be called) for they boaſt much of antiquity: and truly that which gives ground for this conjecture, that it came down from heaven in that company, is that it perſecutes the ſaints and ſervants of the Moſt High; and if there were none ſuch upon earth, it would have no work) and was by this high commiſſion put from his miniſtry, and ſent to Aberdeen, where the doctors found to their confuſion, that the puritans were clergy-men as well as they, on his returning to his former charge, upon that happy change of affairs in the year 1638. and his being ſhortly after ſent to the profeſſion of theology in the Univerſity of St. Andrews by the General Aſſembly (where he was alſo called to be worthy Mr. Blair's colleague in the miniſtry which being the ſeat of the arch-prelate, was the very nurſery of all ſuperſtition in worſhip, and error in doctrine, and the ſink of all profanity in converſation among the ſtudents; where God did ſo ſingularly ſecond his ſervants

indefatigable pains, both in teaching in the ſchools, and preaching in the congregation, that it became forthwith a Lebanon, out of which were taken cedars for building the houſe of the Lord through the whole land; not a few of whom are this day, amongſt thoſe, who have obtained mercy of the Lord, to be his faithful witneſſes, againſt Scotland's preſent ſhameful and unparalleled defection: of his being ſent with other worthy miniſters, by the general aſſembly, to the famous ſynod at London; where, during the time of his abode, he publiſhed ſeveral pieces: In a word, of his unparalleled painfulneſs, and holy zeal in being about his Maſter's buſineſs; ſo that he ſeemed to pray conſtantly, to preach conſtantly, to catechiſe conſtantly, to be ſtill in viſiting the ſick, in exhorting from houſe to houſe, to teach as much in the ſchools and ſpend as much time with the young men, as if he had been ſequeſtrate from all the world beſides: and withal, to write as much, as if he had been conſtantly ſhut up in his cloſet, (ſufficient proof whereof hath been given to the world, by the many pieces he hath publiſhed: but the great bulk of manuſcripts which he hath left behind him, and muſt lie buried with himſelf, will put this further out of doubt) ſo that one Mr. Rutherfoord ſeemed to be many able godly men in one, or one who was furniſhed with the grace and abilities of many. It is not, I ſay, my preſent purpoſe, to give any particular account to the world of theſe; or of the many things he had to wreſtle with, eſpecially towards the end of his days, and of his edifying death; that may be done hereafter by a more dexterous hand, and ſkilful pen, with much advantage and edification to the church of God: only I may ſay, as among the heathens, Hercules was looked upon, as ſo far both above the applauſe of any, who undertook to commend him, and beyond the reach of obloquie and reproach of any who had fallen out with his wits, as to derogate from his worth; that it was a problem amongſt them, whither he who undertook to praiſe him, or he who vented any thing to his prejudice, did commit the greateſt *Soleciſm* (though it was *Belluina gloria* whereof he could boaſt) I ſuppoſe with more reaſon, among them who knew better to make the true parallel betwixt things that differ, and are more fit to judge of that which is of true worth, and great price in the ſight of God, I ſhould ſeem more ridiculous to ſay much to the advantage of the author, whoſe praiſe (without the help of my blunt pen) is in all the churches of Chriſt; whoſe manner of life, in all godlineſs and holy converſation, rendered him dear to the lovers of holineſs, and who hath left his name for a bleſſing to the choſen of God: he was a true John the Baptiſt indeed, *totus vox*, a voice in habit, geſture, and converſation: in a word, in his life, and at his death,

death, he obtained that mercy of the Lord, even when he ſaid nothing, to preach to all who beheld his converſation: (which was obſerved to be in heaven, while he converſed amongſt men) that there was nothing good, but to draw near to God: and now being got up above, amongſt thoſe pages of honour, who wait upon the king's own perſon, and having taken up his place amongſt the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect (after which this ſaint often panted, and for which he prayed night and day) he doth by theſe Epiſtles, which he hath left behind him (wherein thou wilt perceive how his ſoul was drawn forth in inceſſant longings after that whereof he is now poſſeſſed) cry aloud to you his companions, the ſaints that are in the world, to come up hither and ſee, that which cannot be ſeen while ye are there, that which is only worth the ſeeing; that, which if it were known, would make you quarrel with death for delaying to ſhut your eyes upon other objects: leave the dark world, doth he ſay, and come up hither to this bleſſed land of light, where all our childiſh thoughts of God are gone, and evaniſhed in this noon-day-viſion, where the underſtanding is fully illuminate, and there is no cloud to benight or eclipſe the ſoul in its uptakings of God, where the will hath a thorough compliance with, and a perfect complacency in the will of God, where the affections do eternally run in a ſtraight line towards him, and are for ever put beyond hazard of diverting towards any other thing, or of being enamoured with any other object.

Though I have no purpoſe to inſiſt on the particulars of his life, or death, I ſay, yet before I cloſe this ſection, there are two things which I cannot, I ought not, for all the haſte, to conceal or let paſs without a remark, becauſe one was looked upon by many, as a thing very obſervable, and the other, will I know, be taken notice of, and welcomed by all the people of God: the firſt relates to the time when this faithful labourer was removed to his reſt, which was the night following that dark, and diſmal day, wherein the Act Reciſſory was paſt, the Lord thereby ſhewing a ſpecial piece of indulgence to his ſervant, in not adding grief to his ſorrow, but hiding it from theſe eyes, which had accuſtomed themſelves to trickle down without intermiſſion, both for what he ſaw, and what he foreſaw; ſince the parliament of Scotland, ſo ſolemnly engaged to God, would at once burſt all theſe bonds, and caſt away theſe cords from them, which were neither our bondage nor our burden, but the badge of that glorious liberty, whereinto with a ſtrong hand, he had vindicate us: and upon the matter, they would needs ſay to the God whoſe ſworn ſubjects and ſervants they were,

were, *be gone from us;* he would not let his faithful ſervant (whoſe zeal to the work of God was ſuch, that if the report of this ſhameful revolt had not killed him at the firſt hearing outright; yet it alone, without any other ſickneſs, would have been more than enough, to have brought down his head with ſorrow to the grave) ſee another ſun ariſe upon the land, out of which the ſun of righteouſneſs was baniſhed by a law: and alas! Who would deſire to dwell where Chriſt may not reſide with freedom, honour, and ſafety? Who, that prefers Jeruſalem to their chief joy, would love to out-live the departing of the glory? might not Jeſus Chriſt have ſaid to our Parliament, for which of my good deeds is it, that ye ſtone me? Have I been a wilderneſs or land of drought unto you? Were ye not hononourable and renowned among the churches abroad, after ye became precious in my ſight? Did I not make your adverſaries ſenſible, that he who touched you, touched the apple of mine eye, ſo long as ye were ſtedfaſt in my covenant? And even after ye had left your firſt love, and declined from the integrity of your eſpouſals, I only viſited this tranſgreſſion with the rod, and this iniquity with ſtripes; nevertheleſs, my loving-kindneſs did I not utterly take from you, nor ſuffered I my faithfulneſs to fail: though I puniſhed you as a nation, I dwelt amongſt you as a church; and I did not remove your teachers into corners, but your eyes did ſee theſe, and ye did ſtill hear the joyful ſound; and, as if all that had been too little, I gave you the deſire of your heart, reſtored you to your civil liberties, which ye had ſinned away, and ſet you down in a free parliament: and do ye thus requite me? What, is this my entertainment, where I was once crowned and cryed up for a King? What a ſtrange and aſtoniſhing change is this, that the very perſons who ſwore unto me the Oath of Allegiance, and did ſing in my company, ſpreading their garments in the way with ſhouting, are now crying, Crucify him, crucify him? Shall I not have whereupon to lay my head, except it be on a cold ſtone in a priſon, amongſt a people, who after a moſt ſolemn manner, had given themſelves away unto me? Can theſe be the very men, who with hands lifted up to heaven, did ſo often, and ſo ſolemnly ſwear, before my Father, and before his holy angels, and in the ſight of all the nations, that they would be mine: and that I ſhould have their lives and fortunes at my diſpoſal? Is it poſſible that theſe are the men, who carried, as they would have pluckt out their very eyes, and given them unto me, who now plait a crown of thorns and put it upon my head? Is this the nation and parliament, who ſwore that they would ſerve the Lord their God, and that according

cording to the pattern ſhewed them in the mount, and bound their ſoul to his obedience by an oath, and as they ſhould anſwer to him, or expect a comfortable appearance before the Judge of quick and dead? Are they (might he ſay) the very ſame perſons, or is it another generation, who have not heard of that ſolemn tranſaction betwixt me and the nation, who have uſed me worſe than the very Gadarenes? Though theſe were void of religion, yet they had ſo much civility, as to compliment me out of their coaſts, and pray me to be gone, without committing any other act of hoſtility againſt me, or beating me out of their borders with tuck of drum; but now, ſhall it be by a law, ſedition, and treaſon, to aſſert an obligation to me, from all theſe oaths? Shall it be a note of incapacity for any place of truſt in church or ſtate, to ſay, That the land is under the oath of God, and that no power on earth can looſe themſelves, or make void that obligation as to others; nay, that the formal abjuring of theſe engagements to me, ſhall be, if not the *unum neceſſarium*, yet the *ſine quo non*, to qualify a man for any public employment: Ah! Scotland, by dealing thus with thy covenanted God, what haſt thou done? may not God, who was thy own God, expoſtulate with thee, as he did with that people, Jer. ii. 10, 11, 12.

Go abroad amongſt the nations, turn over all hiſtory, ſacred and profane, call for the records of the nations, and ſee, if in theſe thou canſt find any who have dealt with their gods as thou haſt done? A precedent thou mayeſt poſſibly find; but a parallel in every reſpect thou canſt not: thou art ſingular, and by thy ſelf, in committing theſe two evils (but ſuch two, as are comprehenſive of all others; ſuch two, as a third is not poſſible), departing from the living God, and digging to thyſelf broken ciſterns that can hold no water: thou wilt find what folly is in this (I wiſh it be not too late) to pain thyſelf in digging an empty ciſtern, and in forſaking the fountain of all conſolation, and that a broken one too; as it hath nothing in it, ſo it can hold nothing if it had it: is not this to commit two ſuch evils as make a ſoul or nation truly miſerable? And yet this haſt thou done: O! may not the heavens be aſtoniſhed and horribly afraid at this requital we have given unto Jeſus Chriſt? Yea, we were ſo bent to backſliding, and ſo haſty and head-ſtrong in departing from him, that we ſeemed to have loſt, together with our loyalty to the Son of God, all reſpect to our own reputation (as it often falls out, that men loſe the better part of their reaſon, together with their religion: he who lets go the one, does ſeldom retain the other) for by that very vote (never to be mentioned, without tears and deteſtation) whereby Chriſt was robbed of his prerogative, they did, beſides their deſign,

diveſt

diveſt themſelves of their own privileges, and while they unking him, whom God hath made King in Zion, (or do that which he will account ſo) they unparliament themſelves (*dirum omen* to them, and it may be a token for good to the nation) I nothing doubt, but ſome the moſt ſagacious amongſt them ſaw this then (though the generality, without conſidering either the ditch they were digging for themſelves, by what they did, or the danger that would follow upon their falling into it, ſuffered themſelves to be carried down with the current, and did run as they were driven) or they have had time enough ſince, to think, in what capacity they could ſit, and act, after that vote; for all laws being then repealed, which did exauctorate the Prelates, and incapacitate them for ſitting, as one of the eſtates in parliament, and theſe laws then, only being in force, which made them an integral and eſſential part of the high court of Parliament, the third eſtate was wanting, while they were away; without which the other two were not in capacity to act as a Parliament; and if ſo, they may at their own leiſure conſider, whether the precious blood that they did ſhed after that vote, before the cloſe of that ſeſſion, may not be required at their hands; as they would do well to think what they would anſwer before men, if the queſtion were aſked, *Quo warranto*, did you ſhed this blood? It may be, they would find themſelves further to ſeek, as to what to ſay for ſatisfying any, they found theſe worthies in anſwering all the accuſations of their accuſers: but what ſhall I ſay? It were more fit, to weep over this, than to write it, and to cry unto him, againſt whom this is done, *Wilt thou refrain thyſelf for theſe things, O Lord? Wilt thou hold thy peace, and afflict us very ſore?* Alas! we made ſuch haſte, to pull down that beautiful houſe, wherein we and our fathers had praiſed him, and to overturn the very foundations of the dwelling-place of his Name to the ground, that in our precipitation to raze it, we have buried ourſelves under the rubbiſh; for they are blind who do not ſee the men who have done this, ſnared in the work of their own hands: and this till more come, ſhould make the people of God ſing a *Haggaion Selah.* O if all who have had a hand in it, would in time bethink themſelves! Sure, in that reflection, if they were ſerious, they would ſmite on their thigh, and ſay, *Alas! what have we done?* The ſecond thing that I have to acquaint thee with, and wherein I know (if thou be one of them, who take pleaſure in the duſt of Zion's demoliſhed walls) thou wilt have a ſpecial complacency, is, that as his ſervant did with much ſorrow of ſoul forſee Scotland's ſhameful revolt, which is plain by the laſt letter in this book, ſo his Lord and Maſter, put him ſo far on his ſecrets, as to let him ſee a delivery to the church

church on the other ſide of it: let us have but patience, there is a *Plaudito* for the ſaints, and a ſong of praiſe for the Moſt High, after this ſtorm is over and ended: mourn we may and ought; but let us mourn in hope; for he is the Lord Jehovah, who will haſten it in his time: which as it cannot be antedated by us, ſo ſhall it not lie in the power of all that oppoſe themſelves to poſtpone it; and to that purpoſe, beſides what thou mayeſt ſee in the laſt letter of this book, I ſhall ſet down ſome of his own words, without either comment, alteration, or addition.

Upon the laſt of February 1661, which was about a month before he died, at the cloſe of a large teſtimony, he gave to the work of reformation: theſe were his words (after he had been ſpeaking of ſuffering for Chriſt) "Bleſſed Soul, ſaid he, who "loves not his life to death; for on ſuch reſts the ſpirit of glo- "ry and of God, 1 Pet. iv. 14. But we cannot ſay, but this "is a day of darkneſs, and a day of blaſphemy, and rebuke: "the Lord hath covered himſelf with a cloud in his anger: we "looked for peace, but behold evil; our ſouls rejoiced when "his majeſty did ſwear the covenant of God, and put thereto "his ſeal and ſubſcription, and after confirmed it by his royal "promiſe, ſo that the ſubjects mind bleſſed the Lord, and reſt- "ed upon the healing word of a prince; but now, alas! the "contrary is enacted by law, the carved work broke down, or- "dinances defaced, ſo that we are brought to the former bon- "dage, and chaos of prelatical confuſions, and Anarchy; and "the royal prerogative due to Chriſt, pulled off his head: we "have ſeen days of ſorrow, and have juſt cauſe to fear we be "made to read, and eat that book, wherein is written, La- "mentation, and mourning, and wo; but we are to believe, "that Chriſt will not ſo depart from the land, but a remnant "ſhall be ſaved, and he ſhall reign a victorious conquering King "to the ends of the earth. O! that there were nations, kin- "dreds, tongues, and all the people of Chriſt's habitable world, "encompaſſing his throne with cries and tears, for the Spirit "of ſupplication, promiſed to be poured upon the inhabitants "of Judah, for that effect."

Thus he cloſed his teſtimony: I ſhall only add another paſſage to this purpoſe, about two hours and an half before he was removed: amongſt other things he ſpake, which did reliſh of heaven, and refreſhed the ſouls of all that heard them, he had this expreſſion: *I do no ways doubt of it, but Chriſt will ariſe and wound his enemies in their loins*: this was only taken, but the obſerver ſaith, he had many to the ſame purpoſe. Now this was that very night, wherein the Act Reciſſory was paſt: as if God who had taken notice of ſuch an high affront done to

him, would let his dying ſervant know, to the end he might communicate it to others, that he would not only repeal that act, but that he would reſcind the reſcinders: a wound in the loins, when the blow is given by the hand of him who is God Almighty, muſt prove mortal; if he wound them there, they muſt fall, though they were ſtronger than lions; *for who may ſtand before him, when once he is angry?* The men of might will not find their hands, when the party they engage with, is the omnipotent God: when men are become ſo high, that they are too hard a party for any on earth to deal with, if their way be contrary to him, then they fall directly in his hand, to deal with them; *and it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.* He is ſuch a party, as thou canſt neither fight nor flee: Oh Scotland! Scotland! if thou wouldeſt yet think on thy way, and remember this, before he come to enter the liſts with thee, who quickly puts his enemies out of a poſture of defence! O, if thou would yet kneel before him, whom God hath made King in Zion, and kiſs the Son, leſt he be angry! For if he be angry, thou muſt periſh, and there is no way to prevent this, but to *remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the firſt works.*

As for the letters themſelves, I ſhall not offer to commend them, they had letters of reccommendation deeply engraven on the hearts of all who have ſeen them, and can ſavour the things that are of God; this they had, I ſay, amongſt them who have their ſenſes exerciſed to diſcern good and evil, long before they were made thus public in the world; ſo they need not my commendation, nor will the detraction of any, who have a mind for that, blaſt their repute; as they are above the one, ſo they deſpiſe the other; but ſure I am, this may be ſaid, if thou haſt any acquaintance with the ſweet breathings of the Spirit of God, if thou haſt ever ſeen by taſting how good he is, or haſt found what ſoul-anguiſh doth follow upon the hiding of his face from a perſon, who hath placed his ſatisfaction ſo entirely in the light of his countenance lifted up upon the ſoul, that the man cannot enjoy himſelf, when he doth not enjoy him, but carries as one deprived of all that, which made life more deſireable than death; if thou be ſuch, I ſay, then thou wilt find ſomewhat here to take thee: here thou wilt perceive both theſe conditions ſet before thine eye, and exemplified in an eminent ſaint: thou wilt both find what a heaven the ſaints have, or is to be had in this ſide of glory; and how, as a ſenſible preſence makes them forget all their ſorrows, ſo, a felt abſence doth imbitter all their other enjoyments.

In general I may ſay this of theſe epiſtles (and it may be after thou haſt peruſed them, thou wilt ſeal it) that thou haſt many volumes

volumes wrapt up together in a few words, a great ſoul ſhut up in a little body, much of the marrow of real religion, incloſed in every line: if thou be only taken and delighted with obſtruſe and high-flown notions, which have not a native connection with inflaming the heart with love to God; but are rather the *ignis fatuus* of the age, being for the moſt part, ſmoke for light, or at beſt, a dim flaſh, riſing out of the darkened underſtanding of men, whoſe light, till they be illuminate from above, as it ariſes out of a dark dungeon, ſo, it leads to deſtruction; and inſtead of directing the man who follows it, to a place of reſt, it leads him to the pit, and leaves him there to periſh. If thou be taken, I ſay, with ſuch kind of ſtuff, I ſhall not bid thee, but I know thou wilt go elſewhere: but if thou be one, who loves not to feed upon aſhes, and haſt no mind to fill thy belly with that eaſt-wind, which inſtead of nouriſhment, produceth nothing but much torment in the inward parts, I know thou wilt welcome this piece, as that which hath both meat and medicine for thy ſoul in it: here thou wilt meet with one warmed with the love of God, ſhining and reflecting heat upon all that are about him, letting thee know from his own experience, what is to be found in a fellowſhip with God, and deſirous of nothing ſo much, as that thou and others may ſhare with him in that ſame love, which is better than life, and be partakers of that ſame bleſſedneſs, which made him boaſt of God all the day, and bleſs himſelf in his afflicted lot: he would have thee taſte of that, which made him cheerful under the croſs, and put him in caſe, not only to look, but to laugh all his troubles out of countenance: and if thou wilt but converſe with him a little, it may be, thou wilt find thy heart burn within thee while thou talkeſt with this warm ſoul, whoſe words ſeem as they drop, to caſt fire in the affections, and ſet the heart in a flame. The author in his other writings (which have always a ſpecial tincture of holineſs; for even in following the moſt obſtruſe notion, and apparently remote from practice, thou wilt ſtill perceive him *ſpirare ſanctitatem*) he is much above many men; but in theſe (how low ſoever at the firſt look they may appear) he is above himſelf, being often, either as a man elevate above the pitch of mortality, and caught up already into the choir of angels, or as an angel come down amongſt men, ſhewing the inhabitants of this lower world, ſomewhat of that, which will be ſtill a great ſecret, while we are here, *viz.* what a life they live, who ſee God as he is, and enjoy him.

For the ſubject matter thou wilt meet with in theſe epiſtles, I ſhall not ſay much; there is a ſweet and pleaſant variety of purpoſe to be found in them, whereof thou canſt only expect a juſt

account by a perusal of the whole; but mostly thou wilt find these things insisted on,

1. What high spring-tides of joy and consolation, did fill and overflow the soul of this sufferer, so, as sometimes ye have him expressing himself as pained with a surcharge of love (O rare and blessed disease!) and having nothing else to seek, there are earnest longings after a more capacious soul, to contain more of that infinite ocean, which hath neither brim nor bottom: this is the gain of one who can suffer the loss of all things for Christ: this is the cool refreshing shade that they find in the furnace, which not only keeps the fire of affliction from scorching them, or consuming them into ashes; but makes it a more desireable lot, than what others account the best of lives: the soul amidst those flames, being admitted to such a nearness with God, as causeth joy to overflow all its banks, and perfumes the heart with delight, is so far from complaining, because of the fiery trial, that the cross of Christ is more desireable to it, than a crown: and since it is there, where next to heaven, his people enjoy most of himself, it makes them sing sweetly amidst all the outward sorrows that befal them, and puts them in case to command a consort of music within, while others in their fool's paradise, laugh as they list, have sadness at their heart, and find themselves pierced through with many sorrows.

2. Ye have sometimes a felt emptiness (for this full feast, is not, or cannot be the ordinary diet, it may well be the extraordinary desert of the people of God, while they walk by faith, and not by sight; the constancy of that joy, as well as the fulness of it, is reserved for the chamber of presence, no saint, how eminent soever, even in suffering for Christ, can expect, that all tears shall be wiped from his eyes, till he come to that land, where all the inhabitants have everlasting joy upon their heads, and where he will be put beyond hazard of sinning, as well as without the reach of suffering) there is sometimes a felt emptiness, I say, that casts into a fever of desires: that river of God is full of water, which did overflow and refresh the soul, running again into that sea whence it came; and in this low ebb, ye see how the patient is pained with absence, and what a panting there is for a sensible presence; the soul, as it were, is evaporate in such wishes as these, O! when wilt thou come unto me! Or, O when shall I come and appear before thee, and be put once for all, and for ever beyond the fear of the arising of any cloud to eclipse the light of thy countenance! The soul in this absence, is scorched with the fever and flame of burning desires; but to keep it from being burnt up, there is hope, this holds the soul

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in life that it expire not; this ſaves from ſwooning, and preſerves from ſinking into deſpondency: and though while hope is deferred, the heart be ſick, yet there is eaſe in this very pain; for an unerring expectation of a future good, yields a preſent eaſe to the expectant, and makes the man give himſelf the check thus, Why art thou caſt down, O my ſoul? This ſickneſs was never yet unto death, but ever to the glory of God, therefore hope thou in him, for I ſhall yet praiſe him: in a word, that which is principally inſiſted upon, in theſe ſhort ſummaries of a communion with God, is this on the one hand, how a hungry and longing ſoul is filled and feaſted with the conſolations of God, and when in that poſture, how puzzled and non-plus'd, as to what to think, or ſay of God: it knows not what to do, or how to lay out itſelf for him, the ſatisfaction that it hath in him, and the obligation it ſees itſelf under to him, making it look on every thing it doth for him, ſayeth or thinketh of him, with a kind of regret and holy diſſatisfaction: it doth not pleaſe itſelf in pleaſing him, and though he accept what love offers, yet love deſiderates ſo much in the offering, that it preſents all with a bluſh: and ſuitable to this amiable and orderly confuſion of ſpirit, its greateſt oratory and eloquence, is, a kind of abrupt, conciſe, and broken diſcourſe: it is moſt deſirous to ſpeak, but not knowing what to ſay, which is not unworthy of him, it falls into ſilent admiration, and yet ſomething it muſt ſay; wherein though it do not pleaſe itſelf, yet it makes good ſenſe before him, and is a moſt pleaſant melody in his ears: it is then, when he ſeems to be ſo taken with that, wherein the ſoul finds ſo many failings and defects, that he ſays, ſpeak on, let me ſee that bluſhing countenance, let me hear thy voice; *for ſweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.* And truly thou mayeſt perceive much of this kind of diſcourſe in theſe epiſtles, whereto the holy writer was ſo habituate in theſe ſoliloquies with God, which were ordinary to him in his retirement, that his pen, and preaching, did ever after keep the tincture, and had the reliſh of that; for while many preached notions, and ſome ſpake becauſe they believed; he was perceived oft-times, not ſo much to ſpeak as believing, as ſeeing: his being ſo long in the mount of God, made his face to ſhine ever thereafter in his public appearances: and there was ſome peculiar ſweetneſs in his phraſe (eſpecially in crying up, and commending the love of Chriſt, in mentioning the joy of the Holy Ghoſt, or the glory of the life to come) beyond what was to be found, even with other holy men: neither was it among the dry ſchool-men, nor at Ariſtotle's feet (though there were few in the age, ſo well acquaint with either) that he learned this; nay, fleſh and blood did not, nor could not,

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nor could not reveal it unto him, he was a ſtudent above the the clouds; and there it was, where he learned theſe metaphyſics. This, I ſay, is the thing upon the one hand which is is inſiſted upon, and on the other, thou haſt the ſad condition of a ſoul deprived of theſe ſweet enjoyments: he who was juſt now taken into the banqueting-houſe, and had the banner of love for his canopy, hath that ſpiced wine which his ſoul was drinking with delight ſnatcht out of his hand, and ſits panting for a drop of the rivers of his pleaſure, wherein not long ago he was bathing himſelf: whereupon follows a night of ſorrow in the ſoul; becauſe the ſun that did illuminate and warm it, with its rays, is ſet: then as if the ſoul would break forth at many paſſages together, for haſte to be after him, who hath withdrawn himſelf, it runs out at the eyes in tears, and at the mouth in complaints, becauſe of his abſence; yet faith ſets down the fainter upon the brink of the river, and puts him under an arreſt (that he run not away) till the ſea flow again: and deſire makes him look out with a watery eye as impatient of delay, the inward echo of the heart, in the mean time, being ſtill this, *How long wilt thou hide thy face from me? How long?* And while he is in this poſture, ye would not know him to be the man, that a few minutes ſince he was, and a few minutes hence he may and will be; and no wonder, ſince that is wanting and away, which was the health of his countenance, that he look pale: as the weeping man's eye, being blinded with water, cannot take up objects as they are, eſpecially if they be at any diſtance; ſo ye have this holy man in theſe heavy hours, venting his jealouſies, and becauſe of withdrawing, giving way to his ſorrow; now, as the joy of enjoying God, is by the former, made clear to be of all the greateſt (for under theſe full manifeſtations, the ſoul may be tranſported to ſuch an extaſy of delight, that for the time, whether in the body, or out of the body, the man knows not) ſo, the ſorrow for being deprived of that, (the giver ſeeing it neceſſary, to withhold and ſuſpend theſe manifeſtations, knowing that heavineſs for a ſeaſon through manifold temptations, is fit for theſe, who are ſons of conſolation, and who ſhall have a few days hence, an everlaſting year of jubilee) is, of all ſorrows, ſeen to be the ſoreſt and ſharpeſt.

This is ſoul-anguiſh, and ſo leaſt of any ſupportable: becauſe it makes the very Spirit, which if it were ſound would ſuſtain a man's infirmities, ſink under it: while it is thus with him, ye may perceive that his bed cannot comfort him, nor his couch eaſe his complaint. And in this fever, there are ſome expreſſions dropped, which after the height is over, he doth retract,

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as raſh and unadviſed, and upon more mature deliberation, is made to ſay, This was my infirmity: and truly he who intendeth the advantage of the whole, in his way of dealing with every member of that body, whereof he is Head, hath excellently ordered this matter, that they who have the fulleſt feaſts of joy, and are admitted to the neareſt fellowſhip upon the earth, to the end, that pride may be hid from their eyes, have ordinarily the deepeſt down-caſtings; theſe warm hours and hot blinks of a ſenſible preſence, are often followed with a ſharp ſhower, and a dark night of bitter deſertion: ſo that if poor ſouls in reading theſe, ſhould begin to think or ſay, Alas! we are ſparingly dealt with, we are great ſtrangers to ſuch a favourite's feaſt: let them conſider alſo (beſides that he was an ambaſſador now in bonds, and ſo his maſter allowed liberally upon him) that their ſoul anguiſh is ſhort of his, and ſo, if they conſider his condition well, they will ſee, that though he had much, yet he had nothing over; and if they take notice of the mercy that is in their own, they will perceive alſo, that though they have little, yet they have no lack; for he abounds towards his, in all wiſdom and prudence. There is a third condition ſpoken frequently to in theſe epiſtles alſo, which lies in the middle betwixt theſe two: and that is, ſuch a communion with God, as conſiſts in the ſoul's being well pleaſed with him, and being moſt deſirous to pleaſe him in all things, abſtracting from theſe extraordinary tranſports of joy upon the one hand, and free likewiſe of theſe deep down-caſtings upon the other: and this is the more ordinary way of the ſaints, whoſe daily exerciſe it is, to come and take out their directions from their maſter, and endeavour to walk according to theſe, both as men who are ſtill under the maſter's eye, and as thoſe who muſt give an account of themſelves to him: in which ſervice they want not their own ſweet peace; for the way wherein they walk is a way of pleaſantneſs, and all theſe paths are peace: though it be not ſuch an overflowing peace, as amounts to a joy unſpeakable and full of glory; ſo full joy is nothing elſe but peace ſwelling without its ordinary channel, and overflowing all its banks: and on the other hand, they want not their own checks and challenges; they are often before God with the tear in their eye, and know what it is to ſigh, becauſe of a body of death within them; becauſe of that law which is in their members, warring againſt that law which is in their mind, and bringing them into captivity to the law of ſin, which is in their members: yet this is ſhort of the ſorrow of ſome dear to him, who are made to roar, by reaſon of the diſquietneſs of their heart, and to cry out of the arrows of the Almighty ſtricking within them, and the poiſon thereof drinking up their ſpirit, ſo that while they ſuffer this,

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they are with wise Heman almost distracted. These things, I say, are mainly insisted upon, which according to an epistolary method, lie scattered in several parcels up and down the book: in reading whereof, thou wilt easily perceive also, that though the whole of these epistles may be of singular use to a Christian in every condition, yet a great many of them have a more special reference, both to the comfort and the carriage of a Christian under the cross, whether his affliction be outward trouble, or inward soul-exercise and terror, where he is most frequently to be found: which is all I have to say for the matter.

There are not a few in this generation, I know, who will make it their business, and think of their interest, to derogate from the esteem which these epistles do justly challenge, and will readily get, from all who know how to prize things according to their worth; as knowing very well, that what respect these get and gain amongst readers, they lose; though I may truly say, and they will at last find it so, that if they get the thing they seek by this artifice, they lose by that getting: and I may assure myself also, if these either find thee a Christian or make thee such, they may well lose by this labour any esteem thou hadst for them, but they will not proselyte thee, to their profane contempt of so spiritual matter; yet I know they will essay it:

First, somewhat to this purpose may be said and will be suggested by them, that here is a needless and nauseating repetition of the same thing; though it may be, they are not so displeased, that it is said often, as that it is said at all; or if the frequency of it offend them, it is out of a fear, that what is often said, be once listened to, and at last learned. I grant that the same matter and purpose is divers times touched and insisted upon; but consider, 1. That this is to divers persons, and is there either reason or religion in it, to envy him the liberty of telling all the fearers of God, to whom he writes, what was done for his soul, or the people of God, the advantage of that relation? Was it not for the edification of the church, that all who had heard of his persecution for the gospel, should hear also, that the world, do their worst, cannot make a sufferer truly miserable, while God makes him happy in a communion with himself: the heat of persecution may dry up or imbitter all the nether springs, but then the soul hath free access to the upper, and is admitted to drink, yea drink abundantly of these rivers of his pleasure: this is the spiced wine he drinks, and the meat he gets to eat in secret, which the world knoweth not of, and cannot take from him; and having found how sweet to the taste this bread of God, which comes down from heaven, is, he cannot forbear, to tell others, how he is feasted; to excite

cite desires in all to come and share with him in these dainties, and forbear to surfeit themselves with the world's deceitful meat. 2. Consider, that it is at divers times, and surely, he finding the consolations of God new every morning, and abounding every moment, it had been a piece of base ingratitude in him, to have made mention of that but once, which God had given him often. 3. Consider, though the same matter be often mentioned, yet it is mostly with a sweet and taking variety of phrase: he brings forth the old and new together; nay, there is ever so much new in it, as may contribute to kindle new desires in thee, in order to the satisfaction of thy own soul, to seek what he found, and when thou hast fallen upon that, and art filled with it, thy practice in telling it over to others, will, without doubt, have such a coincidency with his, as will justify what he hath done, and thou wilt then judge, that an apology for publishing and frequent proclaiming the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, is either wholly superfluous, or it doth suppose the reader not to be a Christian, at least in case.

Secondly, Something will be said by malicious mutterers, (I know) against the apparent coarseness of some phrases, and commonness of some words made use of by the author; who all alongst sets himself, to make use of the most ordinary expressions, which are in use among the common sort of people. Something, I say, of this kind may probably be belched forth, by this carping, criticizing, profane and prejudicate age: but if they would remember, what was said (by men much more knowing than themselves, and more able to discern what ought to be spoken, both as to matter and words) to the commendation of Plautus, who made use of the most common words that were in use, amongst the most common sort of people in Rome, *Si ipsæ musæ loquerentur, ore Plautino uterentur;* they would see reason, rather to commend a dexterous making use of common phrases, in writing to people of no extraordinary capacity, than take, because of this, any occasion to quarrel at, or cry down, that which is so useful and excellent: and if in the opinion of men faithful and famous in their generation, he be the best preacher to a people (and consequently writer too) *qui, quam maxime trivialiter, pueriliter, populariter docet*, as to words and phrases: I see no great reason such have to carp, or necessity I have to make an apology: but there is sufficient to be said, if not for silencing of bablers, whose tongue hath more dimensions than their reason (which makes it not worth the while to take notice of their barking) yet for satisfying of the more sober minded,

1. Consider, that this disciple learned of his Master, both so to write and speak, as not to hide his purpose in a cloud of

new coined words: he conſulted his own reputation ſo little, while he ſought his Maſter's honour, that he would rather ſeem a babler to them, who minded nothing but words; than a barbarian to the meaneſt, who was taken with ſpiritual matter: if Chriſt's example, who taught theſe high and heavenly myſteries of ſalvation, by plain and obvious ſimilitudes, be not ſufficient to ſilence ſuch perſons, who have habituate their tongue to drop ſatyrs againſt what is good, whether perſons or things; yet it is enough to guard againſt the prejudice of what they take liberty to ſay.

2. Conſider, that the moſt common words and ordinary phraſes, in uſe amongſt a people, may, by the greateſt orator, be very pertinently uſed, for illuſtrating and preſſing his purpoſe: nay, in ſome caſes, theſe have a ſpecial emphaſis, beyond what can be wrapt up, in a great many more compt words, and ſeemingly neat expreſſions, and then, they are ſo far from being a blemiſh to a diſcourſe, that they ſeem to give a kind of life, and add a certain luſtre to the whole frame; and thou wilt find it often fall out here, that the author hath ſo happy a dexterity in making the moſt common (and ſometimes contemptible) phraſe, with a graceful ſweetneſs, ſubſervient to his purpoſe, that let the greateſt maſter of words, alter but one of theſe words, or change one of theſe expreſſions (which if they ſtood not there, might almoſt ſeem a barbariſm) he mars what he undertook to mend, and while he endeavours to correct the author, he leaves himſelf to be put in amongſt the errata.

3. Conſider that a great many of the perſons to whom he wrote, were no ſcholars, nay, had ſo little acquaintance, with that, which paſſeth in the world for elegancy of ſpeech, that he had as good have ſaid nothing at all to them, as have made uſe of any other words than what are pitched upon in expreſſing his purpoſe; and ſo his deſign being to make affection, or to move it in the hearts of thoſe to whom he wrote, there was a neceſſity to ſuit his ſtile to their capacity; which condeſcenſion in him, is yet managed with ſo much ſpiritual prudence and diſcretion, as it is without debaſing high matter, or giving the leaſt rational ground to mock at ſpiritual myſteries: yea, I may ſay further, that there is ſo much majeſty in the ſtrain, as that the lowneſs of the ſtile is abundantly thereby made up: and further, I might aſk thee, if thou who makeſt the challenge doſt pretend to be a maſter of reaſon, whether he is the beſt orator, who can with the leaſt noiſe caſt fire into the affections of thoſe to whom he ſpeaks or writes, and bring down the higheſt myſteries in religion, to the capacity of the meaneſt hearer and reader, or he who wraps up plain truths and obvious purpoſes, in ſuch an obſcurity of phraſe, and perplexing intricacy of words,

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as carries the matter quite beyond the reach of a vulgar capacity, without making any other impreſſion upon the mind of the hearer, than that the man hath forgotten his meſſage, and while he ſeeks himſelf, ſlights his Maſter's buſineſs? It often creates alſo a ſuſpicion, that the writer or ſpeaker either deſires not to be underſtood, or, while he endeavours to ſoar too high above others, that he hath fallen into ſuch a confuſion, as he knows not where to find himſelf: and if thou concede here what with reaſon thou canſt not deny, thou haſt granted all againſt thyſelf, which I need ſeek, for putting thee to ſilence.

4. Conſider, that though there be ſome here written to, of the greateſt quality in the nation, and a great many others, who are eminent for their underſtanding and parts, as well as their grace; yet as theſe of the greateſt quality and parts, may reap advantage, by what hath been written to the meaneſt and moſt obſcure perſon! God in his providence led his ſervant to ſpeak to theſe of underſtanding and parts, ſo, that what was particularly intended for them, might be of ſpecial uſe and advantage to every one: and thus all occaſion of carping is taken away; unleſs, amongſt the reſt of regularities of this time, the epiſcopal authority be interpoſed, to make us read and underſtand that axiom backward, *bonum quo communius eo melius*, which if it be, I have no more to ſay, but that it is of a piece with the reſt of their reformation. I ſuppoſe by this time, it may be thought, I have ſaid too much upon this head, ſince it would ſeem that ſome things ought rather to be ſaid, for making many things in them plain that are myſterious and dark, than to ſay ſo much for taking off prejudice, becauſe of ſome common words and expreſſions; but as to that, I ſhall not undertake it: for there are many things in them, only intelligible by taſting: and he who wants that commentary, will never underſtand this text. I have no more to ſay, either for the one or the other, but if any diſlike them, he may let them alone; for I intend to obtrude them upon none, who diſtaſte them; yet I cannot forbear to adviſe even ſuch, ſo far to conſult their own reputation, as, by ſpeaking againſt what the author hath here written, not to diſcover that ſecret to the world, that they are perſons void of a gracious principle, to whom the things that are of God are unſavoury: the wind of thy mouth accompanied with all the venom thou canſt vomit up, will not blaſt the authors reputation, it will only be a blazing of thy own ſhame, and then thou wilt ſee thyſelf ſo unhappy, as to have hit the mark at which thou didſt not aim: for without doing him any hurt, who is far above thy reach, thy tongue falls upon thy head, and in ſtriking at one whom thou canſt not wound, thy ſword redounds back upon thyſelf, and enters into thine own bowels: but if thou re-

maineſt a man of imperſuaſion, and take ſo much pleaſure in publiſhing thine own ſhame, I cannot help it, it is ſufficient for me, to have warned thee of thy hazard; nor ſhall I endeavour henceforth to deprive the world of their liberty (ſince thou wilt have it ſo) to look upon thee, according to the character which thou given of thyſelf, and that is, *Deeſt aliquid intus*, to make thee a man and a Chriſtian: and ſince this brutiſh ſhape pleaſes thee, thou mayeſt go eat graſs and let alone this bread, which is only deſigned for children: and ſo I leave thee to make uſe of that liberty of ſaying what thou pleaſes, which thou haſt now purchaſed with the loſs of thy own reputation.

If any think, it had been more convenient, to have concealed the names of thoſe to whom the author wrote, for ſome reaſons obvious, in regard of the preſent lamentable poſture of affairs (when it is almoſt ſufficient, to make a man guilty, that ever he was really zealous for God) I have only this to ſay for myſelf, that I deſigned their honour and not their prejudice or hurt in prefixing their names: neither can I well imagine (whatever others may apprehend) what prejudice they can ſuſtain, by this; ſince none, or very few of them, come from the author, as returns to any thing they had written to him; and there being no law, either diſcharging him to write, or any perſons to receive his letters, there can be no tranſgreſſion upon their part, and ſo nothing to ground a prejudice, or found a rational plea againſt them; and much leſs in that their names are prefixed; or if there be any thing in this blame worthy, I alone am in the tranſgreſſion, who have done it without conſulting themſelves, or aſking their conſent; yet in order to the ſatisfaction of any, who may be offended at what is done, I have this to ſay for myſelf further, that I was induced to it, 1. That thereby it might appear theſe were indeed the very LETTERS, which that faithful ſufferer and witneſs of Jeſus Chriſt wrote (though there is ſufficient in the ſtile and ſtrain to put this beyond debate) and no forgeries. 2. Many of theſe worthy perſons being removed (whereby the church of God is at a ſeen and ſad loſs, in that ſhe is deprived of ſo many, who would have weeped and made ſupplication on her behalf in this day of her diſtreſs, when not a few of her friends have dealt treacherouſly with her, and are become her enemies) their poſterity might think themſelves wronged, if I ſhould have deprived their worthy predeceſſors, by ſuppreſſing their names, and ſmothering their affection to the work of God, of the honour of making their faithfulneſs known to the world: and truly, I judged it the leaſt that was due to the memory of theſe, who ought to be had in everlaſting remembrance, to erect this poor monument over their grave, whereby they may live amongſt the poſterity, when they are gone,

gone, as persons who obtained mercy of the Lord, to be faithful in their generation; and that when the account of such comes to be taken, it may be said, This and that man was born there. 3. I did it to encourage the posterity of such, to be followers of the faith and patience of their worthy progenitors, and that they may not, without shame and horror think of declining, or turning aside either to the right or left hand, from the way of these dear relations, who by following the Lord fully, in an evil time, left them a noble pattern, worthy of imitation. 4. As for such who are yet alive, I hope they will think, that God by his providence, is making an honourable mention of their fidelity before the nations, and is remembring for them, the love of their espousals, when they went after him; hereby to engage them, to cleave more closely, and adhere more firmly to him, with full purpose of heart, when the generality have gadded about to change their way, and many of his professed disciples have gone back, and are like to walk no more with him: and upon the other hand, God will have this to be a witness before the world, against any of them, who shall depart from the good way of the Lord, and be offended in him, because of persecution; I hope whatever hazard threaten these who abide in Christ's company, that they will never forsake him, nor give him cause to say, *What iniquity have ye found in me, that ye have gone far from me?* But if it should prove otherwise, they may be sure that he whose soul hath no pleasure in any man that draws back, and hates the work of such as turn aside, will count himself engaged in a peculiar way, to lead them forth with the workers of iniquity; but we hope for better things of them all, though we thus speak: if none of these reasons which moved me to do this, be strong enough, then let it be judged my weakness; for it is more fit, that I should pass in the world as such (which is no great mistake) than these honourable and worthy persons, should suffer any prejudice, by a deed whereto they had not the least accession.

Reader, much pains hath been taken, in collecting these together, that they might be in the hands of many (a thing greatly desired of a long time by the godly) which have been hitherto only in some broken and imperfect parcels, in the hands of a few; several of the most correct copies that could be had, have been carefully compared, and many faults thereby corrected, which were crept in, by their being often transcribed; and that by unskilful hands. If it fall out so, (as I suppose it shall not often be found) that they who have the Autographs by them, perceive any difference in a word or sentence, betwixt this printed copy and these, let them impute it to my want of the principals; for though I had a good number of them, yet it was not possible

ble for me to get the moſt part: in ſome very few places alſo, to the end that this book might be of more univerſal uſe, it may be that a Scottiſh word, which would have darkened the ſenſe, or rendered the ſentence wholly unintelligible to ſtrangers, is either changed into ſome equivalent one, or a ſynonimous term inſerted by it; but in moſt places theſe words are retained, without any alteration; becauſe either alteration, or addition, would have made them leſs taking with, and acceptable to them, for whom they were at firſt written, and to thoſe for whom they are now principally intended; becauſe the life and emphaſis of the phraſe, is often found to lie in that very word. But having kept thee under too long an arreſt in the entry, I leave thee now to peruſe theſe profitable epiſtles, which are an account of the many ſweet hours and comfortable ſoliloquies, which that eminent ſaint and ſufferer had with God in the furnace of his affliction; wherein there is much to be ſeen, beyond the ordinary attainment of a Chriſtian, even who hath made ſome remarkable progreſs and is no ſmall proficient in the ways of God. I nothing doubt, but when thou perceiveſt, while thou readeſt, how much pure zeal to God, doth burn in theſe lines, thou wilt lament the loſs of ſuch a bleſſed inſtrument, now, when the church of God is brought ſo very low, and there are few of all the ſons whom ſhe hath nouriſhed and brought up, to take her by the hand: I grant it is both a rational and religious ſorrow; for when we remember the many eminent lights (the removal of whom hath brought a ſad and dark night upon the church) which did lately ſhine amongſt us, and muſt ſay, They are gone who were faithful guides, it would almoſt ſeem pardonable, to abandon ourſelves to ſorrow, and refuſe to be comforted: *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?* Yet give me leave to ſuggeſt theſe things:

(1.) Let not the tear ſo blind thine eye, as not to obſerve the goodneſs of God, who gave us ſuch: it was a ſaying of an eminent and exerciſed Chriſtian (worthy to be remembered in this preſent caſe, and to be put upon record for poſterity) perceiving many ſorrowful, upon the removal of one of the moſt burning and ſhining lights, that Britain had to boaſt of (that great interpreter Mr. Durham, I mean) Turn your tears and ſighs for this loſs (ſaid that worthy perſon) though it ſeem to you almoſt irreparable (an age hardly producing ſuch another) into ſongs of praiſe; and do not ſo indulge your ſorrow, becauſe the Maſter hath called home an ambaſſador, who did ſo faithfully and ſucceſsfully negotiate for him; as ye forget in the mean time to praiſe the Lord of the harveſt, who thruſt forth ſuch a labourer into his vineyard: let not the greatneſs of your grief make you forget the riches of his goodneſs to the church

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of Chriſt in Scotland, in that there was a Mr. Durham to die out of it: ſo I ſay, when in reading of theſe, thou remembereſt that the worthy author is gone to his reſt; yet be not guilty of ſo much ingratitude, through the exceſs of thy grief, as to forget God's care of, and kindneſs to the church of Scotland, who amongſt others gave her a Mr. Rutherfoord: one who was not only famous at home and abroad for his great learning; but ſuch a miniſter of the goſpel, as I ſuppoſe there is not a godly miniſter in the nation, who knew his painfulneſs, his tenderneſs, his zeal, his ſhining and goſpel-adorning converſation, that will think he wrongs himſelf, in giving the preference to him, whoſe watching and weeping and unwearied pains, to propagate the truth, and profit the ſouls of men, made him without a match or equal, and left deep convictions of ſhort-coming, even upon them, who may with a rational confidence, expect the approbation of, *Well done, good and faithful ſervant*, at the day of their appearance, and die in the faith of this; that when the great Shepherd ſhall appear, they ſhall receive a crown of glory, that fadeth not away.

(2.) If no other conſideration can dry up thy tears, or divert thy ſorrow, while thou doeſt remember thy own and the church's loſs; yet remember that this is ſufficient to make thee mourn in hope, that the reſidue of the Spirit is with him. We cannot, I grant, weep back again (though it is like ſome would be content to weep themſelves blind, if that were lawful and would do it) our famous and faithful Knoxes, Davidſons, Welches, Bruces, Henderſons, Rutherfoords, Gileſpies, Guthries, with a great many beſides, or their brethren and companions, who did build and fight with them, and were the reſtorers of the breaches amongſt us, whereby they obtained a good report; and are at this day of bleſſed memory indeed; but is there no hope to ſee them alive in other men's perſons? I grant there is but little appearance of that for the preſent; for, alas! may we ſay, where is there a man of that ſpirit to be found? Yet let us not add this to all the reſt of our provocations in this wilderneſs-lot, to limit the Holy One of Iſrael; ſince theſe had nothing but what they did receive; he can furniſh the church with men of the ſame parts and zeal; with men that will ſhine in light, ſo that their enemies muſt lay their hand upon their mouth when they have ſpoken; and burn in love to God and his intereſts: and truly it concerns the people of God, to be much in importuning him, that he would again give us ſuch ſtandard-bearers, and that he would remember us now, in our low eſtate, by raiſing up ſuch, who may be as the chariots and horſemen of Iſrael, when the ſpirit of moſt is under ſuch a faint, and the men of might do not find their hands: if we were up

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and doing in this, which is one great part of our work in ſuch a ſad time, and gave him no reſt, who knows but he would yet breathe upon many, who are now as dry bones, without life or motion, and make them ſtand up for him, and plead his cauſe againſt them, who have lifted up their head againſt heaven and their heel againſt his people? They who by falling aſleep, till their hair was cut, that they were not in caſe to ſhake themſelves as at other times, when their enemies were upon them, might yet ſpoil their adverſaries ſport, and bring down their Babel about their ears, if the ſpirit of the Lord came upon them as at other times: or if this were not to be expected, he could raiſe up a generation, who would ſerve him with more zeal and faithfulneſs, than we have done; and that in ſuch a number, as ſhould make his church ſay, *Who hath begotten me all theſe? And where have they been?* It may be that he who waits to be gracious, is waiting to be entreated to do this good thing for us: ſurely if we were a people of prayer, and particularly for mercy to this church and nation, we might be ſurprized now, when we have ſcarce a token for good, and when our luke-warm temper has baniſhed the faith of ſuch a mercy almoſt out of the earth, with ſuch a return as that, *I will clothe thy prieſts with ſalvation, and thy ſaints ſhall yet ſhout aloud for joy:* I will pour down ſuch a plentiful meaſure of the Spirit upon them, that by their zeal and faithfulneſs, the years which this canker-worm and cater-pillar of lukewarmneſs hath eaten up, ſhall be reſtored unto you ſeven fold; which would carry alongſt with it, the accompliſhment of that other great and goſpel-promiſe, *His enemies will I clothe with ſhame, but upon himſelf ſhall his crown flouriſh. Faxit Deus, & feſtinet*, ſhould be the conſtant echo of our hearts.

Reader, there is one thing more I have to acquaint thee with, and ſo I have done, and that is to tell thee, that I have made bold for this once, to ſend theſe Epiſtles abroad into the world, without the Prelate's *Imprimatur*: if he pleaſe to take this for an Apology, that the author ſought not his permiſſion to write them, which emboldened me to tranſmit them to thy hands, without his approbation, he may; for I am not in an humour to give them any other account of this action. I know it is very probable, that the fate of theſe may be the fire; for our late furious prelates (that *Draco volans* which being got upon the wing, ſpouts down fire upon the church, whereby the tabernacles of God are burnt up through the land: for the appearance of this fiery meteor, did always portend ſomewhat fatal to the church, to follow upon it) are a little more hot than their predeceſſors; it is true, theſe went ſo high in their perſecution,

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and drave ſo hard, that it was thought ſcarce poſſible to out-do them in perſecuting; for they run themſelves out of breath, and never drew bridle till they fell in the ditch, and we thought they had died there without ſucceſſion; but, alas! the church finds this day, that in reſpect of their ſucceſſors, they were mere novices, and had ſcarce ſerved their apprentiſhip in the Black Art: and this puts me to think, whether the people of God ſhould not rather ſubmit to be chaſtiſed even with the ſcourge of ſcorpions, than to wiſh that he would throw the rod in the fire, leſt if they were gone, and we not fit for a delivery (as indeed we are not) it ſhould fall out with us, according to the ſtory of the old wife of Syracuſe, who was afraid of Dionyſius' death, leſt the devil ſhould ſucceed him: but if any ſhould ſay to me, *What and he be already come.* For if the Holy Ghoſt call theſe men ſuch, who did but caſt in priſon, and did but caſt ſome in priſon, may he not be ſaid to be already come down now, having great wrath; when depoſition, impriſonment, baniſhment, yea any thing leſs then declared worthy to die, is thought a favour? if any ſhould urge me with this, I ſay, I confeſs he would poſe me into an abſolute ſilence; or force an acknowledgment from me: if the prelates themſelves, who are of age, be in caſe to make a reply, let them anſwer it: for the truth is, they are ſo hot upon their work, that if it be a hereſy to think ſo of them, they who plead the neceſſity of their office, for preventing of ſchiſm and hereſy, to think ſo of them, are like to turn the better part of the world heretics. But to my purpoſe, I ſay, there is ſome reaſon to fear, that this be thought very fit fewel, to make a fire in Caiaphas's hall: however, though it ſhould be ſo, yet this is not the firſt time, that ſome of the worthy author's works, have got ſuch entertainment: and truly there is ſo much zeal to the intereſts of Chriſt, ſo much love to God, and the ſalvation of men, burning in theſe lines; that, that ſpirit, whoſe element is fire, will endeavour to blow the bellows, and ſeek this as a ſacrifice at their hands, whoſe once profeſſed ſincerity, and perſonal zeal for God and his intereſts, is now broken out, in ſuch high acts of rebellion againſt him, and hatred againſt his ſervants; whereby the proverb is become plain Scottiſh, or Engliſh, or both if ye will, *omnis apoſtata ſectæ ſuæ oſor:* but if the prelates would take a poor preſbyter's advice, they would even let it alone, leſt the ſmoke of that fire, wherein they burn this, kindle a flame of juſt indignation againſt them, in the hearts of all the lovers of God, as men who have a perfect hatred againſt piety: but if they care not to be ſo looked upon, I have no more to ſay, be it ſo: it is like, nothing that I can ſay, will hinder them, from putting this piece in his hands, to whom, as I hear, they have committed the reviſ-

ing of learned and worthy Mr. Wood's teſtimony, &c. and who it ſeems, is made choice of by them, as ſecretary in chief, for reviſing all ſuch pieces, *viz. Joannes Dunmuræus, cum fratribus, & collegis ſuis:* and therefore I muſt leave them to their own liberty, which I only do, becauſe I cannot help it: and I am afraid beſides, leſt I ſhould work too hard, in carrying water to cool them, I over-heat myſelf, and leave them at laſt nothing cooler than I found them: but as for thee, Chriſtian reader, it will be a ſufficient *imprimatur*, to tell thee, that theſe are Mr. RUTHERFOORD'S LETTERS: wherein he gives thee an account, of many a good day, and joyful hour, he had in his Maſter's company; while his fellow-ſervants did beat and thruſt him out of the vineyard: and he invites thee to take a ſhare of his feaſt; and truly, I wiſh that both of us would go try and taſte, ſince neither of us are like to have very good entertainment any where elſe.

I have but one word more to ſay; for I know it is long ſince thou expectedſt I ſhould have made an end, and it is only to crave thy pardon that I have not done it ſooner: when I wrote the firſt lines, I thought to have made the end and the beginning ſo contiguous, that I ſhould neither have put thee to this trouble, nor myſelf to the neceſſity of an apology: and in order to that, I did really forbear what (as I told thee) at firſt I intended, and am carried this length beſides my deſign; but if the length of what is here offend thee, thou art in caſe without doing me any wrong, to give thyſelf the ſame ſatisfaction, as if I had ſaid nothing, by paſſing it, as ſo much waſte paper, and turning over to the epiſtles themſelves: if thy ſoul be profited by theſe (as I hope it ſhall) I have my deſign; and all I ſeek of thee beſides, is, that thou wouldeſt wiſh his ſoul's welfare, who was at this little pains, in order to thine, and who deſires to be reckoned by thee, amongſt the meaneſt and moſt unworthy of

*The favourers of the duſt of Zion,*

*And thy well-wiſher,*

CHRISTIAN

CHRISTIAN READER,

IN each of these Epistles thou mayest perceive, how the writers heart is inflamed with a holy fire; and how his soul ascends in the smoke (as snatched up to heaven and caught up above all that is below God:) O how much drops from his pen above the ordinary attainments and experience, even of such who seem to have out-run others! So that in respect of us, this angel of the church speaks as one standing already in the Quire of angels, or as an angel come down from heaven among men, to give us some account of what they are doing above. And thus leaving thee to peruse what is made public for thy edification; and to press this pomegranate and squeeze this grape; and to suck till thou find thy soul refreshed with its spiced wine; and wishing thee an experimental knowledge of that surpassing and inconceivable sweetness which is in the fruition of God, and to be enjoyed in a fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, and a full draught of these pure streams of solid joy and consolation, wherein the soul of this saint swimmed, and which run through these lines; without which, while he speaks as coming forth out of the King's banqueting-house, to perswade thee to go in thither, and feast and bathe thy soul in the same pure delights, and permanent pleasures, whereon he fed, and which flow in upon the soul, and overflow it, while the saint finds himself, with his Beloved's left hand under his head, and his right hand embracing him, he will be to thee a barbarian. I shall only wish and beg, that thou wouldst seriously seek of God, the same thing for him, who seeks this for thee, and hath his design in the pains taken in publishing these Letters, if thou be thereby provoked to seek till thou find: this is that adequate recompence, which he seeks, earnestly intreats, and expects, who is

*Thy soul's well wisher,*

*and servant in Christ Jesus.*

# RUTHERFORD'S LETTERS

## LETTER I

### TO MR. ROBERT CUNNINGHAME, Minister of the Gospel at Holywood in Ireland.

Well-beloved and reverend brother,

GRACE, mercy and peace, be to you: upon acquaintance with Christ, I thought good to take the opportunity of writing to you. Seeing it hath seemed good to our Lord of the harvest to take the hooks out of our hands for a time, and to lay upon us more honourable service, even to suffer for his name, it was good to comfort one another in writing. I have had a desire to see you in the face, yea more than being the prisoner of Christ Jesus hath taken away. I am greatly encouraged to hear of your soldierly spirit, for your [illegible] Captain Jesus Christ over the sword, and of the grace of God in the heart of our dear brethren with you. You have heard of my trouble, I suppose. It hath pleased our Lord Jesus to let loose the malice of their ungodded lords in his house, to deprive me of my ministry at Anwoth, and to confine me eight score miles from thence to Aberdeen; and also (which was not done to any before) to inhibit me to speak at all in Jesus his name, within this kingdom, under the pain of rebellion. The cause that ripened their malice my book against the Arminians, wherein I pleaded the three days I appeared before them; but let our crowned King in Zion reign; by his grace the lots is theirs, the victory is Christ's and truth's. Albeit this boneft cross prevailed on me by my heavinels, and inward challenge of conscience for a time were sharp, yet now for the concealment you all, I dare say it; and write it under my hand, Welcome, welcome, sweet, sweet cross of Christ. I verily think the chains of my Lord Jesus are all overlaid with pure gold, that his cross is perfumed, and that it smelleth of Christ. I know that the victory shall be by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of his truth; and that Christ lying on his back, in his sufferings and oppressed truth, shall ride over his enemies, and shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. He shall laugh when he laugheth; and seeing it becometh us

# Mr. RUTHERFOORD's LETTERS.

## EPIST. I.

### To Mr. ROBERT CUNNINGHAME, *Miniſter of the Goſpel at* Holywood *in* Ireland.

*Well-beloved and reverend brother,*

GRace, mercy and peace, be to you: upon acquaintance in Chriſt, I thought good to take the opportunity of writing to you: ſeeing it hath ſeemed good to our Lord of the harveſt, to take the hooks out of our hands for a time, and ſo lay upon us a more honourable ſervice, even to ſuffer for his name, it were good to comfort one another in writing. I have had a deſire to ſee you in the face, yet now being the priſoner of Chriſt, it is taken away. I am greatly comforted to hear of your ſoldiers ſtately ſpirit, for your princely and royal Captain Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, and of the grace of God in the reſt of our dear brethren with you. You have heard of my trouble, I ſuppoſe. It hath pleaſed our ſweet Lord Jeſus to let looſe the malice of theſe interdicted lords in his houſe, to deprive me of my miniſtry at Anwoth, and to confine me eight ſcore miles from thence to Aberdeen: and alſo (which was not done to any before) to inhibit me to ſpeak at all in Jeſus his name, within this kingdom, under the pain of rebellion. The cauſe that ripened their hatred was my book againſt the Arminians, whereof they accuſed me thoſe three days I appeared before them; but let our crowned King in Zion reign; by his grace the loſs is theirs, the advantage is Chriſt's and truth's. Albeit this honeſt croſs gained ſome ground on me by my heavineſs, and inward challenges of conſcience for a time were ſharp, yet now for the encouragement of you all, I dare ſay it, and write it under my hand, Welcome, welcome, ſweet, ſweet croſs of Chriſt. I verily think the chains of my Lord Jeſus are all overlaid with pure gold, and that his croſs is perfumed, and that it ſmelleth of Chriſt; and that the victory ſhall be by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of his truth; and that Chriſt lying on his back, in his weak ſervants, and oppreſſed truth, ſhall ride over his enemies bellies, and ſhall ſtrike through kings in the day of his wrath. It is time to laugh when he laugheth; and ſeeing he is now pleaſed to ſit with wrongs for a time, it becometh us to be ſilent, until the Lord hath let the enemies enjoy their hungry, lean, and feckleſs paradiſe: bleſſed are they who are content

to take ſtrokes with weeping-Chriſt; faith will truſt the Lord and is not haſty, nor head-ſtrong: neither is faith ſo timorous, as to flatter a tentation, or to bud and bribe the croſs. It is little up or little down that the Lamb and his followers can get no law-ſurety, nor truce with croſſes; it muſt be ſo, till we be up in our Father's houſe. My heart is woe indeed for my mother church, that hath played the harlot with many lovers; for her huſband hath a mind to ſell her for her horrible tranſgreſſions, and heavy will the hand of the Lord be upon this backſliding nation. The ways of our Zion mourn, her gold is become dim, her white Nazarites are black like a coal; how ſhall not the children weep, when the huſband and mother cannot agree? Yet I believe Scotland's ſkies ſhall clear again, and that Chriſt ſhall build again the old waſte places of Jacob, and that our dead and dry bones ſhall become an army of living men; and that our Well-beloved may yet feed among the lilies, until the day break, and the ſhadows flee away. My dear brother, let us help one another with our prayers. Our King ſhall mow down his enemies, and ſhall come from Bozra, with his garments all dyed in blood, and for our conſolation ſhall he appear, and call his wife Hephzibah, and his land Beulah; for he will rejoice over us and marry us, and Scotland ſhall ſay, What have I to do any more with idols? Only let us be faithful to him that can ride thro' hell and death upon a windleſtraw, and his horſe never ſtumble; and let him make of me a bridge over a water, ſo that his high and holy name may be glorified in me: ſtrokes with the ſweet Mediator's hand are very ſweet; he has always been ſweet to my ſoul; but ſince I ſuffered for him, his breath hath a ſweeter ſmell than before. Oh that every hair of my head, and every member, and every bone in my body, were a man to witneſs a fair confeſſion for him, I would think all too little for him. When I look over beyond the line, and beyond death, to the laughing ſide of the world, I triumph, and ride upon the high places of Jacob, howbeit otherwiſe I am a faint dead-hearted cowardly man, oft borne down, and hungry in waiting for the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb: nevertheleſs I think it the Lord's wiſe love that feeds us with hunger, and makes us fat with wants and deſertions: I know not, my dear brother, if our worthy brethren be gone to ſea, or not; they are on my heart, and in my prayers: if they be yet with you, ſalute my dear friend John Stuart; my well-beloved brethren in the Lord, Mr. Blair, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Livingſton, and Mr. M'Cleland, and acquaint them with my troubles, and intreat them to pray for the poor afflicted priſoner of Chriſt; they are dear to my ſoul; I ſeek your prayers and theirs for my flock; their remembrance breaks my heart: I deſire to love that people, and others my dear acquaintance in Chriſt with love in God, and as God loveth them:

I know

I know that he who sent me to the West and South sends me also to the North; I will charge my soul to believe and to wait for him, and will follow his providence, and not go before it, nor stay behind it. Now, my dear brother, taking farewel in paper, I commend you all to the word of his grace, and to the work of his Spirit, to him who holdeth the seven stars in his right hand, that you may be kept spotless till the day of Jesus our Lord. I am,

*From Irvine, bing on my journey to Christ's palace in Aberdeen, August 4, 1636.*

*Your brother in affliction in our sweet Lord Jesus,*
S. R.

## 2. *To his* PARISHIONERS.

DEarly beloved, and longed for in the Lord, my crown and my joy in the day of Christ: grace be to you, and peace from God our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ. I long exceedingly to know, if the oft-spoken of match betwixt you and Christ holdeth; and if you follow on to know the Lord. My day thoughts and my night thoughts are of you; while ye sleep I am afraid of your souls, that they be off the rock; next to my Lord Jesus, and this fallen kirk, ye have the greatest share of my sorrow, and also of my joy; ye are the matter of the tears, care, fear, and daily prayers of an oppressed prisoner of Christ. As I am in bonds for my high and lofty One, my royal and princely Master, my Lord Jesus; so I am in bonds for you: for I should have sleeped in my warm nest, and kept the fat world in my arms, and the cords of my tabernacle should have been fastened more strongly, I might have sung an evangel of ease to my soul and you for a time, with my brethren, the sons of my mother, that were angry at me, and have thrust me out of the vineyard, if I should have been broken, and drawn on to mire you the Lord's flock, and to cause you eat pastures trodden upon with men's feet, and to drink foul and muddy waters: but truly the Almighty was a terror to me, and his fear made me afraid. O my Lord, judge if my ministry be not dear to me, but not so dear by many degrees as Christ Jesus my Lord. God knoweth the heavy and sad Sabbaths I have had; since I laid down at my Master's feet my two shepherd's staves, I have been often saying, as it is written, Lam. iii. 52, 53. *My enemies chased me sore like a bird, without cause: they have cut off my life in the dungeon, and cast a stone upon me:* for, next to Christ, I had but one joy, the apple of the eye of my delights, to preach Christ my Lord, and they have violently plucked that away from me, and it was to me like the poor man's one eye, and they have put out that eye, and quenched my light in the inheritance of the Lord; but my eye is toward the Lord. I know I shall see the salvation of God, and that my hope shall not always

be

be forgotten. And my ſorrow ſhall want nothing to compleat it, and to make me ſay, What availeth it me to live? If ye follow the voice of a ſtranger, of one that cometh into the ſheep fold not by Chriſt the door, but climbeth up another way. If the man build his hay and ſtubble upon the golden foundation, Chriſt Jeſus, already laid among you, and ye follow him, I aſſure you, the man's work ſhall burn, and never bide God's fire, and ye and he ſhall both be in danger of everlaſting burning, except ye repent. O if any pain, any ſorrow, any loſs that I can ſuffer for Chriſt, and for you, were laid in pledge to buy Chriſt's love to you, and that I could lay my deareſt joys next to Chriſt my Lord in the gap, betwixt you and eternal deſtruction? O if I had paper as broad as heaven and earth, and ink as the ſea, and all the rivers and fountains of the earth, and were able to write the love, the worth, the excellency the ſweetneſs, and due praiſes of our deareſt and faireſt Well-beloved: and then if you could read and underſtand it! what could I want, if my miniſtry among you ſhould make a marriage between the little bride in that bounds and the Bridegroom? O how rich a priſoner were I, if I could obtain of my Lord (before whom I ſtand for you) the ſalvation of you all! O what a prey had I gotten, to have you catched in Chriſt's net! O then I had caſt out my Lord's lines and his net with a rich gain! O then, well wared pained breaſt and ſore back, and crazed body, in ſpeaking early and late to you! My witneſs is above, your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the ſalvation of you all as two ſalvations to me; I would ſubſcribe a ſuſpenſion, and a friſting of my heaven, for many hundred years, (according to God's good pleaſure) if you were ſure in the upper lodging, in our Father's houſe, before me. I take to witneſs heaven and earth againſt you, I take inſtruments in the hands of that ſun and day-light that beheld us, and in the hands of the timber and walls of that kirk, if I drew not up a fair contract of marriage betwixt you and Chriſt, if I went not with offers betwixt the Bridegroom and you; and your conſcience did bear you witneſs, your mouths confeſſed, that there were many fair tryſtes and meetings drawn on betwixt Chriſt and you at communion feaſts, and other occaſions; there were bracelets, jewels, rings, and love-letters, ſent to you by the Bridegroom; it was told you what a fair dowry ye ſhould have, and what a houſe your huſband and ye ſhould dwell in, and what was the Bridegroom's excellency, ſweetneſs, might, power; and eternity and glory of his kingdom, the exceeding deepneſs of his love, who ſought his black wife through pain, fires, ſhame, death and the grave, and ſwimmed the ſalt ſea for her, undergoing the curſe of the law, and then was made a curſe for you; and ye then conſented and ſaid, Even ſo I take him. I counſel you, beware of the new and ſtrange leaven of men's inventions, beſide

and

and againſt the word of God, contrair to the oath of this kirk, now coming among you: I inſtructed you of the ſuperſtition and idolatry of kneeling in the inſtant of receiving the Lord's ſupper, and croſſing in baptiſm, and the obſerving of mens days, without any warrant of Chriſt our perfect lawgiver: countenance not the ſurplice, the attire of the maſs-prieſt, the garment of Baal's prieſts; the abominable bowing to altars of trees is coming upon you; hate, and keep yourſelves from idols: forbear in any caſe to hear the reading of the new fatherleſs ſervice book, full of groſs hereſies, popiſh and ſuperſtitious errors, without any warrant of Chriſt, tending to the overthrow of preaching: you owe no obedience to the baſtard canons; they are unlawful, blaſphemous and ſuperſtitious: all ceremonies that lie in Antichriſt's foul womb, the wares of that great mother of fornications, the kirk of Rome, are to be refuſed; ye ſee whither they lead you: continue ſtill in the doctrine which ye have received: ye heard of me the whole counſel of God, ſew no clouts upon Chriſt's robe; take Chriſt in his rags and loſſes, and as perſecuted by men, and be content to ſigh, and pant up the mountain, with Chriſt's croſs on your back; let me be reputed a falſe prophet (and your conſcience once ſaid the contrair) if your Lord Jeſus ſhall not ſtand by you, and maintain you, and maintain your cauſe againſt your enemies. I have heard (and my ſoul is grieved for it) that ſince my departure from you, many among you are turned back from the good old way, to the dogs vomit again; let me ſpeak to theſe men: It was not without God's ſpecial direction, that the firſt ſentence that ever my mouth uttered to you was that of John, chap. ix. 39. 'And Jeſus ſaid, For judgment came I into the world, that they which ſee not might ſee, and they which ſee might be made blind.' It is poſſible, my firſt meeting and yours be, when we ſhall both ſtand before the dreadful judge of the world: and in the name and authority of the Son of God, my great King and Maſter, I write, by theſe preſents, ſummons to theſe men, I arreſt their ſouls and bodies to the day of our compearance; their eternal damnation ſtands ſubſcribed, and ſealed in heaven, by the hand writing of the great judge of quick and dead; and I am ready to ſtand up, as a preaching witneſs againſt ſuch to their face, that day, and to ſay amen to their condemnation, except they repent. The vengeance of the goſpel is heavier than the vengeance of the law; the Mediator's malediction and vengeance is twice vengeance, and that vengeance is the the due portion of ſuch men; and there I leave them as bound men, ay, and while they repent and amend. You were witneſſes how the Lord's day was ſpent while I was among you: O ſacrilegious robber of God's day, what wilt thou anſwer the Almighty, when he ſeek-

eth ſo many ſabbaths back again from thee? What will the curſer, ſwearer, and blaſphemer do, when his tongue ſhall be roaſted in that broad and burning lake of fire and brimſtone? and what will the drunkard do when tongue, lights, and liver, bones and all, ſhall boil and fry in a torturing fire? for he ſhall be far from his barrels of ſtrong drink then, and there is not a cold well of water for him in hell. What ſhall be the caſe of the wretch, the covetous man, the oppreſſor, the deceiver, the the earth-worm, who can never get his womb full of clay, when, in the day of Chriſt, gold and ſilver muſt ly burnt in aſhes, and he muſt compear and anſwer his Judge, and quit his clayey and naughty heaven? Wo, wo, for evermore, be to the time turning Atheiſt, that hath one God and one religion for ſummer, and another God and another religion for winter, and the day of fanning, when Chriſt fanneth all that is in his barn floor: who hath a conſcience for every fair and market, and the foul of him runneth upon theſe oiled wheels, time, cuſtom, the world, and command of men: O if the careleſs Atheiſt, and ſleeping man, who edgeth by all, (with, God forgive our paſtors if they lead us wrong; we muſt do as they command) and layeth down this head upon time's boſom, and giveth his conſcience to a deputy, and ſleepeth ſo while the ſmoke of hell-fire flee up in his throat, and cauſe him ſtart out of his doleful bed? O if ſuch a man would awake. Many woes are for the over-gilded and gold plaiſtered hypocrite. A heavy doom is for the liar and white-tongued flatterer; and the flying hook of God's fearful vengeance, twenty cubits long, and ten cubits broad, that goeth out from the face of God, ſhall enter into the houſe, and in upon the ſoul of him that ſtealeth and ſweareth falſely by God's name, Zech. v. 2, 3. I denounce eternal burning, hotter than Sodom's flames, upon the men that boil in filthy luſts of fornication, adultery, inceſt, and the like wickedneſs; no room, no, not a foot broad for ſuch vile dogs within the clean Jeruſalem. Many of you put off all with this, 'God forgive us we know no better:' I renew my old anſwer, 2 Theſſ. i. The Judge is coming 'in flaming fire, with all his mighty angels, to render vengeance to all thoſe that know not God and believe not.' I have often told you, ſecurity will ſlay you: all men ſay they have faith, as many men and women now, as many ſaints in heaven: and all believe (ſay ye;) every foul dog is clean enough, and good enough for the clean and new Jeruſalem above. Every man hath converſion and the new birth; but it is not leel come; they had never a ſick night for ſin: converſion came to them in a night dream: in a word, hell will be empty at the day of judgment, and heaven panged full: alas! it is neither eaſy nor ordinary to believe and to be ſaved: many muſt ſtand

at the end in heaven's gates; when they go to take out their faith, they take out a fair nothing, (or as ye uſed to ſpeak) a bleſſume: O lamentable diſappointment! I pray you, I charge you in the name of Chriſt, make faſt work of Chriſt and ſalvation. I know there are ſome believers among you, and I write to you, O poor broken-hearted believers: all the comforts of Chriſt in the Old and New Teſtament are yours. O what a father and huſband you have! O if I had pen and ink, and engine to write of him! Let heaven and earth be conſolidate in maſſy and pure gold, it will not weigh the thouſandth part of Chriſt's love to a ſoul, even to me a poor priſoner; O that is a maſſy and marvellous love! Men and angels, unite your force and ſtrength in one; ye ſhall not heave nor poiſe it off the ground: ten thouſand worlds, as many worlds as angels can number, and then as a new world of angels can multiply, would not all be the baulk of a balance to weigh Chriſt's excellency, ſweetneſs and love: put ten earths in one, and let a roſe grow greater than ten whole earths, or ten worlds, O what a beauty would be in it, and what a ſmell would it caſt; but a blaſt of the breath of that faireſt roſe in all God's paradiſe, even of Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, one look of that faireſt face would be infinitely, in beauty and ſmell, above all imaginable and created glory. I wonder that men do bide off Chriſt. I would eſteem myſelf bleſſed, if I could make an open proclamation, and gather all the world, that are living upon the earth, Jew and Gentile, and all that ſhall be born to the blowing of the laſt trumpet, to flock round about Chriſt, and to ſtand looking, wondering, admiring, and adoring his beauty and ſweetneſs; for his fire is hotter than any other fire, his love ſweeter than common love, his beauty ſurpaſſeth all other beauty. When I am heavy and ſad, one of his love-looks would do me meikle world's good. O if ye would fall in love with him! How bleſſed were I? How glad would my ſoul be to help you to love him? But amongſt us all we could not love him enough; he is the Son of the Father's love, and God's delight, the Father's love lieth all upon him: O if all mankind would fetch all their love, and lay it upon him. Invite him, and take him home to your houſes, in the exerciſe of prayer, morning and evening, as I often deſired you; eſpecially now, let him not want lodging in your houſes, nor ly in the fields, when he is ſhut out of pulpits and kirks. If ye will be content to take heaven by violence, and the wind on your face, for Chriſt and his croſs, I am here one who have ſome trial of Chriſt's croſs; I can ſay, that Chriſt was ever kind to me, but he overcometh himſelf (if I may ſpeak ſo) in kindneſs while I ſuffer for him; I give you my word for it, Chriſt's croſs is not ſo evil as they call it; it is ſweet, light, and

comfortable: I would not want the visitations of love, and the very breathings of Christ's mouth when he kisseth, and my Lord's delightsome smiles, and love-embracements, under my sufferings for him, for a mountain of fine gold, nor for all the honours, court, and grandeur of velvet kirk men; Christ hath the yolk and heart of my love, 'I am my Beloved's, and my Well beloved is mine.' O that ye were all hand-fastened to Christ! O my dearly beloved in the Lord, I would I could change my voice, and had a tongue tuned with the hand of my Lord, and had the art of speaking of Christ, that I might paint out unto you the worth, and highness, and greatness, and excellency of that fairest and renowned Bridegroom! I beseech you by the mercies of the Lord, by the sighs, tears, and heart's blood of our Lord Jesus, by the salvation of your poor and precious souls, set up the mountain, that ye and I may meet before the Lamb's throne, amongst the congregation of the first born. Lord, grant that that may be the trysting place, that ye and I may put up our hands together, and pluck, and eat the apples off the tree of life, and we may feast together, and drink together of that pure river of the water of life, that cometh out from under the throne of God, and from the Lamb. O how little is your hand-breadth and span-length of days here! Your inch of time is less than when ye and I parted: eternity, eternity is coming, posting on with wings; then shall every man's blacks and whites be brought to light. O how light will your thoughts be of this fair skinned but heart rotten apple, the vain, vain, feckless world, when the worms shall make their houses in your eye holes, and shall eat off the flesh from the ball of your cheeks, and shall make that body a number of dry bones? Think not the common gate of serving God, as neighbour and others do, will bring you to heaven; few, few are saved; the devil's court is thick and many; he hath the greatest number of mankind for his vassals. I know this world is a great forest of thorns in your way to heaven; but you must through it; acquaint yourselves with the Lord, hold fast Christ, hear his voice only, bless his name, sanctify and keep his day; keep the new commandment, 'Love one another;' let the holy Spirit dwell in your bodies, and be clean and holy; love not the world, lie not, love and follow truth; learn to know God; keep in mind what I taught you; for God will seek an account of it, when I am far from you: abstain from all evil, and all appearance of evil; follow good carefully, and seek peace, and follow after it; honour your king and pray for him; remember me to God in your prayers, I do not forget you. I told you often, while I was with you, and now I write it again, Heavy, sad and sore, is that stroke of the Lord's wrath that is coming upon Scotland:

wo,

wo, wo, wo to this harlot land; for they ſhall take the cup of God's wrath from his hand, and drink, and ſpue, and fall, and not riſe again. In, in, in with ſpeed, to your ſtrong hold, ye priſoners of hope, and hide you there, while the anger of the Lord paſs: follow not the paſtors of this land, for the ſun is gone down upon them; as the Lord liveth, they lead you from Chriſt, and from the good old way; yet the Lord will keep the holy city, and make this withered kirk to bud again, like a roſe, and a field bleſſed of the Lord. The grace of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with you all. The prayers and bleſſings of a priſoner of Chriſt, in bonds for him, and for you, be with you all. Amen.

*Aberdeen, July* 14. 1637. *Your lawful and loving paſtor,* S. R.

3. *To the Honourable, Reverend, and Well-beloved Profeſſors of Chriſt and his Truth in Sincerity, in* IRELAND.

DEarly beloved in our Lord, and partakers of the heavenly calling, Grace, mercy and peace be to you, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt: I always, but moſt of all now in my bonds, (moſt ſweet bonds for Chriſt my Lord) rejoice to hear of your faith and love, and to hear that our King, our Well-beloved, our Bridegroom, without tiring, ſtayeth ſtill to woo you, as his wife; and that perſecutions, and mockings of ſinners have not chaſed away the wooer from the houſe. I perſuade you in the Lord, the men of God, now ſcattered and driven from you, put you upon the right ſcent and purſuit of Chriſt; and my ſalvation on it, (if ten heavens were mine) if this way, this way that I now ſuffer for, this way that the world nicknameth and reproacheth, and no other way, be not the King's gate to heaven; and I ſhall never ſee God's face, (and, alas, I were a beguiled wretch, if it were ſo!) if this be not the only ſaving way to heaven. O that you would take a priſoner of Chriſt's word for it, nay, I know you have the greateſt King's word for it, that it ſhall not be your wiſdom to ſpier out another Chriſt, another way of worſhipping him, than is now ſavingly revealed to you. Therefore, though I never ſaw your faces, let me be pardoned to write to you, ye honourable perſons, ye faithful paſtors yet amongſt the flocks, and ye ſincere profeſſors of Chriſt's truth, or any weak, tired ſtrayers, who caſt but half an eye after the Bridegroom, if poſſibly I could, by any weak experience, confirm and ſtrengthen you in this good way, every where ſpoken againſt. I can with the greateſt aſſurance (to the honour of our higheſt, and greateſt, and deareſt Lord, let it be ſpoken) aſſert (though I be but a child in Chriſt, and

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ſcarce able to walk, but by a hold, and the meaneſt, and leſs than the leaſt of ſaints) that we do not come nigh by twenty degrees, to the due love and eſtimation of that faireſt amongſt the ſons of men; for if it were poſſible that heaven, yea, ten heavens, were laid in the balance with Chriſt, I would think the ſmell of his breath above them all: ſure I am, he is the far beſt half of heaven; yea, he is all heaven, and more than all heaven: and my teſtimony of him is, that ten lives of black ſorrow, ten deaths, ten hells of pain, ten furnaces of brimſtone, and all exquiſite torments, were all too little for Chriſt, if our ſuffering could be a hire to buy him; and therefore faint not in your ſufferings and hazards for him. I proclaim and cry, hell, ſorrow, and ſhame upon all luſts, upon all by-lovers, that would take Chriſt's room over his head, in this little inch of love, of theſe narrow ſouls of ours, that is due to ſweeteſt Jeſus. O higheſt, O faireſt, O deareſt Lord Jeſus, take thine own from all baſtard lovers. O that we could wadſet and ſell all our part of time's glory, and time's good things, for a leaſe and tack of Chriſt for all eternity! O how are we miſled and mired with the love of things that are on this ſide of time, and this ſide of death's water! Where can we find a match to Chriſt, or an equal, or a better than he, among created things? Oh, this world is out of all conceit, and all love with our beloved? O that I could ſell my laughter, joy, eaſe, and all for him! and be content of a ſtraw bed, and bread by weight, and water by meaſure, in the camp of our weeping Chriſt! I know his ſackcloth and aſhes are better than the fool's laughter, which is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. But alas! we do not harden our faces againſt the cold north-ſtorms, which blow upon Chriſt's fair face; we love well ſummer religion, and to be that which ſin hath made us, even as thin ſkinned as if we were made of white paper, and would fain be carried to heaven in a cloſe covered chariot, wiſhing from our hearts that Chriſt would give us ſurety, and his hand-writ, and his ſeal for nothing but a fair ſummer, until we be landed in at heaven's gates: how many of us have been here deceived, and fainted in the day of trial? amongſt you there are ſome of this ſtamp I ſhall be ſorry if my acquaintance A. T. hath left you; I will not believe he dare ſtay from Chriſt's ſide. I deſire that you ſhew him this from me; for I loved him once in Chriſt, neither can I change my mind ſuddenly of him. But the truth is, that many of you, and too many alſo of your neighbour church of Scotland, have been like a tenant that ſitteth meal-free; and knoweth not his holding while his rights be queſtioned: and now I am perſuaded, it will be aſked at every one of us, on what terms we brook Chriſt: for we have ſitten long meal-free; we found Chriſt without a wet foot; and he, and his goſpel, came upon ſmall char-

ges to our doors; but now we muſt wet our feet to ſeek him: our evil manners, and the bad faſhions of a people at eaſe from our youth, and like Moab, not caſten from veſſel to veſſel, Jer. xlviii. 11. hath made us like ſtanding waters, to gather a foul ſcum, and when we are jumbled our dregs come up, and are ſeen: many take but half a gripe of Chriſt, and the wind bloweth them and Chriſt aſunder; indeed when the maſt is broken and blown in the ſea, it is an art then to ſwim upon Chriſt to dry land: it is even poſſible that the children of God in a hard trial, lay themſelves down, as hidden in a lee ſide of a buſh, while Chriſt their Maſter be taken, as Peter did; and lurk there, while the ſtorm be overpaſt: all of us know the way to a whole ſkin; and the ſingleſt heart that is hath a by-purſe that will contain the denial of Chriſt, and a fearful backſliding. O how rare a thing is it to be loyal and honeſt to Chriſt, when he hath a controverſy with the ſhields of the earth. I wiſh all of you would conſider, that this trial is from Chriſt, it is come upon you unbought (indeed when we buy a temptation with our own money, no marvel that we be not eaſily free of it, and that God be not at our elbow to take it off our hand;) this is Chriſt's ordinary houſe-fare that he makes uſe of, to try all the veſſels of his houſe withal, and Chriſt now is about to bring his treaſure out before ſun and moon, and to tell his money, and in the teling to try what weight of gold, and what weight of watered copper is in his houſe. Do not now jouk, or bow, or yield to your adverſaries in a hair-breadth; Chriſt and his truth will not divide; and his truth hath not latitude and breadth, that ye may take ſome of it, and leave other ſome of it; nay, the goſpel is like a ſmall hair, that hath no breadth, and will not cleave in two: it is not poſſible to twiſt and compound a matter betwixt Chriſt and Antichriſt; and therefore, ye muſt either be for Chriſt, or ye muſt be againſt him. It was but man's wit, and the wit of P. and their god-father the Pope (that man without law) to put C riſt, and his prerogatives royal, and his truth, or the ſmalleſt nail-breadth of his latter-will, in the new kalendar of indifferences; and to make a blank of un-inked paper, in Chriſt's teſtament, that men may fill up; and to ſhuffle the truth, and matters they call indifferent, thorow other; and ſpin both together, that Antichriſt's wares may ſell the better. This is but the device and forged dream of men, whoſe conſciences are made of ſtoutneſs, and have a throat, that a graven image, greater than the bounds of the kirk-door, would get free paſſage into; I am ſure, when Chriſt ſhall bring all out in our blacks and whites, at that day, when he ſhall cry down time, and the world, and when the glory of it ſhall ly in white aſhes, like a May flower cut down and having loſt the bloſſom, there ſhall be few, yea none, that dare make any point, that touch-

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eth the worſhip and honour of our King and Law-giver, to be indifferent. O that this miſled and blindfolded world would ſee, that Chriſt doth not riſe and fall, ſtand or ly, by men's apprehenſions! What is Chriſt the lighter, that men do with him by open proclamation, as men do with clipped and light money? they are now crying down Chriſt ſome grain weights, and ſome pounds or ſhillings, and they will have him ly for a penny or a pound, for one, or an hundred, according as the wind bloweth from the eaſt or from the weſt; but the Lord hath weighed him, and balanced him already; *This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleaſed, hear ye him;* his worth and his weight ſtandeth ſtill. It is our part to cry, Up, up with Chriſt, and down, down with all created glory before him. O that I could heighten him, and heighten his name, and heighten his throne! I know, and am perſuaded, that Chriſt ſhall again be high, and great in this poor, withered, and ſun-burnt kirk of Scotland; and that the ſparks of our fire ſhall flee over ſea, and round about, to warm you and other ſiſter churches; and that this tabernacle of David's houſe that is fallen, even the Son of David, his waſte places ſhall be built again; and I know the priſon, croſſes, perſecutions, and trials of the two ſlain witneſſes, that are now dead and buried, Rev. ix. and of the faithful profeſſors, have a back-door and back-entry of eſcape; and that death and hell, and the world, and tortures, ſhall all cleave and ſplit in twain, and give us free paſſage and liberty to go through them toll-free; and we ſhall bring all God's good metal out of the furnace again, and leave behind us but our droſs, and our ſcum; we may then before hand proclaim Chriſt to be victorious. He is crowned King in Mount Zion; God did put the crown on his head, Pſal. ii. and who dare take it off again? Out of queſtion, he hath ſore and grievous quarrels againſt his church: and therefore he is called, Iſa. xxxi. 9. *He whoſe fire is in Zion, and whoſe furnace is in Jeruſalem.* But when he hath performed his work on Mount Zion, all Zion's haters ſhall be as the hungry and thirſty man that dreams he is eating and drinking, and behold when he awakeneth, he is faint, and his ſoul empty: and this advantage we have alſo, that he will not bring before ſun and moon all the infirmities of his wife; it is the modeſty of marriage-anger, or huſband-wrath, that our ſweet Lord Jeſus will not come with chiding to the ſtreets, to let all the world hear what is betwixt him and us; his ſweet glooms ſtay under roof, and that becauſe he is God. Two ſpecial things ye are to mind: 1. Try and make ſure your profeſſion; that ye carry not empty lamps: alas, ſecurity, ſecurity is the bane and the wreck of the moſt part of the world! Oh, how many profeſſors go with a golden luſtre, and gold-like before men (who are but witneſſes to our white ſkin) and yet are but baſtard and baſe metal!

metal! Conſider how fair before the wind ſome do ply with up ſails and white, even to the nick of illuminations, Heb. vi. 5. *And the taſting of the heavenly gift; and a ſhare and part of the Holy Ghoſt; and taſting of the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come:* and yet this is but a falſe nick of renovation, and in a ſhort time ſuch are quickly broken upon the rocks, and never fetch the harbour, but are ſtranded in the bottom of hell. O make your heaven ſure, and try how ye come by converſion; that it be not ſtolen goods, in a white and well luſtered profeſſion! A white ſkin over old wounds maketh an undercoating conſcience: falſe under water not ſeen is dangerous, and that is a leak and rift in the bottom of an enlightened conſcience, often falling, and ſinning againſt light. Wo, wo is me, that the holy profeſſion of Chriſt is made a ſtage garment by many to bring home a vain fame; and Chriſt is made to ſerve mens ends: this is, as it were, to ſtop an oven with a kings robes. Know, 2. Except men martyr and ſlay the body of ſin in ſanctified ſelf-denial, they ſhall never be Chriſt's martyrs and faithful witneſſes. Oh if I could be maſter of that houſe idol, myſelf, my own, mine, my own will, wit, credit, and eaſe! How bleſſed were I! O but we have need to be redeemed from ourſelves, rather than from the devil and the world! Learn to put out yourſelves, and to put in Chriſt for yourſelves: I ſhould make a ſweet bartering and niffering, and give old for new, if I could ſhuffle out ſelf, and ſubſtitute Chriſt my Lord in place of myſelf, to ſay, Not I, but Chriſt; not my will, but Chriſt's; not my eaſe, not my luſt, not my feckleſs credit, but Chriſt, Chriſt! But alas! in leaving ourſelves, in ſetting Chriſt before our idol (ſelf) we have yet a glaiked back-look to our old idol. O wretched idol, myſelf! when ſhall I ſee the wholly decourted, and Chriſt wholly put in thy room? O if Chriſt, Chriſt had the full place and room of myſelf! that all my aims, purpoſes, thoughts and deſires, would coaſt and land upon Chriſt, and upon myſelf! and howbeit we cannot attain to the denial of me and mine, that we can ſay, I am not myſelf, myſelf is not myſelf, mine own is no longer mine own; yet our aiming at this in all we do ſhall be accepted: for, alas, I think I ſhall die, but minning and aiming to be a Chriſtian: Is it not our comfort, that Chriſt the Mediator of the new covenant is come betwixt us and God in the buſineſs, ſo that green and young heirs, the like of ſinners, have now a tutor, that is God? And now, God be thanked, our ſalvation is bottomed on Chriſt; ſure I am, the bottom ſhall never fall out of heaven and happineſs to us, I would give over the bargain a thouſand times, were it not that Chriſt his free grace hath taken our ſalvation in hand. Pray, pray, and contend with the Lord, for your ſiſter church; for it

would appear, the Lord is about to aſk for his ſcattered ſheep, in the dark and cloudy day. O that it would pleaſe our Lord to ſet up again David's old waſted and fallen tabernacle in Scotland, that we might ſee the glory of the ſecond temple in this land. O that my little heaven were wadſet, to redeem the honour of my Lord Jeſus among Jews and Gentiles. Let never dew ly upon my branches, and let my poor flower wither at the root, ſo be Chriſt were entl roned, and his glory advanced in all the world, and eſpecially in theſe three kingdoms: but I know he hath no need of me; what can I add to him? but oh that he would cauſe his high and pure glory run through ſuch a foul channel as I am! and howbeit he hath cauſed the bloſſom fall off my poor one joy, that was on this ſide of heaven, even my liberty to preach Chriſt to his people, yet I am dead to that now, ſo being he would hew and carve glory, glory for evermore, to my royal King, out of my ſilence and ſufferings. Oh that I had my fill of his love: but I know ill manners make an uncouth and ſtrange bridegroom. I intreat you earneſtly for the aid of your prayers, for I forget not you; and I ſalute with my ſoul in Chriſt the faithful paſtors, and honourable and worthy profeſſors in that land. Now the God of peace, that brought again our Lord Jeſus from the dead, the great Shepherd of the ſheep, by the blood of the everlaſting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will; working in you that which is well pleaſing in his ſight. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Feb.* 4. 1638. *Yours in his ſweeteſt Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

4. *To the truly noble and elect Lady, my Lady* VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

*Noble and elect Lady,*

THAT honour that I have prayed for theſe ſixteen years, with ſubmiſſion to my Lord's will, my kind Lord hath now beſtowed upon me, even to ſuffer for my royal and princely King Jeſus, and for his kingly crown, and the freedom of his kingdom that his Father hath given him. The forbidden lords have ſentenced me with deprivation, and confinement within the town of Aberdeen, I am charged in the king's name, to enter againſt the 20th of Auguſt next, and there to remain during the king's pleaſure, as they have given it out. Howbeit Chriſt's green croſs, newly laid upon me, be ſomewhat heavy, while I call to mind the many fair days, ſweet and comfortable to my ſoul, and to the ſouls of many others, and how young ones in Chriſt are plucked from the breaſt, and the inheritance of God laid waſte; yet that ſweet-ſmelled and perfumed croſs of Chriſt is accompanied with ſweet refreſhment, with the kiſ-

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ſes of a King, with the joy of the holy Ghoſt, with faith that the Lord hears the ſighing of a priſoner, with undoubted hope, (as ſure as my Lord liveth) after this night to ſee day-light, and Chriſt's ſky clear up again upon me, and his poor kirk, and that in a ſtrange land, amongſt ſtrange faces: he will give favour in the eyes of men to his poor oppreſſed ſervant, who dow not but love that lovely one, that princely one, Jeſus the comforter of his ſoul. All would be well, if I were free of old challenges for guiltineſs, and for neglect in my calling, and for ſpeaking too little for my Well-beloved's crown, honour, and kingdom. Oh for a day in the aſſembly of the ſaints to advocate for King Jeſus! If my Lord go on now to quarrels alſo, I die, I cannot endure it: but I look for peace from him; becauſe he knoweth I do bear mens feud, but I do not bear his feud. This is my only exerciſe, that I fear I have done little good in my miniſtry: but I dare not but ſay, I loved the bairns of the wedding-chamber, and prayed for, and deſired the thriving of the marriage, and coming of his kingdom. I apprehend no leſs than a judgment upon Galloway; and that the Lord ſhall viſit this whole nation, for the quarrel of the covenant. But what can be laid upon me, or any like of me, is too light for Chriſt; Chriſt dow bear more, and would bear death and burning quick, in his weak ſervants, even for this honourable cauſe, that I now ſuffer for. Yet for all my complaints (and he knoweth that I dare not now diſſemble) he was never ſweeter and kinder than he is now; one kiſs now is ſweeter than ten long ſince; ſweet, ſweet is his croſs; light, light and eaſy is his yoke. O what a ſweet ſtep were it up to my Father's houſe, thro' ten deaths, for the truth and cauſe of that unknown, and ſo not half well loved plant of renown, the man called the Branch, the chief among ten thouſands, the faireſt among the ſons of men! O what unſeen joys, how many hidden heart-burnings of love are in the remnants of the ſufferings of Chriſt! My dear worthy Lady, I give it to your Ladyſhip under my hand, (my heart-writing, as well as my hand) welcome, welcome, ſweet, ſweet, and glorious croſs of Chriſt; welcome ſweet Jeſus, with thy light croſs, thou haſt now gained and gotten all my love from me, keep what thou haſt gotten. Only, wo, wo is me, for my bereft flock; for the lambs of Jeſus, that I fear ſhall be fed with dry breaſts; but I ſpare now. Madam, I dare not promiſe to ſee your Ladyſhip, becauſe of the little time I have allotted me, and I purpoſe to obey the king, who hath power over my body; and rebellion to kings is unbeſeeming Chriſt's miniſters. Be pleaſed to acquaint my Lady Mary with my caſe: I will look, your Ladyſhip and that good Lady will be mindful to God of the Lord's priſoner, not for my cauſe, but for the goſpel's ſake. Madam, bind me more (if there can be) to your Ladyſhip; and write

thanks to your brother, my Lord of Lorne, for what he hath done for me, a poor unknown ſtranger to his Lordſhip, I ſhall pray for him and his houſe, while I live; it is his honour to open his mouth in the ſtreets for his wronged and oppreſſed Maſter Jeſus Chriſt. Now, Madam, commending your Ladyſhip, and the ſweet child to the tender mercies of mine own Lord Jeſus and his good will who dwelt in the buſh; I reſt

*Edinburgh, July* 28, 1636. *Yours, in his own ſweeteſt Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

5. *To the Noble and Chriſtian Lady, the* VISCOUNTESS *of* KENMURE.

*My very honourable and dear Ladyſhip,*

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I cannot forget your Ladyſhip, and that ſweet child, I deſire to hear what the Lord is doing to you and him: to write to me were charity; I cannot but write to my friends, that Chriſt hath tryſted me in Aberdeen; and my adverſaries have ſent me here to be feaſted with love banquets, with my royal, high, high, and princely King Jeſus. Madam, why ſhould I ſmother Chriſt's honeſty? I dare not conceal his goodneſs to my ſoul; he looked fram'd and uncouth-like upon me, when I came firſt here; but I believe himſelf better than his looks: I ſhall not again quarrel Chriſt for a gloom, now he hath taken the maſk off his face, and ſaith, Kiſs thy fill; and what can I have more, while I get great heaven in my little arms? O how ſweet are the ſufferings of Chriſt for Chriſt! God forgive them that raiſe an ill report upon the ſweet Croſs of Chriſt; it is but our weak and dim eyes that look but to the black ſide, that makes us miſtake: thoſe who can take that crabbed tree handſomely upon their back, and faſten it on cannily, ſhall find it ſuch a burden as wings unto a bird, or ſails to a ſhip. Madam, rue not of your having choſen the better part: upon my ſalvation, this is Chriſt's truth I now ſuffer for; if I found but cold comfort in my ſufferings, I would not beguile others, I would have told you plainly; but the truth is, Chriſt's crown, his ſcepter, and the freedom of his kingdom, is that which is now called in queſtion: becauſe we will not allow that Chriſt pays tribute, and be a vaſſal to the ſhields of the earth, therefore the ſons of our mother are angry at us. But it becometh not Chriſt to hold any man's ſtirrup: it were a ſweet and honourable death, to die for the honour of that royal and princely King Jeſus: this love is a myſtery to the world: I would not have believed that there was ſo much in Chriſt as there is: Come and ſee, maketh Chriſt to be known in his excellency and glory. I wiſh all this

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nation knew how ſweet his breath is; it is little to ſee Chriſt in a book, as men do the world in a card: they talk of Chriſt by the book, and the tongue, and no more; but to come nigh Chriſt, and hauſſe him, and embrace him, is another thing. Madam, I write to your honour, for your encouragement in that honourable profeſſion Chriſt hath honoured you with: ye have gotten the ſunny ſide of the brae, and the beſt of Chriſt's good things; he hath not given you the baſtard's portion; and howbeit ye get ſtrokes and ſour looks from your Lord, yet believe his love more than your own feeling, for this world can take nothing from you that is truly yours; and death can do you no wrong; your rock doth not ebb and flow, but your ſea; that which Chriſt hath ſaid he will bide by it; he will be your tutor; you ſhall not get your charters of heaven to play you with; it is good that ye have loſt your credit with Chriſt, and that Lord Freewill ſhall not be your tutor; Chriſt will lippen the taking of you to heaven, neither to yourſelf, nor any deputy, but only to himſelf; bleſſed be your tutor: when your head ſhall appear, your Bridegroom and Lord, your day ſhall then dawn, and it ſhall never have an afternoon, nor an evening ſhadow. Let your child be Chriſt's, let him ſtay beſide you, as the Lord's pledge, that you ſhall willingly render again, if God will. Madam, I find folks here kind to me, but in the night, and under their breath; my maſter's cauſe may not come to the crown of the cauſeway; others are kind according to their faſhion; many think me a ſtrange man, and my cauſe not good; but I care not much for man's thoughts or approbation; I think no ſhame of the croſs. The preachers of this town pretend great love, but the P. have added to the reſt this gentle cruelty (for ſo they think of it) to diſcharge me of the pulpits of this town. The people murmur, and cry out againſt it; and to ſpeak truly (howbeit Chriſt is moſt indulgent to me otherwiſe, yet) my ſilence on the Lord's day keeps me from being exalted above meaſure, and from ſtartling in the heat of my Lord's love. Some people affect me; for the which cauſe, I hear the preachers here purpoſe to have my confinement changed to another place; ſo cold is northern love: but Chriſt and I will bear it. I have wreſtled long with this ſad ſilence: I ſaid, what aileth Chriſt at my ſervice? and my ſoul hath been at a pleading with Chriſt, and at yea and nay: but I will yield to him, providing my ſuffering may preach more than my tongue did; for I gave not Chriſt an inch, but for twice as good again: in a word, I am a fool, and he is God. I will hold my peace hereafter. Let me hear from your Ladyſhip, and your dear child: pray for a priſoner of Chriſt, who is mindful of your Ladyſhip. Remember my obliged obedience to my good Lady

Marr

Marr. Grace, grace be with you. I write, and pray bleſſings to your ſweet child.

*Aberdeen, Nov.* 22. 1636 — *Yours in all dutiful obedience in his only Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

6. *To the Right Honourable and Chriſtian Lady, my Lady* VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

*Madam,*

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I received your Ladyſhip's letter, it refreſhed me in my heavineſs: the bleſſing and prayers of a priſoner of Chriſt come upon you. Since my coming hither, Galloway ſent me not a line, except my brother. Earlſtoun and his ſon did write; I cannot get my papers tranſported: but, Madam, I want not kindneſs of one who hath the gate of it, Chriſt (if he had never done more for me ſince I was born) hath engaged my heart, and gained my bleſſing, in this houſe of my pilgrimage. It pleaſeth my Well-beloved to dine with a poor priſoner, and the Kings ſpikenard caſteth a fragrant ſmell: nothing grieveth me but that I eat my feaſts alone, and that I cannot edify his ſaints: O that this nation knew what is betwixt him and me; none would ſcar at the croſs of Chriſt! My ſilence eats me up; but he hath told me he thanketh me no leſs, than if I were preaching daily; he ſees how gladly I would be at it; and therefore my wages are going to the fore up in heaven, as if I were ſtill preaching Chriſt. Captains pay duly bedfaſt ſoldiers, howbeit they do not march, nor carry armour; 'Though Iſrael be not gathered, yet ſhall I be glorious in the eyes of my Lord, and my Lord ſhall be my ſtrength, Iſa. xlix. 5. my garland. The baniſhed miniſter, (the term of Aberdeen) aſhameth me not; I have ſeen the white ſide of Chriſt's croſs; how lovely hath he been to his oppreſſed ſervant? Pſalm cxlvi. 7, 8, 9. *The Lord executeth judgment for the oppreſſed; he giveth food to the hungry: the Lord looſeth the priſoner; the Lord raiſeth them that are bowed down: the Lord preſerveth the ſtranger.* If it were come to exchanging of croſſes I would not exchange my croſs with any: I am well pleaſed with Chriſt, and he with me; I hope none ſhall hear us. It is true, for all this I get my meat with many ſtrokes, and am ſeven times a day up and down, and am often anxious and caſt down for the caſe of my oppreſſed brother; yet I hope the Lord will be ſurety for his ſervant. But now, upon ſome weak, very weak, experience, I am come to love a rumbling and raging devil beſt; ſeeing we muſt have a devil to hold the ſaints waking, I wiſh a cumberſome devil, rather than a ſecure and ſleeping one. At my firſt coming hither, I took the dorts at Chriſt, and took up a ſtomach againſt him; I ſaid he had caſt me over the dyke of the

the vineyard like a dry tree; but it was his mercy, I ſee, that the fire did not burn the dry tree: and now, as if my Lord Jeſus had done that fault and not I (who belied my Lord) he hath made the firſt mends, and he ſpake not one word againſt me; but he hath come again, and quickned my ſoul with his preſence: nay, now I think the very annuity and caſualities of the croſs of Chriſt Jeſus my Lord, and theſe comforts that accompany it, better than the world's ſet rent. O how many rich offfallings are in my King's houſe! I am perſwaded, and dare pawn my ſalvation on it, that it is Chriſt's truth I now ſuffer for; I know his comforts are no dreams; he would not put his ſeal on blank paper, nor deceive his afflicted ones that truſt in him. Your Ladyſhip wrote to me, that ye are an ill ſcholar: Madam, ye muſt go in at heaven's gates, and your book in your hand, ſtill learning: you have had your large ſhare of troubles, and a double portion; but it ſaith your father counteth you not a baſtard; full begotten bairns are nurtured, Heb. xii. I long to hear of the child, I write the bleſſings of Chriſt's priſoner and the mercies of God to him: let him be Chriſt's and yours betwixt you, but let Chriſt be whole play-maker; let him be the lender, and ye the borrower, not an owner. Madam, it is not long ſince I did wrote to your Ladyſhip that Chriſt is keeping mercy for you; and I bide by it ſtill, and now I write it under my hand: love him dearly; win in to ſee him; there is in him, that which you never ſaw; he is ay nigh, he is a tree of life, green and bloſſoming, both ſummer and winter: there is a nick in Chriſtianity, to the which whoſoever cometh, they ſee and feel more than others can do. I invite you of new to come to him: Come and ſee, will ſpeak better things of him, than I can do: come nearer will ſay much: God never thought this world a portion worthy of you: he would not even you to a gift of dirt and clay: nay, he will not give you Eſau's portion; but reſerves the inheritance of Jacob for you: are ye not well married now? have you not a good Huſband now? My heart cannot expreſs what ſad nights I have for the virgin daughter of my people: wo is me, for our time is coming, Ezek. vii. 10. *Behold the day, behold it is come, the morning hath gone forth, the rod hath bloſſomed, pride hath budded, violence is riſen up in a rod of wickedneſs, the ſun is gone down upon our prophets,* A dry wind upon Scotland, but neither to fan nor cleanſe: but out of all queſtion, when the Lord hath cut down his foreſt, the after-growth of Lebanon ſhall flouriſh, *They ſhall plant vines in our mountains, and a cloud ſhall yet fill the temple.* Now the bleſſing of our deareſt Lord Jeſus, and the bleſſing of him that is ſeparate from his brethren, come upon you.

*Aberdeen.* *Yours at Aberdeen, the priſoner of Chriſt,* S. R.

7. *To*

7. *To the Honourable and truly Noble Lady, The* VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

*Madam,*

GRace, mercy and peace be to your Ladyſhip. I long to hear from you. I am here waiting if a good wind, long-looked for, ſhall at length blow in Chriſt's ſails in this land: but I wonder if Jeſus be not content to ſuffer more yet in his members and cauſe, and beauty of his houſe, rather than he ſhould not be avenged upon this land. I hear many worthy men (who ſee more in the Lord's dealing, than I can take up with my dim ſight) are of a contrary mind, and do believe the Lord is coming home again to his houſe in Scotland: I hope he is on his journey that way; yet I look not but that he ſhall feed this land with their own blood, before he eſtabliſh his throne amongſt us. I know your honour is not looking after things hereaway; ye have no great cauſe to think, that your ſtock and principal is under the roof of theſe viſible heavens; and I hope ye would think yourſelf a beguiled and cozened ſoul, if it were ſo. I would be ſorry to counſel your Ladyſhip to make a covenant with time, and this life; but rather deſire you to hold in fair generals, and far off from this ill-founded heaven, that is on this ſide of the water. It ſpeaketh ſomewhat, when the Lord bloweth the bloom off our daft hopes in this life, and loppeth the branches of our worldly joys well nigh the root, on purpoſe that they ſhould not thrive. Lord, ſpill my fool's heaven in this life, that I may be ſaved for ever. A forfeiture of the ſaints part of the yolk and marrow of ſhort laughing happineſs worldly, is not ſuch a real evil as our blinded eyes do conceive. I am thinking long now for ſome deliverance, more than before; but I know I am in an error: It is poſſible I am not come to that meaſure of trial, that the Lord is ſeeking in his work: if my friends in Galloway would effectually do for my deliverance, I would exceedingly rejoice; but I know not but the Lord hath a way, whereof he will be the only reaper of praiſes Let me know with the bearer, how the child is. The Lord be his tutor, and your only comforter. There is nothing here where I am, but profanity and atheiſm. Grace, grace be with your Ladyſhip.

*Aberdeen, Feb.* 13. 1637. *Your Ladyſhip's in all obliged obedience in Chriſt,* S. R.

8. *To the Noble and Chriſtian Lady, the* VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

*Madam,*

GRace, mercy and peace be to you. I would not omit the occaſion to write to your Ladyſhip with the bearer. I am glad

glad the child is well; God's favour, even in the eyes of men, be ſeen upon him. I hope your Ladyſhip is thinking upon theſe ſad and woful days wherein we now live; when our Lord, in his righteous judgment, is ſending the kirk the gate ſhe is going, to Rome's brothel houſe, to ſeek a lover of her own, ſeeing ſhe hath given up with Chriſt her huſband. O what ſweet comfort, what rich ſalvation is laid up for thoſe, who had rather waſh and roll their garments in their own blood, than break out from Chriſt by apoſtaſy! Keep yourſelf in the love of Chriſt, and ſtand far aback from the pollutions of the world: ſide not with theſe times, and hold from coming nigh the ſigns of a conſpiracy with thoſe that are now come out againſt Chriſt; that ye may be one kept for Chriſt only. I know your Ladyſhip thinketh upon this, and how you may be humbled for yourſelf and this backſliding land; for I avouch, that wrath from the Lord is gone out againſt Scotland. I think ay the longer the better of my royal and worthy Maſter: he is become a new wellbeloved to me now, in renewed conſolations, by the preſence of the Spirit of grace and glory. Chriſt's garments ſmell of the powder of the merchant, when he cometh out of his ivory chambers: O his perfumed face, his fair face, his lovely and kindly kiſſes, have made me a poor priſoner ſee, there is more to be had of Chriſt in this life, than I believed. We think all is but a little earneſt, a four-hours, a ſmall taſting, we have, or is to be had in this life; (which is true, compared with the inheritance) but yet I know, it is more, it is the kingdom of God within us. Wo, wo is me, that I have not ten loves for that one Lord Jeſus; and that love faileth, and dryeth up in loving him; and that I find no way to ſpend my love deſires, and the yolk of my heart, upon that faireſt and deareſt one: I am far behind with my narrow heart. O how ebb a ſoul have I to take in Chriſt's love! for, let worlds be multiplied according to angels underſtanding, in millions, while they weary themſelves; theſe worlds would not contain the thouſandth part of his love. O if I could yoke in amongſt the thick of angels, and ſeraphims, and now glorified ſaints, and could raiſe a new love-ſong of Chriſt, before all the world! I am pained with wondering at new-opened treaſures in Chriſt: if every finger, member, bone, and joint, were a torch burning in the hotteſt fire in hell, I would they could all ſend out love praiſes, high ſongs of praiſes for evermore, to that plant of renown, to that royal and high Prince, Jeſus my Lord: but, alas! his love ſwelleth in me, and findeth no vent; alas! what can a dumb priſoner ſay or do for him? O for an engine to write a book of Chriſt and his love! nay, I am left of him bound, and chained with his love; I cannot find a looſed ſoul to lift up his praiſes, and give them out to others. But, oh, my day-light hath thick clouds;

I cannot ſhine in his praiſes. I am often like a ſhip plying about to ſeek the wind; I ſail at great leiſure, and cannot be blown upon that lovelieſt Lord: Oh if I could turn my ſails to Chriſt's right airth; and that I had my heart's wiſhes of his love! But, I but marr his praiſes; nay, I know no compariſon of what Chriſt is, and what his worth is: all the angels, and all the glorified, praiſe him not ſo much as in halves; who can advance him, or utter all his praiſes? I want nothing; unknown faces favour me; enemies muſt ſpeak good of the truth; my Maſter's cauſe purchaſeth commendations. The hopes of my enlargement, from appearances, are cold: my faith hath no bed to ſleep upon, but omnipotency. The good-will of the Lord, and his ſweeteſt preſence, be with you and that child. Grace and peace be yours.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Your Ladyſhip's in all duty, in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

9. *To the Right Honourable and Chriſtian Lady, The* VISCOUNTESS of KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRace, mercy and peace be to your Ladyſhip. I would not omit to write a line with the Chriſtian bearer, one in your Ladyſhip's own caſe, driven near to Chriſt, in and by her affliction. I wiſh that my friends in Galloway forget me not; however it be, Chriſt is ſo good, that I will have no other tutor, ſuppoſe I could have wail and choice of ten thouſand beſide. I think now five hundred heavy hearts for him too little. I wiſh Chriſt, now weeping, ſuffering, and contemned of men, were more dear and deſireable to many ſouls than he is: I am ſure, if the ſaints wanted Chriſt's croſs, ſo profitable and ſo ſweet, they might, for the gain and glory of it, wiſh it were lawful, either to buy or borrow his croſs; but it is a mercy that the ſaints have it laid to their hand for nothing: for I know no ſweeter way to heaven, than through free gaace, and hard trials together; and one of theſe cannot well want another. O that time would poſt faſter, and haſten our looked-for communion with that faireſt, faireſt among the ſons of men! O that the day would favour us, and come, and put Chriſt and us in other's arms? I am ſure a few years will do our turn, and the ſoldier's hour-glaſs will ſoon run out. Madam, look to your lamp, and look for your Lord's coming, and let your heart dwell aloof from that child. Chriſt's jealouſy will not admit two equal loves in your Ladyſhip's heart; he muſt have one, and that the greateſt; a little one to a creature may, and muſt ſuffice a ſoul married to him. *Your Maker is your Huſband*, Iſa.

Iſa. liv. I would wiſh you well, and my obligations theſe many years bygone ſpeak no leſs to me; but more I can neither wiſh, nor pray, nor deſire to your Ladyſhip, than Chriſt ſingled and wailed out from all created good things; or Chriſt, howbeit wet in his own blood, and wearing a crown of thorns. I am ſure, the ſaints, at their beſt, are but ſtrangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable ſweetneſs of Chriſt. He is ſo new, ſo freſh in excellency, every day of new, to thoſe that ſearch more and more in him, as if heaven could furniſh us as many new Chriſt's (if I may ſpeak ſo) as there are days betwixt him and us, and yet he is one and the ſame. Oh we love an unknown lover, when we love Chriſt! Let me hear how the child is every way; the prayers of a priſoner of Chriſt be upon him. Grace for evermore, even while glory perfect it, be with your Ladyſhip.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

10. *To the Noble and Chriſtian Lady, The* VICOUNTESS of KENMURE.

*Madam*,

NOtwithſtanding the great haſte of the bearer, I would bleſs your Ladyſhip in paper, deſiring, that, ſince Chriſt hath ever envied, that the world ſhould have your love by him, you may give yourſelf out for Chriſt, and that ye may be for no other. I know none worthy of you but Chriſt. Madam, I am here ſuffering for Chriſt, and this is either the ſure and good way, or I have done with heaven, and will never ſee God's face (which, I bleſs him, cannot be.) I write my bleſſing to that ſweet child, that ye have borrowed from God; he is no heritage to you, but a loan; love him as folks do borrowed things. My heart is heavy for you. They ſay the kirk of Chriſt hath neither ſon, nor heir; and therefore her enemies ſhall poſſeſs her; but I know ſhe is not that ill friended, her Huſband is her heir, and ſhe his heritage. If my Lord would be pleaſed, I would deſire ſome were dealt with, for my return to Anwoth; but if that never be, I thank God, Anwoth is not heaven, preaching is not Chriſt, I hope to wait on. Let me hear how the child is, and your Ladyſhip's mind and hopes of him; for it would eaſe my heart to know that he is well. I am in good terms with Chriſt; but ah my guiltineſs! yet he bringeth not pleas betwixt him and me to the ſtreets, and before the ſun. Grace, grace, for evermore be with your Ladyſhip.

*Aberdeen*, 2637. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

11. *To the Right Honourable and Chriſtian Lady, My Lady* VISCOUNTESS *of* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy and peace to you: I am refreſhed with your letters. The right hand of him, to whom belong the iſſues from death, hath been gracious to that ſweet child: I do not, I do not forget him and your Ladyſhip in my prayers. Madam, for your own caſe, I live careful, and withal doing complaints of want of practice; becauſe I obſerve many, who think it holineſs enough to complain and ſet themſelves at nothing, as if to ſay, I am ſick, would cure them; they think complaints a good charm for guiltineſs. I hope you are wreſtling and ſtruggling on, in this dead age, wherein folks have loſt tongue, and legs, and arms, for Chriſt. I urge upon you, Madam, a nearer communion with Chriſt, and a growing communion. There are curtains to be drawn by, in Chriſt, that we never ſaw, and new foldings of love in him. I deſpair that ever I ſhall win to the far end of that love, there are ſo many plies in it. Therefore dig deep; and ſweat, and labour, and take pains for him; and ſet by ſo much time of the day for him as you can: he will be won with labour. I, his exiled priſoner, ſought him, and he hath rued upon me, and hath made a moan for me, as he doth for his own, Jer. xxxi. 20. Iſa xlv. 11. and I know not what to do with Chriſt, his love ſurroundeth and ſurchargeth me. I am burdened with it, but O how ſweet and lovely is that burden! I do not keep it within me: I am ſo in love with his love, that if his love were not in heaven, I would be unwilling to go there. O what weighing and what telling is in Chriſt's love! I fear nothing now ſo much as the lacking of Chriſt's croſs, and the love ſhowers that accompany it. I wonder what he meaneth to put ſuch a ſlave at the board-head, at his own elbow. O that I ſhould lack my black mouth to ſuch a fair, fair, fair face as Chriſt! but dare not refuſe to be loved; the cauſe is not in me why he hath looked upon me, and loved me, for he got neither bud nor hire of me, it coſt me nothing, it is good cheap love. O the many pound weights of his love, under which I am ſweetly preſſed! Now, Madam, I perſuade you, the greateſt part but play with Chriſtianity, they put it by hand eaſily. I thought it had been an eaſy thing to be a Chriſtian, and that to ſeek God had been at the next door; but Oh the windings, the turnings, the ups and the downs, that that he hath led me through; and I ſee yet much way to the ford: he ſpeaketh with my reins in the night ſeaſon; and in the morning, when I awake, I find his love-arrows, that he ſhot at me, ſticking in my heart: who will help me to praiſe? who will come lift with me, and ſet on high his great love? and yet I find, that a fire-flaught of challenges will come in at mid-

ſummer,

ſummer, and queſtion me; but it is only to keep a ſinner in order. As for friends, I ſhall not think the world to be the world, if that well go not dry. I truſt in God to uſe the world, as a canny or cunning maſter doth a knave-ſervant (at leaſt God give me grace to do ſo) he giveth him no handling or credit, only inſtructeth him with common errands, wherein he cannot play the knave. I pray God, I may not give this world credit of my joys, and comforts, and confidence: that were to put Chriſt out of his office: nay, I counſel you, Madam, from a little experience, let Chriſt keep the great ſeal, and entruſt him ſo, as to hang your veſſels great and ſmall, and pin your burdens upon the nail faſtened in David's houſe, Iſa. xxii. 23. Let me not be well, if ever they get the tutoring of my comforts: away, away with irreſponſal tutors, that would play me a ſlip, and then Chriſt would laugh at me, and ſay, Well-wared, try again e'er ye truſt. Now wo is me, for my whoriſh mother, the church of Scotland; oh who will bewail her! Now the preſence of the great angel of the covenant be with you and that ſweet child.

*Aberdeen, March* 7, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

12. *To the Right Honourable and Chriſtian Lady, my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

UPON the offered opportunity of this worthy bearer, I could not omit to anſwer the heads of your letter. 1ſt, I think not much to ſet down in paper ſome good things anent Chriſt, that ſealed and holy thing; and to feed my ſoul with raw wiſhes to be one with Chriſt; for a wiſh is but broken and half-love: but verily to obey this, Come and ſee, is a harder matter! But, oh, I have rather ſmoke than fire, and gueſſings rather than real aſſurances of him: I have little or nothing to ſay, but that I am as one who hath found favour in his eyes; but there is ſome pining and miſmannered hunger, that maketh me miſcall and nickname Chriſt, as a changed Lord: but alas! it is ill flitten. I cannot believe without a pledge, I cannot take God's word without a caution, as if Chriſt had loſt and ſold his credit, and were not in my books reſponſal and law-biding: but this is my way; for his way is, Eph. i. 13. *After that ye believed, ye were ſealed with the Holy Spirit of promiſe.* 2d, Ye write that I am filled with knowledge, and ſtand not in need of theſe warnings; but certainly my light is dim, when it cometh to handy-grips; and how many have full coffers, and yet empty bellies! light, and the ſaving uſe of light, are far different. O what need then have I to have the aſhes blown away from my dying-out fire! I may be a book man, and be an idiot and ſtark fool in Chriſt's way; learning will not beguile Chriſt; the Bible

ble beguiled the Phariſees, and ſo may I be miſled. Therefore, as night watchers hold one another waking, by ſpeaking to one another, ſo have we need to hold one another on foot; ſleep ſtealeth away the light of watching, even the light that reproveth ſleeping. I doubt not but more ſhould fetch heaven, if they believed not heaven to be at the next door: the world's negative holineſs, no adulterer, no murderer, no thief, nor cozener, maketh men believe they are already glorified ſaints: but 6th chapter to the Hebrews may affright us all, when we hear that men may take of the gifts and common graces of the Holy Spirit, and a taſte of the powers of the life to come, to hell with them: here is reprobate ſilver, which yet ſeemeth to have the King's image and ſuperſcription upon it. 3d, I find you complaining of yourſelf, and it becometh a ſinner ſo to do, I am not againſt that; ſenſe of death is a ſib friend, and of kin and blood to life; the more ſenſe, the more life: the more ſenſe of ſin, the leſs ſin. I would love my pain, and ſoreneſs, and my wounds, howbeit theſe ſhould bereave me of my night's ſleep, better than my wounds without pain. O how ſweet a thing it is, to give Chriſt his handful of broken arms, and legs, and disjointed bones! 4th, be not afraid for little grace, Chriſt ſoweth his living ſeed, and he will not loſe his ſeed; if he have the guiding of my ſtock and ſtate, it ſhall not miſcarry. Our ſpilt works, loſſes, deadneſs, coldneſs, wretchedneſs, are the ground which the good huſbandman laboureth. 5th, Ye write that his compaſſions fail not, notwithſtanding that your ſervice to Chriſt miſcarrieth: to the which I anſwer, God forbid that there were buying and ſelling, and blocking for as good again, betwixt Chriſt and us; for then free grace might go play it, and a Saviour ſing dumb and Chriſt go and ſleep; but we go to heaven with light ſhoulders, and all the bairn time; and the veſſels great and ſmall that we have, are faſtened upon the ſure nail, Iſa. xxii. 24. The only danger is, that we give grace more ado than God giveth it, that is by turning his grace into wantonneſs. 6th. Ye write few ſee your guiltineſs, and ye cannot be free with many, as with me: I anſwer, bleſſed be God, Chriſt and we are not heard before men's courts; it is at home betwixt him and us, that pleas are taken away. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen.* *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

13. *To the Right Honourable and Chriſtian Lady, my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Ladyſhip: God be thanked, ye are yet in poſſeſſion of Chriſt and that ſweet child. I pray God the former may be a ſure heritage, and the

latter a loan for your comfort, while ye do good to his poor afflicted, withered Mount Sion: and who knoweth, but our Lord hath comforts laid up in ſtore for her and you? I am perſuaded Chriſt hath bought you by the devil, and hell, and ſin, that they have no claim to you; and that is a rich and invaluable mercy. Long ſince, ye were half challenging death's cold kindneſs, in being ſo ſlow and ſwier to come and loſe a tired priſoner; but ye ſtand in need of all the croſſes, loſſes, changes, and ſad hearts that befell you ſince that time. Chriſt knoweth the body of ſin unſubdued will take them all and more: we know that Paul had need of the devil's ſervice, to buffet him; and far more we. But my dear and honourable Lady, ſpend your ſand-glaſs well: I am ſure you have law to raiſe a ſuſpenſion againſt all that devils, men, friends, world, loſſes, hell or ſin, can decree againſt you. It is good your croſſes will but convey you to heaven's gates: in can they not go, the gates ſhall be cloſed on them, when ye ſhall be admitted to the throne. Time ſtandeth not ſtill, eternity is hard at our door, O what is laid up for you! Therefore harden your face againſt the wind; and the Lamb your Huſband is making ready for you; the Bridegroom would fain have that day, as gladly as your honour would wiſh to have it; he hath not forgotten you. I have heard a rumour of the P's purpoſe to baniſh me; but let it come, if God ſo will; the other ſide of the ſea is my Father's ground, as well as this ſide: I owe bowing to God, but no ſervile bowing to croſſes; I have been but too ſoft in that: I am comforted that I am perſuaded fully, that Chriſt is halver with me in this well born and honeſt croſs: and if he claim right to the beſt half of my troubles (as I know he doth to the whole) I ſhall remit it over to Chriſt, what I ſhall do in this caſe: I know certainly my Lord Jeſus will not mar nor ſpill my ſufferings, he hath uſe for them in his houſe. O what it worketh on me, to remember that a ſtranger, who cometh not in by the door, ſhall build hay and ſtubble upon the golden foundation I laid amongſt that people at Anwoth! But I know providence looketh not aſquaint, but looketh ſtraight out, and thorow all mens darkneſs: O that I could wait upon the Lord! I had but one eye, one joy, one delight, even to preach Chriſt; and my mother's ſons were angry at me, and have put out the poor man's one eye, and what have I behind! I am ſure this four world hath loſt my heart deſervedly, but oh that there were a day's-man to lay his hand upon us both, and determine upon my part of it. Alas! that innocent and lovely truth ſhould be ſold! My tears are little worth, but yet this thing I weep, I weep, alas! that my fair and lovely Lord Jeſus ſhould be miſkent in his own houſe? It reckoneth little of five hundred the like of me; yet the water goeth not over faith's breadth, yet our King liveth. I write

the

the priſoner's bleſſings; the good will, and long laſting kindneſs, with the comforts of the very God of peace, be to your Ladyſhip, and to your ſweet child: grace, grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7, 1637. *Your Honour's at all obedience, in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

14. *To the much honoured* JOHN GORDON *of Cardoneſs, Elder.*

MUCH honoured and deareſt in my Lord, grace, mercy and peace be to you. My ſoul longeth exceedingly to hear how matters go betwixt you and Chriſt; and whether or not there be any work of Chriſt in that pariſh, that will bide the trial of fire and water; let me be weighed of my Lord in a juſt balance, if your ſouls ly not weighty upon me: you go to bed and you riſe with me: thoughts of your ſoul (my deareſt in our Lord) depart not from me in my ſleep; ye have a great part of my tears, ſighs, ſupplications, and prayers: O if I could buy your ſoul's ſalvation with any ſuffering whatſoever, and that ye and I might meet with joy up in the rainbow, when we ſhall ſtand before our Judge! O my Lord forbid, I have any hard thing to depone againſt you in that day! O that he who quickeneth the dead, would give life to my ſowing among you! What joy is there (next to Chriſt) that ſtandeth on this ſide of death, would comfort me more, than that the ſouls of that poor people were in ſafety, and beyond all hazard of loſing? Sir, ſhew the people this: for when I write to you, I think I write to you all old and young: fulfil my joy, and ſeek the Lord: ſure I am, once I diſcovered my loyal, royal, princely Lord Jeſus to you all: wo, wo, wo ſhall be your part of it for evermore, if the goſpel be not the ſavour of life unto life to you: as many ſermons as I preached; as many ſentences as I uttered, as many points of dittay ſhall they be, when the Lord ſhall plead with the world for the evil of their doings. Believe me, I find heaven a city hard to be won; *The righteous will ſcarcely be ſaved*: O what violence of thronging will heaven take! Alas! I ſee many deceiving themſelves; for we will all to heaven; now every foul dog with his foul feet will in at the neareſt, to the new and clean Jeruſalem: all ſay they have faith, and the greateſt part of the world know not, and will not conſider, that a ſlip in the matter of their ſalvation is the moſt piteous ſlip that can be; and that no loſs is comparable to this loſs. O then ſee that there be not a looſe pin in the work of your ſalvation! for you will not believe how quickly the Judge will come: and for yourſelf, I know that death is waiting and hovering, and lingering at God's command, that ye may be prepared. Then ye had need to ſtir your time, and to take eternity, and death, to your riper adviſement;

viſement; a wrong ſtep in going out of this life, in one property, is like the ſin againſt the Holy Ghoſt, and can never be forgiven, becauſe ye cannot come back again thorow the laſt water, to mourn for it. I know your courts are many, and will take telling, and laying, and reckoning betwixt you and your Lord; fit your counts, and order them: loſe not the laſt play whatever ye do, for in that play with death your precious ſoul is the prize: for the Lord's ſake ſpill not the play, and loſe not ſuch a treaſure. Ye know, out of love I had to your ſoul, and out of deſire I had to make an honeſt count for you, I teſtified my diſpleaſure and diſliking of your ways very often, both in private and public: I am not now a witneſs of your doings, but your Judge is always your witneſs. I beſeech you by the mercies of God, by the ſalvation of your ſoul, by your comforts when your eyeſtrings ſhall break, and the face wax pale, and the ſoul ſhall tremble to be out of the lodging of clay, and by your compearance before your awful Judge, after the ſight of this letter, take a new courſe with your ways; and now in the end of your day make ſure of heaven. Examine yourſelf if ye be in good earneſt in Chriſt; for ſome, Heb. vi. 4 *are partakers of the Holy Ghoſt, and taſte of the good word of God, and of the powers of the life to come;* and yet have no part in Chriſt at all. Many think they believe, but never tremble; the devils are further on than theſe, James ii 10. Make ſure to yourſelf that ye are above ordinary profeſſors; the ſixth part of your ſpan-length and hand-breadth of your days is ſcarcely before you: haſte, haſte, for the tide will not bide. Put Chriſt upon all your accounts, and your ſecrets. Better it is that ye give him your counts, in this life, out of your own hand, than that, after this life he take them from you. I never knew ſo well what ſin was as ſince I came to Aberdeen, howbeit I was preaching of it to you. To feel the ſmoke of hell's fire in the throat for half an hour; to ſtand before a river of fire and brimſtone broader than the earth; and to think to be bound hand and foot, and caſten in the midſt of it quick, and then to have God locking the priſon door, never to be opened for all eternity; O how will it ſhake a conſcience that hath any life in it? I find the fruits of my pains to have Chriſt and that people once fairly met, now meet my ſoul in my ſad hours; and I rejoice that I gave fair warning of all the corruptions now entering in Chriſt's houſe; and now many'a ſweet, ſweet, ſoft kiſs, many perfumed, well ſmelled kiſſes, and embracements, have I received of my royal Maſter. He and I have had much love together. I have for the preſent a ſick dwining life, with much pain, and much love-ſickneſs for Chriſt: O what I would give to have a bed made to my wearied ſoul, in his boſom! I would friſt heaven for many years, to have my fill of Jeſus in this life, and to

have occaſion to offer Chriſt to my people; and to woo many people to Chriſt. I cannot tell you what ſweet pain, and delightſome torments are in Chriſt's love? I often challenge time that holdeth us ſundry. I profeſs to you I have no reſt, I have no eaſe, while I be over head and ears in love ocean. If Chriſt's love, (that fountain of delight) were laid as open to me as I would wiſh, O how would I drink, and drink abundantly! O how drunken would this my ſoul be! I half call his abſence cruel, and the maſk and vail on Chriſt's face a cruel covering, that hideth ſuch a fair face from a ſick ſoul. I dare not challenge himſelf, but his abſence is a mountain of iron upon my heavy heart. O when will we meet? O how long is it to the dawning of the marriage day? O ſweet Lord Jeſus, take wide ſteps: O my Lord, come over mountains at one ſtride! O my Beloved, flee like a roe, or young hart, upon the mountains of ſeparation: O if he would fold the heavens together like an old cloke, and ſhovel time and days out of the way, and make ready in haſte the lamb's wife for her huſband! Since he looked upon me, my heart is not mine own, he hath run away to heaven with it; I know it was not for nothing, that I ſpake ſo meikle good of Chriſt to you in public. O if the heaven, and the heaven of heavens were paper, and ſea ink, and the multitude of mountains pens of braſs, and I were able to write that paper, within and without, full of the praiſes of my faireſt, my deareſt, my lovelieſt, my ſweeteſt, my matchleſs, and my moſt marrowleſs, and marvellous Well-beloved! Wo is me, I cannot ſet him out to men and angels. O there are few tongues to ſing love ſongs of his incomparable excellency! What can I poor priſoner do to exalt him? or what courſe can I take to extol my lofty, and lovely Lord Jeſus? I am put to my wit's end, how to get his name made great. Bleſſed they who would help me in this! How ſweet are Chriſt's back-parts? O what then is in his face! Theſe that ſee his face, how do they get their eye plucked off him again? Look up to him and love him: O love and live. It were a life to me, if ye would read this letter to that people, and if they did profit by it. O if I could cauſe theſe to die of love for Jeſus! I charge them by the ſalvation of their ſouls, to hang about Chriſt's neck, and take their fill of his love, and follow him, as I taught them. Part by no means with Chriſt; hold faſt what ye have received; keep the truth once delivered; if ye or that people quit it in an hair, or an hoof, ye break your conſcience in twain; and who then can mend it, and caſt a knot on it? My deareſt in the Lord, ſtand faſt in Chriſt; keep the faith; contend for Chriſt; wreſtle for him, and take mens feud for God's favour; there is no compariſon betwixt theſe. O that my Lord would fulfil my joy, and keep the young bride to Chriſt, that is at Anwoth. And now, whoever they be,

that have returned to the old vomit ſince my departure, I bind upon their back, in my Maſter's name and authority, the long-laſting, weighty vengeance and curſe of God; in my Lord's name, I give them a black, unmixed, pure wrath, which my Maſter ſhall ratify amd make good, when we ſtand together before him, except they timeouſly repent and turn to the Lord. And I write to thee, poor mourning and broken hearted believer, be who thou wilt, of the free ſalvation; Chriſt's ſweet balm for thy wounds, O poor humble believer; Chriſt's kiſſes for thy watery cheeks; Chriſt's blood of atonement for thy guilty ſoul; Chriſt's heaven for thy poor ſoul, though once baniſhed out of paradiſe; and my Maſter ſhall make good my word e'er long. O that people were wiſe! O that people would ſpier out Chriſt, and never reſt while they find him! O how ſhall my ſoul mourn in ſecret, if my nine years pained head, and ſore breaſt, and pained back, and grieved heart, and private and public prayers to God, ſhall all be for nothing among that people! Did my Lord Jeſus ſend me but to ſummon you before your Judge, and to leave your ſummons at your houſes? Was I ſent as a witneſs only to gather your dittays. O my God forbid! Often did I tell you of a fan of God's word to come among you, for the contempt of it; I told you often of wrath, wrath from the Lord, to come upon Scotland; and yet I bide by my Maſter's word; it is quickly coming, deſolation for Scotland, becauſe of the quarrel for a broken covenant. Now, worthy Sirs, my dear people, my joy, and my crown in the Lord, let him be your fear; ſeek the Lord, and his face, ſave your ſouls. Doves flee to Chriſt's windows; pray for me, and praiſe for me. The bleſſing of my God, the prayers and bleſſing of a poor priſoner, and your lawful paſtor, be upon you.

*Aberdeen, June* 16, 1637. *Your lawful and loving paſtor*, S. R.

15. *To the right Honourable and Chriſtian Lady, my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. I cannot but thank your Ladyſhip for your letter that hath refreſhed my ſoul. I think myſelf many ways obliged to your Ladyſhip for your love to my afflicted brother now embarked with me in that ſame cauſe. His Lord hath been pleaſed to put him on truth's ſide; I hope your Ladyſhip will befriend him with your counſel and countenance in that country where he is a ſtranger; and your Ladyſhip needeth not fear but your kindneſs to his own ſhall be put up in Chriſt's accounts. Now, Madam, for your Ladyſhip's caſe I rejoice exceedingly, that the Father of lights hath

made you ſee that there is a nick in Chriſtianity, which ye contend to be at; and that is, to quit the right eye, and the right hand, and to keep the Son of God: I hope your deſire is to make him your garland, and your eye looketh up the mount, which certainly is nothing but the new creature. Fear not, Chriſt will not caſt water upon your ſmoaking coal; and then, who elſe dare do it if he ſay nay? Be ſorry at corruption, and not ſecure; that companion lay with you in your mother's womb, and was as early friends with you as the breath of life: and Chriſt will not have it otherwiſe; for he delighteth to take up fallen bairns, and to mend broken brows; binding up of wounds is his office, Iſa. lxi. 1ſt, I am glad Chriſt will get employment of his calling in you: many a whole ſoul is in heaven, which was ſicker than ye are: he is content ye lay broken arms and legs on his knee, that he may ſpelk them. 2dly, Hiding of his face is wiſe love; his love is not fond, doating, and reaſonleſs, to give your head no other pillow while ye be in at heaven's gates, but to ly betwixt his breaſts, and lean upon his boſom: nay, his bairns muſt often have the froſty cold ſide of the hill, and ſet down both their bare feet among thorns: his love hath eyes, and in the mean time is looking on. Our pride muſt have winter weather to rot it. But I know Chriſt and ye ſhall not be heard; ye will whiſper it over betwixt yourſelves, and agree again; for the anchor-tow abideth faſt within the vail; the end of it is in Chriſt's ten fingers: who dare pull, if he hold? *I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, ſaying, Fear not, I will help thee*, Iſa. xli. 13. Fear not, Jacob. The ſea-ſick paſſenger ſhall come to land; Chriſt will be the firſt that will meet you on the ſhore. I hope your Ladyſhip will keep the king's high-way; go on in the ſtrength of the Lord in haſte, as if ye had not leiſure to ſpeak to the inn-keepers by the way: he is over beyond time in the other ſide of the water, who thinketh long for you. For my unfaithful ſelf, Madam, I muſt ſay a word. At my firſt coming hither, the devil made many a black lie of my Lord Jeſus, and ſaid, the court was changed, and he was angry, and would give an evil ſervant his leave at mid-term; but he gave me grace not to take my leave; I reſolved to bide ſummons, and ſit, howbeit it was ſuggeſted and ſaid, What ſhould be done with a withered tree, but over the dyke with it? But now, now, (I dare not, I do not keep it up) who is feaſted as his poor exiled priſoner? I think ſhame of the board-head and the firſt meſs, and the royal King's dining hall, and that my black hand ſhould come on ſuch a ruler's table: but I cannot mend it, Chriſt muſt have his will; only he paineth my ſoul ſo ſometimes with his love, that I have been nigh to paſs modeſty, and to cry out; he hath left a ſmoaking burning coal in my heart, and gone to the door himſelf and

left

left me and it together; yet it is not deſertion; I know not what it is, but I was never ſo ſick for him as now. I durſt not challenge my Lord, if I got no more for heaven, it is a dawting croſs. I know he hath other things to do than to play with me, and trundle an apple with me, and that this feaſt will end. O for inſtruments in God's name, that this is he! and that I may make uſe of it, when it may be, a near friend within me will ſay, and when it ſhall be ſaid by a challenging devil, Where is thy God? Since I know it will not laſt, I deſire but to keep broken meat: but let no man after me ſlander Chriſt for his croſs. The great Lord of the covenant, who brought from the dead the great Shepherd of the ſheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, eſtabliſh you, and keep you and yours to his appearance.

*Aberdeen, March 7,* 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 16. *To Mr.* ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

*My reverend and dear brother,*

I Received your letters: they are apples of gold to me, for with my ſweet feaſts (and they are above the deſerving of ſuch a ſinner, high and out of meaſure) I have ſadneſs to ballaſt me, and weight me a little. It is but his boundleſs wiſdom who hath taken the tutoring of his witleſs child; and he knoweth to be drunken with comforts is not ſafeſt for our ſtomachs. However it be, the din, and noiſe, and glooms of Chriſt's croſs are weightier than itſelf. I proteſt to you, (my witneſs is in heaven) I could wiſh many pound weights added to my croſs, to know that by my ſufferings, Chriſt were ſet forward in his kingly office in this land. Oh! what is my ſkin to his glory; or my loſſes, or my ſad heart to the apple of the eye of our Lord, and his beloved ſpouſe, his precious truth, his royal privileges, the glory of manifeſted juſtice in giving of his foes a daſh, the teſtimony of his faithful ſervants, who do glorify him, when he rideth upon poor weak worms, and triumpheth in them? I deſire you to pray, that I may come out of this furnace with honeſty; and that I may leave Chriſt's truth no worſe than I found it; and that this moſt honourable cauſe may neither be ſtained, nor weakened. As for your caſe, my reverend and deareſt brother, ye are the talking of the north and ſouth; and looked to ſo, as if ye were all chryſtal glaſs; your motes and duſt ſhould ſoon be proclaimed, and trumpets blown at your ſlips; but I know ye have laid help upon one that is mighty. Intruſt not your comforts to men's airy and frothy applauſe, neither lay your down-caſtings on the tongues of ſalt mockers and reproachers of godlineſs: as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown

known, and yet well known. God hath called you to Chriſt's ſide, and the wind is now in Chriſt's face in this land; and ſeeing ye are with him, ye cannot expect the lee ſide, or the ſunny ſide of the brae: but I know ye have reſolved to take Chriſt upon any terms whatſoever: I hope ye do not rue, though your cauſe he hated, and that prejudices are taken up againſt it. The ſhields of the world think our Maſter cumberſome wares, and that he maketh too great din, and that his cords and yokes makes blains and deep ſcores in their neck; therefore they kick, they ſay, This man ſhall not reign over us. Let us pray one for another: he who hath made you a choſen arrow in his quiver, hide you in the hollow of his hand. I am

*Aberdeen, March* 9, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S R.

17. *To the Right Honourable my Lord* LOWDON.

*My very noble and honourable Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I make bold to write to your Lordſhip, that you may know the honourable cauſe ye are graced to profeſs in Chriſt's own truth. Ye are many ways bleſſed of God, who hath taken upon you to come out to the ſtreets with Chriſt on your forehead, when ſo many are aſhamed of him, and hide him, as it were, under their cloak, as if he were a ſtolen Chriſt. If this faithleſs generation (and eſpecially the nobles of this kingdom) thought not Chriſt dear wares, and religion expenſive, hazardous and dangerous, they would not ſlip from his cauſe as they do, and ſtand looking on with their hands folded behind their back, when lowns are running away with the ſpoil of Zion on their back, and the boards of the Son of God's tabernacle. Law and juſtice are to be had to any, eſpecially for money and moyen! but Chriſt can get no law, good, cheap, nor dear. It were the glory and honour of you, who are the nobles of this land, to plead for your wronged Bridegroom, and his oppreſſed Spouſe, as far as zeal and ſtanding law will go with you. Your ordinary logic from the event (that it will do no good) to the cauſe (and therefore ſilence is beſt, till the Lord put to his own hand) is not (with reverence to your Lordſhip's learning) worth a ſtraw: events are God's; let us do, and not plead againſt God's office; let him ſit at his own helm, who moderateth all events; it is not a good courſe to complain, that we cannot get a providence of gold, when our lazineſs, cold zeal, temporizing, and faithleſs fearfulneſs ſpilleth God's providence. Your Lordſhip will pardon me; I am not of that mind, that tumults or arms is the way to put Chriſt on his throne; or that Chriſt will be ſerved, and truth vindicated only with the arm of fleſh and blood; nay, Chriſt doth

oth his turn with leſs din than with garments rolled in blood. ut I would the zeal of God were in the nobles to do their part r Chriſt: and I muſt be pardoned to write to your Lordſhip is, I do not, I dare not but ſpeak to others what God hath one to the ſoul of his poor, afflicted, exiled priſoner: his comort is more than ever I knew before; he hath ſealed the hourable cauſe I now ſuffer for, and I ſhall not believe that hriſt will put to his Amen, and ring upon an imagination: he ath made all his promiſes good to me, and hath filled up all he blanks with his own hand; I would not exchange my bonds ith the plaiſtered joy of this whole world: it hath pleaſed him o make a ſinner, the like of me, an ordinary banqueter in his ouſe of wine, with that royal, princely one, Chriſt Jeſus. O hat weighing! O what telling is in his love! How ſweet muſt e be, when that black and burdenſome tree, his own croſs is perfumed with joy and gladneſs! O for help to lift him up y praiſes on his royal throne! I ſeek no more but that his ame may be ſpread abroad in me, that meikle good may be ſpoken of Chriſt on my behalf: this being done, my loſſes, place, tipend, credit, eaſe, and liberty, ſhall all be made up to my ull contentment and joy of heart. I will be confident your Lordſhip will go on in the ſtrength of the Lord, and keep Chriſt nd avouch him, that he may read your name publickly before nen and angels. I will intreat your Lordſhip to exhort and ncourage that nobleman your chief to do the ſame; but I am wae, many of you find a new wiſdom, which deſerveth not ſuch name; it were better that men ſhould ſee that their wiſdom e holy, and their holineſs wiſe. I muſt be bold to deſire your Lordſhip to add your former favours to me (for the which your Lordſhip hath a priſoner's bleſſing and prayers) this, that ye would be pleaſed to befriend my brother, now ſuffering for the ſame cauſe; for he is to dwell nigh your Lordſhip's bounds; your Lordſhip's word and countenance may help him. Thus recommending your Lordſhip to the ſaving grace, and tender mercy of Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, I reſt

*Aberdeen, March* 9. 1637. *Your Lordſhip's obliged ſervant in Chriſt.* S. R.

18. *To Mr.* WILLIAM DALGLISH, *Miniſter of the goſpel.*

*Reverend and dear Brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am well; my Lord Jeſus is kinder to me than ever he was; it pleaſeth him to dine and ſup with his afflicted priſoner; a King feaſteth me, and his ſpikenard caſteth a ſweet ſmell. Put Chriſt's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed: we employ not his love, and therefore we know it not.

not. I verily count more of the ſufferings of my Lord, than of this world's luſtered and over-gilded glory. I dare not ſay but my Lord Jeſus hath fully recompenſed my ſadneſs with his joys; my loſſes with his own preſence. I find it a ſweet and rich thing to exchange my ſorrows with Chriſt's joys, my afflictions with that ſweet peace I have with himſelf. Brother, this is his own truth I now ſuffer for; he hath ſealed my ſufferings with his own comforts, and I know he will not put his ſeal upon blank paper: his ſeals are not dumb, nor deluſive, to confirm imaginations and lies. Go on, my dear brother, in the ſtrength of the Lord, not fearing man that is a worm, nor the ſon of man that will die. Providence hath a thouſand keys to open a thouſand ſundry doors, for the deliverance of his own, when it is even come to a *conclamatum eſt*. Let us be faithful, and care for our own part, which is to do and ſuffer for him, and lay Chriſt's part on himſelf, and leave it there. Duties are ours, events are the Lord's: when our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to hold a court (if I may ſo ſpeak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to ſay, How wilt thou do this and that? we loſe ground: we have nothing to do there, it is our part to let the Almighty exerciſe his own office, and ſteer his own helm; there is nothing left us, but to ſee how we may be approved of him, and how we may roll the weight of our weak ſouls (in well doing) upon him who is God omnipotent: and when, what we thus eſſay miſcarrieth, it ſhall neither be our ſin nor croſs. Brother, remember the Lord's word to Peter, *Simon, loveſt thou me? feed my ſheep:* no greater teſtimony of our love to Chriſt can be, than to feed painfully and faithfully his lambs. I am in no better neighbourhood with the miniſters here than before; they cannot endure that any ſpeak of me, or to me. Thus I am, in the mean time, ſilent (which is my great grief.) Dr. Barron hath diſputed with me, eſpecially about Arminian controverſies, and for the ceremonies; three yokings laid him by: and I have not been troubled with him ſince. Now he hath appointed a diſpute before witneſſes; I truſt Chriſt and truth ſhall do for themſelves. I hope, brother, ye will help my people, and write to me what ye hear the biſhop is to do to them. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Your brother in bonds,* S. R.

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## 19. *To Mr.* HUGH M'KAIL, *Miniſter of the Goſpel.*

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Bleſs you for your letter; he is come down as rain upon the mown graſs, he hath revived my withered root, and he is as the dew of herbs. I am moſt ſecure in this priſon; ſalvation is for walls in it, and what think ye of theſe walls? he maketh

maketh the dry plant to bud as the lily, and to bloſſom as Lebanon: the great Huſbandman's bleſſing cometh down upon the plants of righteouſneſs. Who may ſay this (my dear brother) if I his poor exiled ſtranger and priſoner, may not ſay it? Howbeit all the world ſhould be ſilent, I cannot hold my peace. O how many black counts hath Chriſt and I rounded over together in the houſe of my pilgrimage! and how fat a portion hath he given to a hungry ſoul! I had rather have Chriſt's four-hours, than have dinner and ſupper both in one from any other: his dealing, and the way of his judgments are paſt finding out. No preaching, no book, no learning could give me that, which I behoved to come and get in this town. But what of all this, if I were not miſted, and confounded, and aſtoniſhed how to be thankful, and how to get him praiſed for evermore? And which is more, he hath been pleaſed to pain me with his love, and my pain groweth through want of real poſſeſſion. Some have written to me, that I am poſſibly too joyful of the croſs, but my joy overleapeth the croſs, it is bounded and terminate upon Chriſt. I know the ſun will over-cloud and eclipſe, and I ſhall again be put to walk in the ſhadow: but Chriſt muſt be welcome to come and go as he thinketh meet; yet he would be more welcome to me, I trow, to come than go: and, I hope, he pitieth and pardoneth me, in caſting apples to me, at ſuch a fainting time as this; holy and bleſſed is his name. It was not my flattering of Chriſt, that drew a kiſs from his mouth; but he would ſend me as a ſpy into this wilderneſs of ſuffering, to ſee the land, and to try the ford: and I cannot make a lie of Chriſt's croſs; I can report nothing but good both of him and it, leſt others ſhould faint. I hope, when a change cometh, to caſt anchor at mid-night upon the Rock (which he hath taught me to know in this day-light) whither I may run, when I muſt ſay my leſſon without book, and believe in the dark. I am ſure, it is ſin to tarrow of Chriſt's good meat, and not to eat when he ſaith, *Eat, O well-beloved, and drink abundantly.* If he bear me on his back, or carry me in his arms over this water, I hope for grace to ſet down both my feet on dry ground, when the way is better: but this is ſlippery ground; my Lord thought good I ſhould go by an hold, and lean on my Well-beloved's ſhoulder: it is good to be ever taking from him. I deſire he may get the fruit of praiſes for doating and thus dandling me upon his knee: and I may give my bond of thankfulneſs, ſo being I have Chriſt's back-bond again for my relief, that I ſhall be ſtrengthened by his powerful grace, to pay my vows to him. But truly I find we have the advantage of the brae upon our enemies: we are more than conquerors, through him who hath

loved us; and they know not wherein our ſtrength lieth. Pray for me; grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Your brother in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 20. *To my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. The Lord hath brought me to Aberdeen, where I ſee God in few. This town hath been adviſed upon of purpoſe for me: it conſiſteth of Papiſts, or men of Gallio's naughty faith; it is counted wiſdom in the moſt, not to countenance a confined miniſter! but I find Chriſt neither ſtrange nor unkind; for I have found many faces ſmile upon me ſince I came hither. I am heavy and ſad, conſidering what is betwixt the Lord and my ſoul, which none ſeeth but he. I find men have miſtaken me: it would be no art (as I now ſee) to ſpin ſmall, and make hypocriſy ſeem a goodly web, and to go through the market as a ſaint among men, and yet ſteal quietly to hell, without obſervation; ſo eaſy is it to deceive men. I have diſputed whether or no I ever knew any thing of Chriſtianity, ſave the letters of that name. Men ſee but as men, and they call ten twenty, and twenty an hundred; but, O! to be approved of God in the heart, and in ſincerity, is not an ordinary mercy. My neglects while I had a pulpit, and other things whereof I am aſhamed to ſpeak, meet me now, ſo as God maketh an honeſt croſs my daily ſorrow; and for fear of ſcandal and ſtumbling, I muſt hide this day of the laws pleading: I know not, if this court, kept within my ſoul, be fenced in Chriſt's name. If certainty of ſalvation were to be bought, God knoweth if I had ten earths, I would not prig with God like a fool. I believed, under ſufferings for Chriſt, that I myſelf ſhould keep the key of Chriſt's treaſures, and take out comforts, when I lifted, and eat, and be fat; but I ſee now a ſufferer for Chriſt will be made to know himſelf, and will be holden at the door, as well as another poor ſinner; and will be fain to eat with the bairns, and take the bye board, and glad ſo. My bleſſing on the croſs of Chriſt, that hath made me ſee this. Oh if we could take pains for the kingdom of heaven! but we ſit down upon ſome ordinary marks of God's children, thinking we have done as much as will ſeparate us from a reprobate, and thereupon we take the play, and cry, Holyday: and thus the devil caſteth water on our fire, and blunteth our zeal and care: but I ſee heaven is not at the next door; and I ſee, howbeit my challenges be many, I ſuffer for Chriſt, and dare hazard my ſalvation upon it; for ſometimes my Lord cometh with a fair hour, and O but his love be ſweet, delightful, and comfortable! Half a kiſs is ſweet: but our doating love will not be content of a right to Chriſt, unleſs we get poſſeſſion;

on; like the man who will not be content of rights to bought land, except he get alſo the ridges and acres laid upon his back, to carry home with him. However it be, Chriſt is wiſe; and we are fools to be browden and fond of a pawn in the loof of our hand: living on truſt by faith may well content us. Madam, I know your Ladyſhip knoweth this, and that made me bold to write of it, that others might reap ſomewhat by my bonds for the truth; for I ſhould deſire, and aim at this, to have my Lord well ſpoken of and honoured, howbeit he ſhould make nothing of me, but a bridge over a water. Thus recommending your Ladyſhip, your ſon, and children to his grace, who hath honoured you with a name and room among the living in Jeruſalem, and wiſhing grace to be with your Ladyſhip, I reſt,

*Aberdeen.* *Your Ladyſhip's in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 21 *To Mr.* DAVID DICKSON.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I find great men, eſpecially old friends, ſcar to ſpeak for me; but my kingly and royal Maſter biddeth me try his moyen to the uttermoſt, and I ſhall find a friend at hand: I ſtill depend on him; his court is as before; the priſoner is welcome to him; the black crabbed tree of my Lord's croſs hath made Chriſt and my ſoul very entire; he is my ſong in the night. I am often laid in the duſt with challenges, and apprehenſions of his anger; and then, if a mountain of iron were laid upon me, I cannot be heavier: and with much wreſtling I win into the King's houſe of wine, and for the moſt part, my life is joy, and ſuch joy through his comforts, as I have been afraid to ſhame myſelf, and to cry out, for I can ſcarce bear what I get: Chriſt giveth me a meaſure heaped up, preſſed down, and running over. And, believe it, his love paineth me more than priſon and baniſhment. I cannot get a gate of Chriſt's love. Had I known what he was keeping for me I would never have been ſo faint-hearted. In my harveſt times, when all is loſt, the memory of his love maketh me think Chriſt's glooms are but for the faſhion: I ſeek no more but a vent for my wine; I am ſmothered and ready to burſt for want of vent. Think not much of perſecution; it is before you; but it is not as men conceive of it; my ſugared croſs forceth me to ſay this to you, ye ſhall have wailed meat; the ſick bairn is oftentimes the ſpilt bairn: ye ſhall command all the houſe. I hope ye help a tired priſoner to pray and praiſe: had I but the annual of annual to give to my Lord Jeſus, it ſhould eaſe my pain; but, alas, I have nothing to pay, he will get nothing

of poor me: but I am wae, I have not room enough in my heart for ſuch a ſtranger. I am not caſt down to go further North, I have good cauſe to work for my Maſter, for I am well paid before the hand; I am not behind, howbeit I ſhall not get one ſmile more till my feet be up within the King's dining hall. I have gone through yours upon the covenant; it hath edified my ſoul, and refreſhed an hungry man: I judge it ſharp, ſweet, quick and profound: take me at my word, I fear it get no lodging in Scotland. The brethren of Ireland write not to me; chide with them for that: I am ſure that I may give you and them a commiſſion (and I will bide by it) that you tell my beloved, I am ſick of love. I hope in God to leave ſome of my ruſt and ſuperfluities in Aberdeen; I cannot get an houſe in this town wherein to leave drink-ſilver in my Maſter's name, ſave one only: there is no ſale for Chriſt in the North; he is like to lie long on my hand ere any accept him. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 22. *To Mr.* MATTHEW MOWAT.

*Reverend and dear Brother,*

I Am a very far miſtaken man; if others knew how poor my ſtock were they would not think upon the like of me, but with compaſſion; for I am as one kept under a ſtrict tutor; I would have more than my tutor alloweth upon me, but it is good that a bairn's wit is not the rule which regulateth my Lord Jeſus: Let him give what he will, it ſhall ay be above merit, and my ability to gain therewith. I would not wiſh a better ſtock (while heaven be my ſtock) than to live upon credit at Chriſt's hands, daily borrowing: ſurely running over love, that vaſt, huge, boundleſs love of Chriſt (that there is telling in for man and angel) is the only thing I faineſt would be in hands with: he knoweth I have little but the love of that love, and that I ſhall be happy, ſuppoſe I never get another heaven, but only an eternal laſting feaſt of that love: but ſuppoſe my wiſhes were poor, he is not poor: Chriſt all the ſeaſons of the year is dropping ſweetneſs: if I had veſſels I might fill them, but my old riven, and running out diſh, even when I am at the well can bring little away: nothing but glory will make tight and faſt our leaking and rifty veſſels. Alas, I have ſkailed more of Chriſt's grace, love, faith, humility, and godly ſorrow, than I have brought with me. How little of the ſea can a child carry in his hand? as little do I take away of my great ſea, my boundleſs and running-over Chriſt Jeſus. I have not lighted upon the right gate of putting Chriſt to the bank, and making myſelf rich with him: my miſguiding and childiſh trafficking with that matchleſs pearl, that heaven's jewel, the jewel of the Father's delights

delights hath put me to a great loſs. O that he would take a loan of me, and my ſtock, and put his name in all my bonds, and ſerve himſelf heir to the poor mean portion I have, and be countable for the talent himſelf! Gladly would I put Chriſt in my room, to guide all; and let me be but a ſervant to run errands, and do by his direction, let me be his interdicted heir. Lord Jeſus work upon my minority, and let him win a pupil's bleſſing. Oh how would I rejoice to have this work of my ſalvation legally faſtened upon Chriſt! A back bond of my Lord Jeſus, that it ſhould be forthcoming to the orphan, ſhould be my happineſs: dependency on Chriſt, were my ſureſt way; if Chriſt were my bottom I were ſure enough. I thought guiding of grace had been no art, I thought it would come of will; but I would ſpill my own heaven yet, if I had not burdened Chriſt with all. I but lend my bare name to the ſweet covenant; Chriſt behind and before, and on either ſide, maketh all ſure. God will not take an Arminian cautioner free-will, a weather cock, turning at a ſerpent's tongue, a tutor that couped our father Adam unto us, and brought down the houſe and ſold the land; and ſent the father, and mother, and all the bairns thro' the earth, to beg their bread: nature in the goſpel hath craked credit. O well to my poor ſoul for evermore, that my Lord called grace to the council, and put Chriſt Jeſus with free merits, and the blood of God foremoſt in the chaſe, to draw ſinners after a ranſomer! O what a ſweet block was it, by way of buying and ſelling, to give and tell down a ranſom for grace and glory to dyvours! O would to my Lord I could cauſe paper and ink ſpeak the worth, and excellency, the high and loud praiſes of a brother ranſomer! O the ranſomer needs not my report; but oh, if he would take it, and make uſe of it! I ſhould be happy, if I had an errand to this world, but for ſome few years to ſpread proclamations and out-cries, and love-letters, of the highneſs (the highneſs for evermore) the glory (the glory for evermore) of the Ranſomer, whoſe clothes were wet, and dyed in blood; howbeit, after I had done that, my ſoul and body ſhould go back to the mother nothing, that their Creator brought them once out from, as from their beginning. But why ſhould I pine away, and pain myſelf with wiſhes, and not believe rather, that Chriſt will hire ſuch an out-caſt as I am, a maſterleſs body, put out of the houſe by the ſons of my mother, and give me employment and a calling, one way or other, to out Chriſt and his wares to country buyers, and propoſe Chriſt unto, and preſs him upon ſome poor ſouls, that fainer than their life would receive him? You complain heavily of your ſhort-coming in practice, and venturing on ſuffering for Chriſt: you have many marrows. For the firſt, I would not put you off ſenſe of wretchedneſs; hold on,

Chriſt

Chriſt never yet ſlew a fighting, groaning child; more of that would make you won goods, and a meet prey for Chriſt. Alas! I have too little of it for venturing on ſuffering; I had not ſo much free gear, when I came to Chriſt's camp, as to buy a ſword; a wonder that Chriſt ſhould not laugh at ſuch a ſoldier; I am no better yet; but faith liveth and ſpendeth upon our Captain's charges, who is able to pay for all; we need not pity him, he is rich enough. Ye deſire me alſo not to miſtake Chriſt under a maſk; I bleſs you, and thank God for it; but alas! maſked or bare-faced, kiſſing or glooming, I miſtake him; yea, I miſtake him furtheſt when the maſk is off; for then I play me with his ſweetneſs: I am like a child that hath a golden book, that playeth more with the ribbons, the gilding, and the picture in the firſt page, than it readeth the contents of it. Certainly if my deſires to my Well-beloved were fulfilled, I could provoke devils, and croſſes, and the world, and tentations to the field: but oh, my poor weakneſs makes me ly behind the buſh and hide me. Remember my ſervice and my bleſſing to my Lord; I am mindful of him as I am able; deſire him from a priſoner, to come and viſit my good Maſter, and feel but the ſmell of his love: it ſets him well, howbeit he be young, to make Chriſt his garland; I could not wiſh him in a better caſe, than in a fever of love-ſickneſs for Chriſt. Remember my bonds. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit,

*Aberdeen.* *Yours in his ſweet Lord*
1637. *Jeſus*, S. R.

## 23. *To* WILLIAM HALIDAY.

*Loving Friend,*

I Received your letter: I wiſh ye take pains for ſalvation; miſtaken grace, and ſomewhat like converſion, which is not converſion, is the ſaddeſt and moſt doleful thing in the world: make ſure of ſalvation, and lay the foundation ſure, for many are beguiled: put a low price upon the world's clay, put a high price upon Chriſt: temptations will come, but if they be not made welcome by you, ye have the beſt of it! Be jealous over yourſelf, and your own heart, and keep touches with God; let him not have a faint and feeble ſoldier of you; fear not to back Chriſt, for he will conquer and overcome: let no man ſcar at Chriſt, for I have no quarrels at his croſs; he and his croſs are too good gueſts, and worth the lodging: men would fain have Chriſt good cheap, but the market will not come down; acquaint yourſelf with prayer; make Chriſt your Captain and your armour; make conſcience of ſinning when no eye ſeeth you. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Yours in Chriſt Jeſus*, S. R.

24. *To a gentlewoman after the death of her huſband.*

*Dear and loving ſiſter,*

I Know ye are minding your ſweet country, and not taking your inns (the place of your baniſhment) for your home; this life is not worthy to be the thatch or out wall of your Lord Jeſus his paradiſe, that he did ſweat for to you, and that he keepeth for you; and ſilly and ſand-blind were our hope, if it could not look over the water to our beſt heritage, and if it ſtaid only at home about the doors of our clay houſe. I marvel not, my dear ſiſter, that ye complain that ye come ſhort of your old wreſtlings, you had for a bleſſing, and that now you find it not ſo: bairns are but hired to learn their leſſon when they firſt go to ſchool: and it is enough that thoſe who run a race ſee the gold only at the ſtarting place; and poſſibly they ſee little more of it, or nothing at all, till they win to the ring's end, and get the gold in the loof of their hand. Our Lord maketh delicates and dainties of his ſweet preſence and love-viſits to his own, but Chriſt's love under a vail is love; if ye get Chriſt, howbeit not the ſweet and pleaſant way you have him, it is enough; for the Well-beloved comes not our way, he muſt wail his own gate himſelf. For worldly things, ſeeing they are meadows and fair flowers in your way to heaven, a ſmell in the bygoing is ſufficient; he that would reckon and tell all the ſtones in his way, in a journey of three or four hundred miles, and write up in his count book all the herbs and flowers growing in his way, might come ſhort of his journey. You cannot ſtay in your inch of time to loſe your day (ſeeing you are in haſte, and the night and your afternoon will not bide you) in ſetting your heart on this vain world; it were your wiſdom to read your count-book, and to have in readineſs your buſineſs againſt the time you come to death's water-ſide. I know your lodging was taken; your forerunner Chriſt hath not forgotten that, and therefore you muſt ſet yourſelf to one thing, which ye cannot well want. In that our Lord took your huſband to himſelf, I know it was that he might make room for himſelf; he cutteth off your love to the creature, that ye might learn that God only is the right owner of your love, ſorrow, loſs, ſadneſs, death, or the worſt things that are, except ſin; but Chriſt knoweth well what to make of them, and can put his own in the croſs's common, that we ſhall be obliged to affliction, and thank God, who learned us to make our acquaintance with ſuch a rough companion, who can hale us to Chriſt. You muſt learn to make your evils your great good, and to ſpin out comforts, peace joy, communion with Chriſt, out of your troubles that are Chriſt's wooers, ſent to ſpeak for you to himſelf. It is eaſier to get good words, and a comfortable meſſage from our Lord, even from ſuch rough ſerjeants,

jeants, as divers temptations. Thanks to God for croſſes. When we count and reckon our loſſes in ſeeking God, we find godlineſs is great gain. Great partners of a ſhip full of gold, are glad to ſee the ſhip come to the harbour: ſurely we and our Lord Jeſus together have a ſhip-full of gold coming home, and our gold is in that ſhip. Some are ſo in love (or rather in luſt) with this life, that they ſell their part of the ſhip for a little thing: I would counſel you to buy hope, but ſell it not, and give not away your croſſes for nothing; the inſide of Chriſt's croſs is white and joyful, and the far end of the black croſs is a fair and glorious heaven of eaſe: and ſeeing Chriſt hath faſtened heaven to the far end of the croſs, and he will not looſe the knot himſelf, and none elſe can (for when Chriſt caſteth a knot, all the world cannot loſe it) let us then count it exceeding joy, when we fall into divers temptations. Thus recommending you to the tender mercy and grace of our Lord, I reſt,

*Aberdeen.* *Your loving brother*, S. R.

## 25. *To* JOHN GORDON *of Cardones younger.*

*Honoured and dear brother,*

I Wrote of late to you: multitudes of letters burden me now. I am refreſhed with your letter. I exhort you in the bowels of Chriſt, ſet to work for your ſoul, and let theſe bear weight with you, and ponder them ſeriouſly; 1ſt, Weeping and gnaſhing of teeth in utter darkneſs or heaven's joy. 2d, Think what ye would for an hour, when ye ſhall ly like dead, cold, blackened clay. 3d, There is ſand in your glaſs yet, and your ſun is not not gone down. 4th, Conſider what joy and peace is in Chriſt's ſervice. 5th, Think what advantage it will be to have angels, the world, life and death, croſſes, yea, and devils all for you, as the Kings ſerjeants and ſervants, to do your buſineſs. 6th, To have mercy on your ſeed, and a bleſſing on your houſe. 7th, To have true honour, and a name on earth that caſts a ſweet ſmell. 8th, How ye will rejoice when Chriſt layeth down your head under his chin, and betwixt his breaſts, and drieth your face, and welcometh you to glory and happineſs. 9th, Imagine what pain and torture is a guilty conſcience; what ſlavery to carry the devil's diſhoneſt loads. Sin's joys are but night dreams, thoughts vapours, imaginations and ſhadows. 11th, What dignity it is to be a Son of God. 12th, Dominion and maſtery over tentations, over the world and ſin. 13th, That your enemies ſhould be the tail, and you the head. For your bairns now at reſt, I ſpeak to you and your wife (and cauſe her read this) 1ſt, I am witneſs of Barbara's glory in heaven. 2d, For the reſt, I write it under my hand, there are days coming on Scotland, when barren wombs and dry breaſts, and childleſs parents,

parents, ſhall be pronounced bleſſed: they are then in the lee of the harbour, e'er the ſtorm come on. 3d, They are not loſt to you, that are laid up in Chriſt's treaſury in heaven. 4th, At the reſurrection you ſhall meet with them; there they are ſent before, but not ſent away. 5th, Your Lord loveth you, who is homely to take and give, borrow and lend. 6th, Let not bairns be your idols; for God will be jealous, and take away the idol, becauſe he is greedy of your love wholly. I bleſs you, your wife and children. Grace for evermore be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Your loving paſtor*, S. R.

## 26. *To* JOHN GORDON *of Cardoneſs elder.*

*Honoured and deareſt in the Lord,*

YOUR letter hath refreſhed my ſoul. My joy is fulfilled, if Chriſt and ye be faſt together: ye are my joy and my crown; ye know I have recommended his love to you. I defy the world, Satan and ſin. His love hath neither brim nor bottom in it. My deareſt in Chriſt, I write my ſoul's deſire to you; heaven is not at the next door: I find Chriſtianity an hard taſk: ſet to it in your evening; we would all keep both Chriſt and our right eye, our right hand and foot; but it will not be with us. I beſeech you, by the mercies of God, and your compearance before Chriſt, look Chriſt's count-book and your own together, and collation them; give the remnant of your time to your ſoul: this great idol-god, the world, will be lying in white aſhes, in the day of your compearance; and why ſhould night dreams, and day ſhadows, and water froth, and May flowers run away with your heart? When we win to the water ſide, and black death's river brink, and put our foot in the boat, we ſhall laugh at our folly. Sir, I recommend unto you the thoughts of death, and how ye could wiſh your ſoul to be when ye ſhall ly cold, blue, ill-ſmelling clay. For any hireling to be intruded, I, being the king's priſoner, cannot ſay much; but, as God's miniſter, I deſire you to read Acts i. 15, 16. to the end, and Acts vi. 2, 3, 4, 5. and ye ſhall find God's people ſhould have a voice in chuſing church-rulers and teachers. I ſhall be ſorry, if willingly ye ſhall give way to his unlawful intruſion upon my labours; the only wiſe God direct you. God's grace be with you,

*Aberdeen.* *Your loving paſtor*, S. R.

## 27. *To* EARLSTOUN *younger.*

*Much honoured and well-beloved in the Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Your letters gave a dash to my lazineſs in writing. I muſt firſt tell you, there is

not ſuch a glaſſy, icy, and ſlippery piece of way betwixt you and heaven, as youth: I have experience to ſay with me here, and ſeal what I aſſert; the old aſhes of the ſins of my youth are now fire of ſorrow to me: I have ſeen the devil, as it were, dead and buried, and yet riſe again, and be a worſe devil than ever he was. Therefore, my brother, beware of a green young devil that hath never been buried: the devil in his flowers (I mean, the hot fiery luſts and paſſions of youth) is much to be feared: better yoke with an old grey haired, withered, dry devil: for in youth he findeth dry ſticks, and dry coals, and an hot hearth ſtone; and how ſoon can he with his flint caſt fire, and with his bellows blow it up, and fire the houſe? Sanctified thoughts, thoughts made conſcience of, and called in, and keep in awe, are green fuel that burn not, and are a water for Satan's coal. Yet I muſt tell you, the whole ſaints now triumphant in heaven, and ſtanding before the throne, are nothing but Chriſt's forlorn and beggarly dyvours. What are they but a pack of redeemed ſinners? but their redemption is not only paſt the ſeals, but compleated, and yours is on the wheels, and in doing: all Chriſt's good bairns go to heaven with a boken brow, and with a crooked leg. Chriſt hath an advantage of you, and I pray you let him have it, he ſhall find employment for his calling in you: if it were not with you as you write, grace ſhall find no ſale nor market in you; but ye muſt be content to give Chriſt ſomewhat ado; I am glad that he is employed that way; let your bleeding ſoul and your ſores be put in the hand of this expert Phyſician; let young and ſtrong corruptions and his free grace be yoked together, and let Chriſt and your ſins deal it betwixt then. I will be loth to put you off your fears, and your ſenſe of deadneſs; (I wiſh it were more) there be ſome wounds of that nature that their bleeding ſhould not be ſoon ſtooped; ye muſt take a houſe beſide the Phyſician: it ſhall be a miracle if ye be the firſt ſick man he put away uncured, and worſe than he found you. Nay, nay, Chriſt is honeſt, and in that flyting free with ſinners, John vi. 37. *And him that cometh to me, I will in no wiſe caſt out.* Take ye that: it cannot be preſumption to take that as your own, when you find your wounds ſtound you; preſumption is ever whole at the heart, and hath but the truant ſickneſs, and groaneth only for the faſhion; faith hath ſenſe of ſickneſs, and looketh like a friend to the promiſes; and looking to Chriſt therein is glad to ſee a known face. Chriſt is as full a feaſt as ye can have to hunger. Nay, Chriſt, I ſay, is not a full man's leavings; his mercy ſends always a letter of defiance to all your ſins, if there were ten thouſand more of them. I grant you it is a hard matter for a poor hungry man to win his meat upon hidden Chriſt: for then the key of his pantry door, and of the houſe of wine, is a ſeeking, and cannot be had; but hunger

muſt

muſt break through iron locks. I bemoan them not who can make a din, and all the fields ado, for a loſt Saviour; ye muſt let him hear it, to ſay ſo, upon both ſides of his head, when he hideth himſelf; it is not time then to be bird-mouth'd and patient. Chriſt is rare indeed, and a delicate to a ſinner; he is a miracle, and world's wonder to a ſeeking and weeping ſinner; but yet ſuch a miracle as will be ſeen by them, who will come and ſee: the ſeeker and ſigher is at laſt a ſinger and enjoyer; nay, I have ſeen a dumb man get an alms from Chriſt. He that can tell his tale, and ſend ſuch a letter to heaven as he hath ſent to Aberdeen, it is very like he will come ſpeed with Chriſt; it bodeth God's mercy, to complain heartily for ſin. Let wreſtling be with Chriſt, till he ſay, How is it, Sir, that I cannot be quit of your bills, and your miſlearned cries? and then hope for Chriſt's bleſſing, and his bleſſing is better than other ten bleſſings. Think not ſhame becauſe of your guiltineſs: neceſſity muſt not bluſh to beg: it ſtandeth you hard to want Chriſt; and therefore that which idle on waiting cannot do, miſnurtered crying and knocking will do. And for doubtings, becauſe you are not as you were long ſince with your maſter, conſider three things: 1ſt, What if Chriſt had ſuch tottering thoughts of the bargain of the new covenant betwixt you and him, as you have? 2d, Your heart is not the compaſs Chriſt ſaileth by: he will give you leave to ſing as you pleaſe, but he will not dance to your daft ſpring. It is not referred to you and your thoughts what Chriſt will do with the charters betwixt you and him: your own miſbelief hath torn them; but he hath the principal in heaven with himſelf: your thoughts are no parts of the new covenant; dreams change not Chriſt. 3d, Doubtings are your ſins, but they are Chriſt's drugs and ingredients that the Phyſician maketh uſe of for the curing of your pride. Is it not ſuitable for a beggar to ſay at meat, God reward the winners? for then he ſaith, he knoweth who beareth the charges of the houſe. It is alſo meet ye ſhould know by experience that faith is not nature's ill-gotten baſtard, but your Lord's free gift that lay in the womb of God's free grace; praiſed be the winner. I may add a fourth, In the paſſing of your bill and charters, when they went through the Mediator's great ſeal, and were concluded, faith's advice was not ſought: faith hath not a vote beſide Chriſt's merits; blood, blood, dear blood, that came from your Cautioner's holy body, maketh that ſure work. The uſe then which ye have of faith now (having already cloſed with Jeſus Chriſt for juſtification) is, to take out a copy of your pardon; and ſo ye have peace with God upon the account of Chriſt: for, ſince faith apprehendeth pardon, but never payeth a penny for it, no marvel that ſalvation doth not die and live, ebb or flow with the working of faith. But,

becauſe it is your Lord's honour to believe his mercy and his fidelity, it is infinite goodneſs in our Lord, that miſbelief giveth a daſh to our Lord's glory, and not to our ſalvation. And ſo, whoever want, (yea, howbeit God here bear with the want of what we are obliged to give him, even the glory of his grace by believing, yet) a poor covenanted ſinner wanteth not: but if guiltineſs were removed, doubtings would find no friend, nor life; and yet faith is to believe the removal of guiltineſs in Chriſt. A reaſon why ye get leſs now (as ye think) than before (as I take it) is, becauſe, at our firſt converſion, our Lord putteth the meat in young bairns mouths with his own hand; but when we grow to ſome further perfection, we muſt take heaven by violence, and take by violence from Chriſt what we get; and he can, and doth hold, becauſe he will have us to draw. Remember, now ye muſt live upon violent plucking. Lazineſs is a greater fault now than long ſince; we love always to have the pap in our mouth. Now for myſelf; alas! I am not the man I go for in this nation; men have not juſt weights to weigh me in. Oh, but I am a ſilly feckleſs body, and overgrown with weeds; corruption is rank and fat in me. O if I were anſwerable to this holy cauſe, and to that honourable Prince's love for whom I now ſuffer! if Chriſt would refer the matter to me, (in his preſence I ſpeak it) I might think ſhame to vote my own ſalvation: I think Chriſt might ſay, Think'ſt thou not ſhame to claim heaven, who doſt ſo little for it? I am very often ſo, that I know not whether I ſink or ſwim in the water; I find myſelf a bag of light froth; I would bear no weight, (but vanity and nothings weigh in Chriſt's balance) if my Lord caſt not in borrowed weight and metal, even Chriſt's righteouſneſs, to weigh for me. The ſtock I have is not mine own; I am but the merchant that traffics with other folks goods: if my creditor Chriſt would take from me what he hath lent, I would not long keep the cauſeway; but Chriſt hath made it mine and his. I think it manhood to play the coward, and jouk in the lee-ſide of Chriſt; and thus I am not only ſaved from my enemies, but I obtain the victory. I am ſo empty, that I think it were an alms-deed in Chriſt, if he would win a poor priſoner's bleſſing for evermore, and fill me with his love. I complain when Chriſt cometh, he cometh always to fetch fire, he is ever in haſte, he may not tarry; and poor I (a beggarly dyvour) get but a ſtanding viſit and a ſtanding kiſs, and but, How doeſt thou? in the bygoing. I dare not ſay he is lordly, becauſe he is made a king now at the right hand of God; or is grown miſkenning and dry to his poor friends; (for he cannot make more of his kiſſes than they are worth:) but I think it my happineſs to love the love of Chriſt: and when he goeth away, the memory of his ſweet preſence is like a feaſt in a dear ſummer. I have comfort

fort in this, that my ſoul deſireth that every hour of my impriſonment were a company of heavenly tongues to praiſe him on my behalf; howbeit, my bonds were prolonged for many hundred years. O that I could be the man who could procure my Lord's glory to flow like a full ſea, and blow like a mighty wind upon all the four airths of Scotland, England and Ireland! O if I could write a book of his praiſes! O faireſt among the ſons of men, why ſtayeſt thou ſo long away? O heavens, move faſt! O time, run, run, and haſten the marriage-day! for love is tormented with delays. O angels, O ſeraphims who ſtand before him, O bleſſed ſpirits who now ſee his face, ſet him on high! for when ye have worn your harps in his praiſes, all is too little, and is nothing, to caſt the ſmell of the praiſe of that fair flower, that fragrant roſe of Sharon, through many worlds! Sir, take my hearty commendations to him, and tell him that I am ſick of love. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, June* 16, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord, Jeſus*, S. R.

28. *To his honoured and dear brother* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Knockgray.*

*Deareſt and truly honoured brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I have ſeen no letter from you ſince I came to Aberdeen; I will not interpret it to be forgetfulneſs. I am here in a fair priſon. Chriſt is my ſweet and honourable fellow-priſoner, and his ſad and joyful Lord-priſoner, (if I may ſpeak ſo) I think this croſs becometh me well, and is ſuitable to me in reſpect of my duty to ſuffer for Chriſt; howbeit not in regard of my deſerving, to be thus honoured. However it be, I ſee Chriſt is ſtrong, even lying in the duſt, in priſon, and in baniſhment. Loſſes and diſgraces are the wheels of Chriſt's triumphing chariot; in the ſufferings of his own ſaints, as he intendeth their good, ſo he intendeth his own glory, and that is the butt his arrows ſhoot at; and Chriſt ſhootteth not at the rovers, he hitteth what he purpoſeth to hit: therefore he doth make his own feckleſs and weak nothings, and theſe who are the contempt of men, *a new ſharp threſhing inſtrument having teeth, to threſh the mountains, and beat them ſmall, and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them*, Iſa. xli. 15, 16. What harder ſtuff, or harder grain for threſhing out, than high and rocky mountains? but the ſaints are God's threſhing inſtruments to beat them all in chaff? are we not God's leem veſſels! and yet when they caſt us over an houſe we are not broken in ſheards; we creep in under our Lord's wings in the great ſhower, and the water cannot go thro' theſe wings. It is folly then for men to ſay, that is not Chriſt's plea, he will loſe the wed-fee, men are like to beguile him: that were indeed a ſtrange play.

Nay,

Nay, I dare pledge my ſoul, and lay it in pawn on Chriſt's ſide of it, and be half-tiner half-winner with my maſter: let fools laugh the fools laughter, and ſcorn Chriſt, and bid the weeping captives in Babylon ſing us one of the ſongs of Zion, play a ſpring to chear up your ſad-hearted God; we may ſing upon luck's head before hand, even in our winter ſtorm, in the expectation of a ſummer ſun at the turn of the year; no created powers in hell, or out of hell, can mar our Lord Jeſus his muſick, nor ſpill our ſong of joy; let us then be glad and rejoice in the ſalvation of our Lord: for faith had never yet cauſe to have wet cheeks, and hanging down brows, or to droop or die; what can ail faith, ſeeing Chriſt ſuffereth himſelf (with reverence to him be it ſpoken) to be commanded by it, and Chriſt commandeth all things? Faith may dance becauſe Chriſt ſings; and we may come in the quire, and lift our hoarſe and rough voices, and chirp and ſing, and ſhout for joy with our Lord Jeſus. We ſee oxen go to the ſhambles leaping and ſtartling; we ſee God's fed oxen prepared for the day of ſlaughter, go dancing and ſinging down to the black chambers of hell; and why ſhould we go to heaven weeping, as if we were like to fall down through the earth for ſorrow? if God were dead (if we may ſpeak ſo, with reverence of him who liveth for ever and ever) and Chriſt buried, and rotten among the worms, we might have cauſe to look like dead folks; but *the Lord liveth, and bleſſed be the rock of our ſalvation*, Pſalm xviii. 46. None have right to joy but we; for joy is ſown for us, and an ill ſummer or harveſt will not ſpill the crop. The children of this world have much robbed joy that is not well come: it is no good ſport they laugh at: they ſteal joy, as it were, from God; for he commandeth them to mourn and howl; then let us claim our leel come and lawfully conquiſhed joy. My dear brother, I cannot but ſpeak what I have felt; ſeeing my Lord Jeſus hath broken a box of ſpikenard upon the head of his poor priſoner, and it is hard to hide a ſweet ſmell; it is a pain to ſmother Chriſt's love; it will be out whether we will or not. If we did but ſpeak according to the matter, a croſs for Chriſt ſhould have another name; yea, a croſs, eſpecially when he cometh with his arms full of joys, is the happieſt hard tree that ever was laid upon my weak ſhoulder. Chriſt and his croſs together are ſweet company, and a bleſſed couple. My priſon is my palace, my ſorrow is with child of joy, my loſſes are rich loſſes, my pain eaſy pain, my heavy days are holy and happy days. I may tell a new tale of Chriſt to my friends. Oh if I could make a love-ſong of him, and could commend Chriſt and tune his praiſes aright! O if I could ſet all tongues in Great Britain and Ireland to work, to help me to ſing a new ſong of my Well-beloved! O if I could be a bridge over a water for my Lord Jeſus to walk upon, and keep his feet dry! O if my poor

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bit heaven could go betwixt my Lord and blaſphemy, and di-honour! (upon condition he loved me.) O that my heart could ay this word, and bide by it for ever! is it not great art and ncomparable wiſdom in my Lord, who can bring forth ſuch fair pples out of this crabbed tree of the croſs? Nay, my Father's never enough admired providence can make a fair feaſt out of a lack devil; nothing can come wrong to my Lord in his ſweet working I would even fall ſound aſleep in Chriſt's arms, and my ſinful head on his holy breaſt, while he kiſſeth me; were it ot that often the wind turneth to the north, and whiles my weet Lord Jeſus is ſo, that he will neither give nor take, bor-ow nor lend with me. I complain he is not ſocial; I half call im proud and lordly of his company, and nice of his looks; which yet is not true. It would content me to give, howbeit he hould not take; I ſhould be content to want his kiſſes at ſuch imes, providing he would be content to come near hand, and ake my werſh, dry, and feckleſs kiſſes: but at that time he will not be entreated, but lets a poor ſoul ſtand ſtill and knock, nd never let on him that he heareth: and then the old leavings nd broken meat, and dry ſighs, are greater cheer than I can ell: all I have then is, that howbeit the law and wrath have otten a decreet againſt me, I yet lippen that meikle good in Chriſt, as to get a ſuſpenſion, and to bring my cauſe in reaſon-ng again before my Well-beloved. I deſire but to be heard, nd at laſt he is content to come and agree the matter with a ool, and forgive freely, becauſe he is God. Oh, if men would lorify him, and taſte of Chriſt's ſweetneſs! Brother, ye have eed to be buſy with Chriſt for this whoriſh kirk: I fear leſt Chriſt caſt water upon Scotland's coal; nay, I know Chriſt and is wife will be heard, he will plead for the broken covenant. Arm you againſt that time. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, June* 16, 1636. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 29. *To the Lady* KILCONQUHAIR.

*Miſtreſs,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad to hear that you have your face homeward towards your Father's houſe, now when ſo many are for a home nearer hand: but your Lord calleth you to another life and glory than is to be found hereaway: and therefore I would counſel you to make ure the charters and rights which ye have to ſalvation. You ame to this life about a neceſſary and weighty buſineſs, to tryſt with Chriſt anent your precious ſoul, the eternal ſalvation of it: his is the moſt neceſſary buſineſs ye have in this life; and your ther adoes, beſide this, are but toys, and feathers, and dreams, and

aud fancies: this is in the greateſt haſte, and ſhould be done firſt. Means are uſed in the goſpel to draw on a meeting betwixt Chriſt and you: if ye neglect your part of it, it is as if ye would tear the contract before Chriſt's eyes, and give up the match, that there ſhall be no more communing of that buſineſs. I know other lovers beſide Chriſt are in ſuit of you, and your ſoul wanteth not many wooers; but I pray you make a chaſte virgin of your ſoul, and let it love but one; moſt worthy is Chriſt alone of all your ſoul's love, howbeit your love were higher than the heaven, and deeper than the loweſt of this earth, and broader than this world. Many, alas! too many, make a common ſtrumpet of their ſoul, for every lover that cometh to the houſe. Marriage with Chriſt would put your love and your heart by the gate out of the way, and out of the eye of all other unlawful ſuitors; and then you had a ready anſwer for all others, I am already promiſed away to Chriſt, the match is concluded, my ſoul hath a huſband already, and it cannot have two huſbands. Oh, if the world did but know what a ſmell the ointments of Chriſt caſt, and how raviſhing his beauty, even the beauty of the faireſt of the ſons of men, is, and how ſweet and powerful his voice is, the voice of that one Well-beloved; certainly where Chriſt cometh he runneth away with the ſouls love, ſo that they cannot command it. I would far rather look but through the hole of Chriſt's door, to ſee but the one half of his faireſt and moſt comely face, (for he looketh like heaven) ſuppoſe I ſhould never win in to ſee his excellency and glory to the full; than to enjoy the flower, the bloom, and chiefeſt excellency of the glory and riches of ten worlds. Lord, ſend me, for my part, but the meaneſt ſhare of Chriſt that can be given to any of the indwellers of the new Jeruſalem. But I know my Lord is no niggard; he can, and it becometh him well to give more than my narrow ſoul can receive. If there were ten thouſand thouſand millions of worlds, and as many heavens full of men and angels, Chriſt would not be pinched to ſupply all our wants, and to fill us all. Chriſt is a well of life, but who knoweth how deep it is to the bottom? This ſoul of ours hath love, and cannot but love ſome fair one: and O what a fair one, what an only one, what an excellent, lovely, raviſhing one is Jeſus! Put the beauty of ten thouſand thouſand worlds of paradiſes like the garden of Eden in one; put all trees, all flowers, all ſmells, all colours, all taſtes, all joys, all ſweetneſs, all lovelineſs in one: O what a fair and excellent thing would that be? And yet it ſhould be leſs to that fair and deareſt Well-beloved Chriſt, than one drop of rain to the whole ſeas, rivers, lakes, and fountains of ten thouſand earths. O but Chriſt is heaven's wonder, and earth's wonder! What marvel that his bride ſaith, Cant. v. 16. *He is altogether lovely?* Oh that black

ſouls

ſouls will not come and fetch all their love to this fair one! O if I could invite and perſwade thouſands, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand of Adam's ſons, to flock about my Lord Jeſus, and to come and take their fill of love! Oh pity for evermore, that there ſhould be ſuch an one as Chriſt Jeſus, ſo boundleſs, ſo bottomleſs, and ſo incomparable in infinite excellency and ſweetneſs, and ſo few to take him! Oh, oh, ye poor dry and dead ſouls, why will ye not come hither with your toom veſſels, and your empty ſouls, to this huge, and fair, and deep, and ſweet well of life; and fill all your toom veſſels? Oh that Chriſt ſhould be ſo large in ſweetneſs and worth, and we ſo narrow, ſo pinched, ſo ebb, and ſo void of all happineſs, and yet men will not take him! they loſe their love miſerably, who will not beſtow it upon this lovely One. Alas! theſe five thouſand years, Adam's fools, his waſter heirs, have been waſting and laviſhing out their love and their affections upon black lovers, and black harlots, upon bits of dead creatures, and broken idols, upon this and that feckleſs creature; and have not brought their love and their heart to Jeſus. O pity, that fairneſs hath ſo few lovers! O wo, wo to the fools of this world, who run by Chriſt to other lovers! Oh miſery, miſery, miſery, that comelineſs can ſcarce get three or four hearts in a town or country! Oh that there is ſo much ſpoken, and ſo much written, and ſo much thought of creature-vanity; and ſo little ſpoken, ſo little written, ſo little thought of my great, and incomprehenſible, and never-enough-wondered at Lord Jeſus! Why ſhould I not curſe this forlorn, and wretched world, that ſuffereth my Lord Jeſus to ly his alone? O damned ſouls! O miſkening world! O blind! O beggarly, and poor ſouls! O bewitched fools! what aileth you at Chriſt, that you ruu ſo from him? I dare not challenge providence, that there are ſo few buyers, and ſo little ſale for ſuch an exellent one as Chriſt. O the depth, and O the height of my Lord's ways, that's paſt finding out! but oh if men would once be wiſe, and not fall ſo in love with their own hell, as to paſs by Chriſt, and miſken him! but let us come near, and fill ourſelves with Chriſt, and let his friends drink, and be drunken, and ſatisfy our hollow and deep deſires with Jeſus. Oh come all and drink at this living well; come drink and live for evermore, come drink and welcome; welcome, ſaith our faireſt Bridegroom: no man getteth Chriſt with ill-will, no man cometh and is not welcome, no man cometh and rueth his voyage: all men ſpeak well of Chriſt, who have been at him; men and angels who know him will ſay more than I do, and think more of him than they can ſay. O if I were miſted and bewildered in my Lord's love! O if I were fettered and chained to it! O ſweet pain, to be pained for a ſight of him! O living death! O good death! O lovely death, to die for love of Jeſus! O that I ſhould have a ſore

heart and a pained ſoul, for the wanting of the love of this and that idol! Wo, wo to the miſtaking of my miſcarrying heart, that gapeth and crieth for creatures, and is not pained and cutted, and tortured, and in ſorrow for the want of a foul-fill of Chriſt! Oh that thou wouldſt come near, my Beloved! O my faireſt One, why ſtandeſt thou afar! come hither, that I may be ſatiated with thy excellent love: O for an union! O for a fellowſhip with Jeſus! O that I could buy with a price that lovely One, ſuppoſe hell's torments for a while were the price! I cannot believe but Chriſt will rue upon his pained lovers, and come and eaſe ſick hearts, who ſigh and ſwoon for want of Chriſt: who dow bide Chriſt's love to be nice? What heaven can there be liker to hell, than to luſt and grein and dwine, and fall aſwoon for Chriſt's love, and to want it? is not this hell, and heaven woven through other? is not this pain and joy, ſweetneſs and ſadneſs to be in one web, the one the weft, the other the warp? Therefore I would Chriſt would let us meet and join together, the ſoul and Chriſt in others arms. O what meeting is like this, to ſee blackneſs and beauty, contemptibleneſs and glory, highneſs and baſeneſs, even a ſoul and Chriſt kiſs one another! Nay, but when all is done, I may be wearied in ſpeaking and writing; but O how far am I from the right expreſſion of Chriſt or his love! I can neither ſpeak, nor write, feeling, nor taſting, nor ſmelling: come feel, and ſmell, and take Chriſt and his love, and ye ſhall call it more than can be ſpoken: to write how ſweet the honey-comb is, is not ſo lovely as to eat and ſuck the honey-comb: one nights reſt in a bed of love with Chriſt, will ſay more than heart can think, or tongue can utter. Neither need we fear croſſes, or ſigh, or be ſad for any thing that is on this ſide of heaven, if we have Chriſt: our croſſes will never draw blood of the joy of the Holy Ghoſt, and peace of conſcience; our joy is laid up in ſuch a high place, as temptations cannot climb up to take it down: this world may boaſt Chriſt, but they dare not ſtrike; or if they ſtrike, they break their arm in fetching a ſtroke upon a rock. O that we could put our treaſure in Chriſt's hand, and give him our gold to keep, and our crown. Strive, Miſtreſs, to throng through the thorns of this life, to be at Chriſt; loſe not ſight of him in this cloudy and dark day; ſleep with him in your heart in the night; learn not at the world to ſerve Chriſt, but aſk himſelf the way; the world is a falſe copy, and a lying guide to follow. Remember my love to your huſband; I wiſh all to him I have written here. The ſweet preſence, the long laſting good will of our God, the warmly and lovely comforts of our Lord Jeſus be with you. Help me his priſoner in your prayers; for I remember you.

*Aberdeen, Aug.* 8. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 30. *To the Lady* FORRET.

*Worthy Miſtreſs,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I long to hear from you; I hear Chriſt hath been that kind as to viſit you with ſickneſs, and to bring you to the door of the grave; but ye found the door ſhut (bleſſed be his glorious name) while riper for eternity: he will have more ſervice of you: and therefore he ſeeketh of you, that henceforth ye be honeſt to your new Huſband, the Son of God. We have all idol love, and are whoriſhly inclined to love other things beſide our Lord, and therefore our Lord hunteth for our love more ways than one or two. O that Chriſt had his own of us! I know he will not want you, and that is a ſweet wilfulneſs in his love; and ye have as good cauſe on the other part to be headſtrong and peremptory in your love to Chriſt, and not to part or divide your love betwixt him and the world: if it were more, it is little enough, yea, too little for Chriſt. I am now every way in good terms with Chriſt, he hath ſet a baniſhed priſoner as a ſeal on his heart, and as a bracelet on his arm: that crabbed and black tree of the croſs laugheth upon me now; the alarming noiſe of the croſs is worſe than itſelf. I love Chriſt's glooms better than the world's worm eaten joys. Oh if all the kingdoms were as I am, except theſe bonds! My loſs is gain; my ſadneſs, joyful; my bonds, liberty; my tears, comfortable: this world is not worth a drink of cold water. O but Chriſt's love caſteth a great heat; hell, and all the ſalt ſea, and the rivers of the earth cannot quench it. I remember you to God; ye have the prayers of a priſoner of Chriſt. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 9. *Yours in his ſweet Lord*
1637. *Jeſus*, S. R.

## 31. *To the Lady* KASKIBERRY.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your Ladyſhip is. I know not how to requite your Ladyſhip's kindneſs; but your love to the ſaints, Madam, is laid up in heaven: I know it is for your Well-beloved Chriſt's ſake, that ye make his friends ſo dear to you, and concern yourſelf ſo much in them. I am in this houſe of pilgrimage, every way in good caſe; Chriſt is moſt kind and loving to my ſoul. It pleaſeth him to feaſt with his unſeen conſolations, a ſtranger, and an exiled priſoner: and I would not exchange my Lord Jeſus, with all the comfort out of heaven; his yoke is eaſy, and his burden light. This is his truth I now ſuffer for; for he hath ſealed it with his bleſſed preſence: I know Chriſt ſhall yet win

the day, and gain the battle in Scotland. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, March* 7, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

32. *To Mr.* JAMES BRUCE, *Minister of the Gospel.*

*Reverend and well-beloved brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Upon the nearest acquaintance, that we are Father's children, I thought good to write to you. My case in my bonds, for the honour of my royal Prince and King Jesus, is as good as becometh the witness of such a sovereign King. At my first coming hither, I was in great heaviness, wrestling with challenges, being burdened in heart (as I am yet) for my silent sabbaths, and for a bereft people, young ones, new-born, plucked from the breasts, and the childrens table drawn. I thought I was a dry tree cast over the dyke of the vineyard: but my secret conceptions of Christ's love, at his sweet and long-desired return to my soul, were found to be a lie of Christ's love, forged by the tempter, and my own heart; and I am persuaded it was so. Now there is greater peace and security within than before; the court is raised and dismissed, for it was not fenced in God's name. I was far mistaken who should have summoned Christ for unkindness; misted faith, and my fever conceived amiss of him; now, now, he is pleased to feast a poor prisoner, and to refresh me with unspeakable and glorious; so as the Holy Spirit is witness, that my sufferings are for Christ's truth; and God forbid I should deny the testimony of the Holy Spirit, and make him a false witness. Now I testify under my hand, out of some small experience, that Christ's cause (even with the cross) is better than the king's crown; and that his reproaches are sweet, his cross perfumed, the walls of my prison fair and large, my losses gain. I desire you, my dear brother, help me to praise, and remember me in your prayers to God. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 14, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord, Jesus*, S. R.

33. *To the Lady* EARLSTOUN.

*Mistress,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you; I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I exhort you to go on in your journey: your day is short, and your afternoon sun will soon go down: make an end of your accounts with your Lord; for death and judgment are tides that bide no man: salvation is supposed to be at the door, and Christianity is thought an easy task; but I find it hard, and the way strait and narrow, were

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it not that my guide is content to wait on me, and to care for a tired traveller. Hurt not your conscience with any known sin. Let your children be as so many flowers, borrowed from God: if the flowers die or wither, thank God for a summer's loan of of them, and keep good neighbourhood, to borrow and lend with him. Set your heart upon heaven, and trouble not your spirit with this clay-idol of the world, which is but vanity, and hath but the lustre of the rainbow in the air, which cometh and goeth with a flying March-shower: clay is the idol of bastards, not the inheritance of the children. My Lord hath been pleased to make many unknown faces laugh upon me, and hath made me well content of a borrowed fire side, and a borrowed bed: I am feasted with the joys of the Holy Ghost, and my royal King beareth my charges honourably. I love the smell of Christ's sweet breath, better than the world's gold. I would I had help to praise him. The great messenger of the covenant, the Son of God, establish you on your Rock, and keep you to the day of his coming.

*Aberdeen, March 7,* 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 34. *To* CARLETON.

*Worthy and much honoured,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter from my brother, to the which I now answer particularly. I confess two things of myself: 1st, Wo, wo is me that men should think there is any thing in me! He is my witness, before whom I am as chrystal, that the secret house devils, that bear me too often company, that this sink of corruption which I find within, maketh me go with low sails; and if others saw what I see, they would look by me, but not to me. 2d, I know this shower of his free grace behoved to be on me, otherways I would have withered. I know also that I have need of a buffeting tempter, that grace may be put to exercise, and I kept low. Worthy and dear brother in our Lord Jesus, I write that from my heart which ye now read: 1st, I vouch that Christ, and sweating and sighing under his cross, is sweeter to me by far than all the kingdoms in the world could possibly be. 2d, If you, and my dearest acquaintance in Christ, reap any fruit by my suffering, let me be weighed in God's even balance, if my joy be not fulfilled. What am I to carry the marks of such a great King? But howbeit I am a sink and sinful mass, a wretched captive of sin, my Lord Jesus can hew heaven out of worse timber than I am (if worse can be.) 3d, I now rejoice with joy unspeakable and glorious, that I never purposed to bring Christ, not the least hoof or hair-breadth of truth under trysting:

tryſting: I deſired to have and keep Chriſt all alone, and that he ſhould never rub clothes with that black-ſkinned harlot of Rome. I am now fully paid home, ſo that nothing aileth me for the preſent, but love-ſickneſs for a real poſſeſſion of my faireſt Well-beloved. I would give him my bond under my faith and hand, to friſt heaven an hundred years longer, ſo being he would lay his holy face to my ſometimes wet cheeks. Oh, who would not pity me, to know how fain I would have the King ſhaking the tree of life upon me, or letting me into the well of life with my old diſh, that I might be drunken with the fountain here in the houſe of my pilgrimage! I cannot, nay, I would not be quit of Chriſt's love. He hath left the mark behind where he gripped: he goeth away, and leaveth me and his burning love to wreſtle together, and I can ſcarce win my meat of his love, becauſe of abſence: my Lord giveth me but hungry half kiſſes, which ſerve to feed pain, and increaſe hunger, but do not ſatisfy my deſires; his dieting of my ſoul for this race maketh me lean. I have gotten the wail and choice of Chriſt's croſſes, even the tithe and the flower of the gold of all croſſes, to bear witneſs to the truth; and herein find I liberty, joy, acceſs, life, comfort, love, faith, ſubmiſſion, patience, and reſolution to take delight in on-waiting; and withal in my race he hath come near me, and let me ſee the gold and crown: what then want I, but fruition and real enjoyment, which is reſerved to my country? Let no man think he ſhall loſe at Chriſt's hands in ſuffering for him. 4th, For theſe preſent trials, they are moſt dangerous; for people ſhall be ſtolen off their feet with well waſhen and white ſkinned pretences of indifferency; but it is the power of the great Antichriſt working in this land. Wo, wo, wo be to apoſtate Scotland; there is wrath, and a cup of the red wine of the wrath of God Almighty in the Lord's hand, that they ſhall drink and ſpue, and fall and not riſe again. The ſtar called wormwood and gall, is fallen in fountains, and rivers, and hath made them bitter: the ſword of the Lord is furbiſhed againſt the idol ſhepherds of the land; women ſhall bleſs the barren womb and miſcarrying breaſts; all hearts ſhall be faint, and all knees ſhall tremble: an end is coming; the leopard and the lion ſhall watch over our cities; houſes great and fair ſhall be deſolate without an inhabitant: the Lord hath ſaid, *Pray not for this people, for I have taken my peace from them:* yet the Lord's third part ſhall come through the fire, as refined gold for the treaſure of the Lord, and the outcaſts of Scotland ſhall be gathered together again, and the wilderneſs ſhall bloſſom as the flower, and bud, and grow as the the roſe of Sharon, and great ſhall be the glory of the Lord upon Scotland. 5th, I am here aſſaulted with the learned and pregnant wits of this kingdom; but, all honour be to my Lord,

truth

truth but laughs at bemiſted and blind ſcribes, and diſputers of this world; and God's wiſdom confoundeth them, and Chriſt triumpheth in his own ſtrong truth, that ſpeaketh for itſelf. 6th, I doubt not but my Lord is preparing me for heavier trials. I am moſt ready at the good pleaſure of my Lord, in the ſtrength of his grace, for any thing he ſhall be pleaſed to call me to: neither ſhall the laſt black-faced meſſenger, death, be holden at the door, when it ſhall knock. If my Lord will take honour of the like of me, how glad and joyful ſhall my ſoul be! Let Chriſt come out with me to an hotter battle than this, and I ſhall fear no fleſh. I know that my Maſter will win the day, and that he hath taken the ordering of my ſufferings in his own hand. 7th, As for my deliverance, that miſcarrieth; I am here, by my Lord's grace, to lay my hand on my mouth to be ſilent and wait on: my Lord Jeſus is on his journey for my deliverance; I will not grudge that he runneth not ſo faſt as I would have him: on waiting till the ſwelling rivers fall, and till my Lord ariſe as a mighty man after ſtrong wine, ſhall be my beſt: I have not yet reſiſted to blood. 8th, O how often am I laid in the duſt, and urged by the tempter, (who can ride his own errands upon our lying apprehenſions) to ſin againſt the unchangeable love of my Lord: when I think upon the ſparrows and ſwallows, that build their neſts in the kirk of Anwoth, and of my dumb ſabbaths, my ſorrowful blear'd eyes look aſquint upon Chriſt, and preſent him as angry. But in this trial, all honour to our princely and royal King: faith ſaileth fair before the wind, with top-ſail up, and carrieth the poor paſſenger through. I lay inhibitions upon my thoughts, that they receive no ſlanders of my only, only beloved: let him even ſay out of his own mouth, There is no hope; yet I will die in that ſweet beguile, It is not ſo: I ſhall ſee the ſalvation of God. Let me be deceived really, and never win to dry land; it is my joy to believe under the water, and to die with faith in my hand gripping Chriſt: let my conceptions of Chriſt's love go to the grave with me, and to hell with me, I may not, I dare not quit them. I hope to keep Chriſt's pawn: if he never come to looſe it, let him ſee to his own promiſe. I know, preſumption, howbeit it be made of ſtoutneſs, will not thus be wilful in heavy trials. Now, my deareſt in Chriſt, the great meſſenger of the covenant, the only wiſe and all-ſufficient Jehovah eſtabliſh you to the end. I hear the Lord hath been at your houſe, and hath called home your wife to her reſt. I know, Sir, you ſee the Lord looſing the pins of your tabernacle, and wooing your love from this plaiſtered and over gilded world, and calling upon you to make yourſelf ready to go to your Father's country, which ſhall be a ſweet fruit of that viſitation. Ye know, to ſend the comforter, was a King's word when he aſcended on high: ye have

claim

claim to, and intereſt in that promiſe. Remember my love in Chriſt to your Father; ſhew him it is late and black night with him; his long lying at the water ſide is that he may look his papers ere he take ſhipping, and be at a point for his laſt anſwer before his Judge and Lord. All love, all mercy, all grace, and peace, all multiplied ſaving conſolations, all joy and faith in Chriſt, all ſtability and confirming ſtrength of grace, and the good will of him that dwelt in the buſh be with you.

*Aberdeen, June* 15, 1637. *Your unworthy brother in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 35. *To* MARION M'NAUGHT.

*Worthy and deareſt in our Lord,*

I Ever loved (ſince I knew you) that little vineyard of the Lord's planting in Galloway, but now much more, ſince I have heard that he, who hath his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jeruſalem, hath been pleaſed to ſet up a furnace amongſt you with the firſt in this kingdom: he who maketh old things new ſeeing Scotland an old droſſy and ruſted kirk, is beginning to make a new clean bride of her, and to bring a young chaſte wife to himſelf out of the fire. This fire ſhall be quenched, ſo ſoon as Chriſt hath brought a clean ſpouſe through the fire: therefore, my dearly beloved in the Lord, fear not a worm; fear not, worm Jacob: Chriſt is in that plea: charge an unbelieving heart, under the pain of treaſon againſt our great and royal King Jeſus, to dependance by faith, and quiet on waiting on our Lord: get you into your chambers, and ſhut the doors about you; in, in with ſpeed to your ſtrong hold, ye priſoners of hope: ye doves, flee unto Chriſt's windows till the indignation be over, and the ſtorm be paſt: glorify the Lord in your ſufferings, and take his banner of love and ſpread over you; others will follow you if they ſee you ſtrong in the Lord; their courage ſhall take life from your Chriſtian carriage: look up and ſee who is coming, lift up your head, he is coming to ſave, in garments dyed in blood, and travelling in the greatneſs of his ſtrength. I laugh, I ſmile, I leap for joy, to ſee Chriſt coming to ſave you ſo quickly. O ſuch wide ſteps Chriſt taketh! three or four hills are but a ſtep to him; he ſkippeth over the mountains. Chriſt hath ſet a battle betwixt his poor weak ſaints and his enemies, he wealeth the weapons for both parties, and ſaith to the enemies, take you a ſword of ſteel, law, authority, parliaments, and kings upon your ſide, that is your armour: and he ſaith to his ſaints, I give you a feckleſs tree ſword in your hand, and that is, ſuffering, receiving of ſtrokes, ſpoiling of your goods; and with your tree-ſword you ſhall get and gain the victory. Was not Chriſt dragged through the ditches of deep diſtreſſes, and great ſtraits? and yet Chriſt, who is your head, hath

hath win through with his life, howbeit not with a whole skin. Ye are Christ's members, and he is drawing his members thorough the thorny hedge up to heaven after him; Christ one day will not have so much as a pained toe; but there are great pieces and portions of Christ's mystical body, not yet within the gates of the great high city, the new Jerusalem; and the dragon will strike at Christ, so long as there is one bit or member of Christ's body out of heaven. I tell you, Christ will make new work out of old forecasten Scotland, and gather the old broken boards of his tabernacle, and pin them, and nail them together: but bills and supplications are up in heaven, Christ hath coffers full of them; there is mercy on the other side of this his cross; a good answer to all our bills is agreed upon. I must tell you what lovely Jesus, fair Jesus, King Jesus hath done to my soul; sometimes he sendeth me out a standing drink, and whispereth a word through the wall; and I am well content of kindness at the second hand; his bode is ever welcome to me, be what it will; but at other times he will be messenger himself, and I get the cup of salvation out of his own hand, (he drinking to me) and we cannot rest till we be in others arms; and O how sweet is a fresh kiss from his holy mouth! his breathing that goeth before a kiss upon my poor soul, is sweet, and hath no fault, but that it is too short; I am careless and stand not much on this, howbeit loins, and back, and shoulders, and head rive in pieces, in stepping up to my Father's house. I know my Lord can make long, and broad, and high, and deep glory to his name, out of this bit feckless body; for Christ looketh not what stuff he maketh glory out of. My dearly beloved, ye have often refreshed me, but that is put up in my Master's accounts; ye have him a debtor for me; but if ye will do any thing for me, (as I know ye will) now in my extremity, tell all my dear friends, that a prisoner is fettered and chain'd in Christ's love; Lord never loose the fetters; and ye and they together take my heartiest commendations to my Lord Jesus, and thank him for a poor friend. I desire your husband to read this letter; I send him a prisoner's blessing; I will be obliged to him, if he will be willing to suffer for my dear Master; suffering is the professor's golden garment; there shall be no losses on Christ's side of it. Ye have been witnesses of much joy betwixt Christ and me at communion-feasts, the remembrance whereof (howbeit I be feasted in secret) holdeth my heart; for I am put from the board-head, and the King's first mess to his by-board, and his broken meat is sweet unto me. I thank my Lord for borrowed crumbs, no less than when I was feasted at the communion table in Anwoth and Kirkcudbright. Pray that I may get one day of Christ in public, as I have had long since before my eyes be closed. Oh that my Master would take up

claim to, and intereſt in that promiſe. Remember my love in Chriſt to your Father; ſhew him it is late and black night with him; his long lying at the water ſide is that he may look his papers ere he take ſhipping, and be at a point for his laſt anſwer before his Judge and Lord. All love, all mercy, all grace, and peace, all multiplied ſaving conſolations, all joy and faith in Chriſt, all ſtability and confirming ſtrength of grace, and the good will of him that dwelt in the buſh be with you.

*Aberdeen, June* 15, 1637. *Your unworthy brother in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 35. *To* MARION M'NAUGHT.

*Worthy and deareſt in our Lord,*

I Ever loved (ſince I knew you) that little vineyard of the Lord's planting in Galloway, but now much more, ſince I have heard that he, who hath his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jeruſalem, hath been pleaſed to ſet up a furnace amongſt you with the firſt in this kingdom: he who maketh old things new ſeeing Scotland an old droſſy and ruſted kirk, is beginning to make a new clean bride of her, and to bring a young chaſte wife to himſelf out of the fire. This fire ſhall be quenched, ſo ſoon as Chriſt hath brought a clean ſpouſe through the fire: therefore, my dearly beloved in the Lord, fear not a worm; fear not, worm Jacob: Chriſt is in that plea: charge an unbelieving heart, under the pain of treaſon againſt our great and royal King Jeſus, to dependance by faith, and quiet on waiting on our Lord: get you into your chambers, and ſhut the doors about you; in, in with ſpeed to your ſtrong hold, ye priſoners of hope: ye doves, flee unto Chriſt's windows till the indignation be over, and the ſtorm be paſt: glorify the Lord in your ſufferings, and take his banner of love and ſpread over you; others will follow you if they ſee you ſtrong in the Lord; their courage ſhall take life from your Chriſtian carriage: look up and ſee who is coming, lift up your head, he is coming to ſave, in garments dyed in blood, and travelling in the greatneſs of his ſtrength. I laugh, I ſmile, I leap for joy, to ſee Chriſt coming to ſave you ſo quickly. O ſuch wide ſteps Chriſt taketh! three or four hills are but a ſtep to him; he ſkippeth over the mountains. Chriſt hath ſet a battle betwixt his poor weak ſaints and his enemies, he wealeth the weapons for both parties, and ſaith to the enemies, take you a ſword of ſteel, law, authority, parliaments, and kings upon your ſide, that is your armour: and he ſaith to his ſaints, I give you a feckleſs tree ſword in your hand, and that is, ſuffering, receiving of ſtrokes, ſpoiling of your goods; and with your tree-ſword you ſhall get and gain the victory. Was not Chriſt dragged through the ditches of deep diſtreſſes, and great ſtraits? and yet Chriſt, who is your head, hath

hath win through with his life, howbeit not with a whole skin. Ye are Christ's members, and he is drawing his members thorough the thorny hedge up to heaven after him; Christ one day will not have so much as a pained toe; but there are great pieces and portions of Christ's mystical body, not yet within the gates of the great high city, the new Jerusalem; and the dragon will strike at Christ, so long as there is one bit or member of Christ's body out of heaven. I tell you, Christ will make new work out of old forecasten Scotland, and gather the old broken boards of his tabernacle, and pin them, and nail them together: but bills and supplications are up in heaven, Christ hath coffers full of them; there is mercy on the other side of this his cross; a good answer to all our bills is agreed upon. I must tell you what lovely Jesus, fair Jesus, King Jesus hath done to my soul; sometimes he sendeth me out a standing drink, and whispereth a word through the wall; and I am well content of kindness at the second hand; his bode is ever welcome to me, be what it will; but at other times he will be messenger himself, and I get the cup of salvation out of his own hand, (he drinking to me) and we cannot rest till we be in others arms; and O how sweet is a fresh kiss from his holy mouth! his breathing that goeth before a kiss upon my poor soul, is sweet, and hath no fault, but that it is too short; I am careless and stand not much on this, howbeit loins, and back, and shoulders, and head rive in pieces, in stepping up to my Father's house. I know my Lord can make long, and broad, and high, and deep glory to his name, out of this bit feckless body; for Christ looketh not what stuff he maketh glory out of. My dearly beloved, ye have often refreshed me, but that is put up in my Master's accounts; ye have him a debtor for me; but if ye will do any thing for me, (as I know ye will) now in my extremity, tell all my dear friends, that a prisoner is fettered and chain'd in Christ's love; Lord never loose the fetters; and ye and they together take my heartiest commendations to my Lord Jesus, and thank him for a poor friend. I desire your husband to read this letter; I send him a prisoner's blessing; I will be obliged to him, if he will be willing to suffer for my dear Master; suffering is the professor's golden garment; there shall be no losses on Christ's side of it. Ye have been witnesses of much joy betwixt Christ and me at communion-feasts, the remembrance whereof (howbeit I be feasted in secret) holdeth my heart; for I am put from the board-head, and the King's first mess to his by-board, and his broken meat is sweet unto me. I thank my Lord for borrowed crumbs, no less than when I was feasted at the communion table in Anwoth and Kirkcudbright. Pray that I may get one day of Christ in public, as I have had long since before my eyes be closed. Oh that my Master would take up

houſe again, and lend me the keys of his wine cellar again, and God ſend me borrowed drink till then! Remember my love to Chriſt's kinſmen with you. I pray for Chriſt's Father's bleſſing to them all. Grace be with you; a priſoner's bleſſing be with you: I write it, and I bide by it, God ſhall be glorious in Marion M'Naught, when this ſtormy blaſt ſhall be over. O woman beloved of God, believe, rejoice, be ſtrong in the Lord! Grace be thy portion.

*Aberdeen, Jude* 15, 1637. *Your brother in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 36. *To* JOHN GORDON *at Riſco in Galloway.*

*My worthy and dear brother,*

MISPEND not your ſhort ſand-glaſs, which runneth very faſt: ſeek your Lord in time. Let me obtain of you a letter under your hand, for a promiſe to God, by his grace, to take a new courſe of walking with God; heaven is not at the next door; I find it hard to be a Chriſtian; there is no little thruſting and thronging to thruſt in at heaven's gates; it is a caſtle taken by force: *Many ſhall ſtrive to enter in, and ſhall not be able.* I beſeech and obteſt you in the Lord make conſcience of raſh and paſſionate oaths, of raging and ſudden avenging anger, of night-drinking, of needleſs companionry, of ſabbath-breaking, of hurting any under you by word or deed, of hating your very enemies. *Except ye receive the kingdom of God as a little child, (and be as meek and ſober-minded as a babe) ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God:* that is a word which ſhould touch you near, and make you ſtoop and caſt yourſelf down, and make your great ſpirit fall. I know this will not be eaſily done; but I recommend it to you, as you tender your part of the kingdom of heaven. Brother, I may, from new experience, ſpeak of Chriſt to you. Oh if ye ſaw in him what I ſee! A river of God's unſeen joys have flowed from bank to brae over my ſoul ſince I parted with you: I wiſh I wanted part, ſo being ye might have; that your ſoul might be ſick of love for Chriſt, or rather ſatiate with him: this clay-idol, the world, would ſeem to you then not worth a fig; time will eat you out of poſſeſſion of it: when the eye-ſtrings break, and the breath groweth cold, and the impriſoned ſoul looketh out at the windows of the clay-houſe, ready to leap out into eternity, what then would ye give for a lamp full of oil; O ſeek it now. I deſire you to correct and curb banning, ſwearing, lying, drinking, ſabbath-breaking, and idle ſpending of the Lord's day in abſence from the kirk, as far as your authority reacheth in that pariſh. I hear a man is to be thruſt into that place, to the which I have God's right; I know ye ſhould have a voice by

God's

God's word in that, Acts i. 15, 16. to the end, and Acts vi. 3, 5. Ye would be loth that any prelate should put you out of your possession earthly, and this is your right. I write to your wife. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, March* 14, 1637. *Your loving pastor,* S. R.

## 37. *To the Lady* HALHILL.

*Dear and Christian Lady,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I longed much to write to your Ladyship; but now, the Lord offering a fit occasion, I would not omit to do it. I cannot but acquaint your Ladyship with the kind dealing of Christ to my soul, in this house of my pilgrimage, that your Ladyship may know Christ is as good as he is called: for at my first entry into this trial, (being casten down and troubled with challenges and jealousies of his love, whose name and testimony I now bear in my bonds) I feared nothing more than that I was casten over the dyke of the vineyard, as a dry tree; but, blessed be his great name, the dry tree was in the fire, and was not burnt, his dew came down and quickened the root of a withered plant; and now he is come again with joy, and hath been pleased to feast his exiled and afflicted prisoner with the joy of his consolations: now I weep, but am not sad; I am chastened, but I die not; I have loss, but I want nothing: this water cannot drown me, this fire cannot burn me, because of the good will of him that dwelt in the bush. The worst things of Christ, his reproaches, his cross, is better than Egypt's treasures. He hath opened his door, and taken into his house of wine a poor sinner, and hath left me so sick of love for my Lord Jesus, that if heaven were at my disposing, I would give it for Christ, and would not be content to go to heaven, except I were persuaded Christ were there: I would not give nor exchange my bonds for the P. velvets; nor my prison for their coaches; nor my sighs for all the worlds laughter; this clay idol, the world, hath no great court in my soul: Christ hath come and run away to heaven with my heart and my love, so that neither heart nor love is mine; I pray God, Christ may keep both without reversion. in my estimation, as I am now disposed, if my part of this world's clay were rouped and sold, I would think it dear of a drink of water. I see Christ's love is so kingly, that it will not abide a marrow; it must have a throne all alone in the soul; and I see apples beguile bairns, howbeit they be worm eaten; the moth-eaten pleasures of this present world make bairns believe ten is a hundred, and yet all that are here are but shadows; if they would draw by the curtain that is hanged betwixt them

and Christ, they should think themselves fools who have so long miskenned the Son of God. I seek no more, next to heaven, but that he may be glorified in a prisoner of Christ; and that in my behalf many would praise his high and glorious name, who heareth the sighing of the prisoner. Remember my service to the Laird your husband, and to your son my acquaintance: I wish Christ had his young love, and that in the morning he would start to the gate, to seek that which this world knoweth not, and therefore doth not seek it. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you,

*Aberdeen, March* 14, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

38. *To the Right Honourable my Lord* LINDSAY.

*Right Honourable and my very good Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Lordship; pardon my boldness to express myself to your Lordship, at this so needful a time, when your wearied and friendless mother-kirk is looking round about her, to see if any of her sons doth really bemone her desolation: therefore, my dear and worthy Lord, I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, pity that widowlike sister and spouse of Christ. I know, her husband is not dead, but he seemeth to be in another country, and seeth well, and beholdeth who are his true and tender-hearted friends, who dare venture under the water to bring out to dry-land sinking truth, and who of the nobles will cast up their arm, to ward a blow off the crowned-head of our royal Lawgiver who reigneth in Zion, who will plead and contend for Jacob, in the day of his controversy. It is now time, my worthy and noble Lord, for you who are the little nurse-fathers (under our sovereign Prince) to put on courage for the Lord Jesus, and to take up a fallen orphan, speaking out of the dust, and to embrace in your arms Christ's bride; he hath no more in Scotland that is the delight of his eyes, but that one little sister, whose breasts were once well-fashioned; she once ravished her Well-beloved with her eyes and overcame him with her beauty; *She looked forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, terrible as an army with banners: her stature was like the palm-tree, and her breasts like clusters of grapes, and she held the king in his galleries*, Cant. iv. 9. and vi. 10. and vii. 5, 7. But now the crown is fallen from her head, and her gold waxed dim, and our white Nazarites are become black as the coal. Blessed are they who will come out and help Christ against the mighty; the shields of the earth and the nobles are debtors to Christ for their honour, and should bring their glory and honour to the new Jerusalem; Rev. xxi. 24. Alas that great men should be so far from subjecting

jecting themselves to the sweet yoke of Christ, that they burst his bonds asunder, and think, they do not go on foot when Christ is on horse back, and that every nod of Christ, commanding as a king, is a load like a mountain of iron; and therefore they say, This man shall not reign over us, we must have another king than Christ in his own house. Therefore kneel to Christ, and kiss his Son, and let him have your Lordship's vote, as your alone law-giver. I am sure, when you leave this old waste inns of this perishing life, and shall reckon with your host, and depart hence, and take shipping, and make over for eternity, which is the yonder side of time, and a sand-glass of threescore short years is running out to look over your shoulder then, to that which ye have done, spoken, and suffered for Christ, his dear bride that he ransomed with that blood, which is more precious than gold, and for truth, and the freedom of Christ's kingdom; your accounts shall more sweetly smile and laugh upon you, than if you had two worlds of gold to leave to your posterity. O my dear Lord, consider that your master, eternity, and judgment, and the last reckonings will be upon us in the twinkling of an eye: the blast of the last trumpet, now hard at hand, will cry down all acts of parliament, all the determinations of pretended assemblies, against Christ our law-giver: there will be shortly a proclamation by one standing in the clouds, that time shall be no more, and that court with kings of clay shall be no more; and prisons, confinements, forfeitures of nobles, wrath of kings, hazard of lands, houses and name for Christ shall be no more. This world's span length of time is drawn now to less than half an inch, and to the point of the evening of the day of this old and gray hair'd world: and therefore be fixed and fast for Christ and his truth for a time; and fear not him, whose life goeth out at his nostrils, who shall die as a man. I am persuaded Christ is responsal, and lawbiding, to make recompence for any thing that is hazarded or given out for him; losses for Christ are but our goods given out in bank in Christ's hand. Kings earthly are well favoured little clay gods, time's idols; but a sight of our invisible King shall decry and darken all the glory of this world. At the day of Christ, truth shall be truth, and not treason: alas! it is pitiful, that silence, when the thatch of our Lord's house hath taken fire, is now the flower and the bloom of court and state-wisdom; and to cast a covering over a good profession, (as if it blushed at light) is thought a canny and sure way through this life; but the safest way, I am perswaded, is to tine and win with Christ, and to hazard fairly for him; for heaven is but a company of noble venturers for Christ. I dare hazard my soul, Christ shall grow green and blossom as the rose of Sharon yet in Scotland; howbeit now his leaf seem-

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eth to wither, and his root to dry up. Your noble anceſtors have been inrolled amongſt the worthies of this nation, as the ſure friends of the Bridegroom, and valiant for Chriſt: I hope ye will follow on to come to the ſtreets for the ſame Lord. The world is ſtill at yea and nay with Chriſt. It ſhall be your glory, and the ſure foundation of your houſe, (now when houſes are tumbling down, and birds building their neſts, and thorns and briers are growing up, where nobles did ſpread a table) if you engage your eſtate and nobility for this noble King Jeſus, with whom the created powers of the world are ſtill in tops; all the world ſhall fall before him, and (as God liveth) every arm lifted up to take the crown off his royal head, or that refuſeth to hold it upon his head, ſhall be broken from the ſhoulder blade: the eyes that behold Chriſt weep in ſackloth, and wallow in his blood, and will not help, even theſe eyes ſhall rot away in their eye holes. O if ye, and the nobles of this land, ſaw the beauty of that world's wonder, Jeſus our King, and the glory of him, who is angels wonder, and heaven's wonder for excellency! Oh what would men think of clay eſtates, of time-eaten life, of worm-eaten and moth-eaten worldly glory, in compariſon of that faireſt of God's creation, the Son of the faireſt delights. I have but ſmall experience of ſuffering for him; but let my judge and witneſs in heaven lay my ſoul in the balance of juſtice, if I find not a young heaven, and a little paradiſe of glorious comforts and ſoul-delighting love-kiſſes of Chriſt here beneath the moon, in ſuffering for him and his truth: and that the glory, joy, and peace, and fire of love, I thought had been kept while ſupper-time, when we ſhall get leiſure to feaſt our fill upon Chriſt; I have felt it in glorious beginnings, in my bonds for this princely Lord Jeſus. Oh! it is my ſorrow, my daily pain, that men will not come and ſee; I would now be aſhamed to believe, that it ſhould be poſſible for any ſoul to think that he could be a loſer for Chriſt, ſuppoſe he ſhould lend Chriſt the Lordſhip of Lindſay, or ſome ſuch great worldly eſtate. Therefore, my worthy and dear Lord, ſet now your face againſt the oppoſite of Jeſus, and let your ſoul take courage to come under his banner, to appear as his ſoldier for him; and the bleſſings of a falling kirk, the prayers of the priſoners of hope who wait for Zion's joy, and the good will of him who dwelt in the buſh, and it burned not, ſhall be with you. To his ſaving grace I reccommend your Lordſhip, and your houſe, and ſtill am Chriſt's priſoner, and

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7, 1637. *Your Lordſhip's obliged ſervant in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

39. *To*

## 39. *To my Lord* BOYD.

*My very honourable and good Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am glad to hear that you, in the morning of your short day, mind Christ; and that you love the honour of his crown and kingdom. I beseech your Lordship, begin now to frame your love, and to cast it in no mould but one, that it may be for Christ only; for when your love is now in the framing and making, it will take best with Christ: if any other than Jesus get a grip of it, when it is green and young, Christ will be an uncouth and strange world to you. Promise the lodging of your soul first away to Christ, and stand by your first covenant, and keep to Jesus, that he may find you honest. It is easy to master an arrow, and to set it right, ere the string be drawn; but when once it is shot and in the air, and the flight begun, then ye have no power at all to command it: it were a blessed thing, if your love could now level only at Christ, that his fair face were the black of the mark ye shot at: for when your love is looſed, and out of your grips, and in its motion to fetch home an idol, and hath taken a whorish gadding journey, to seek an unknown and strange lover, ye shall not then have power to call home the arrow, or to be master of your love; and ye shall hardly give Christ what ye scarcely have yourself. I speak not this, as if youth itself could fetch heaven and Christ: believe it, my Lord, it is hardly credible what a nest of dangerous temptations youth is; how inconsiderate, foolish, proud, vain, heady rash, profane and careless of God, this piece of your life is; so that the devil findeth, in that age a garnished and swept house for himself, and seven devils worse than himself: for then affections are on horseback, lofty and stirring; then the old man hath blood, lust, much will, and little wit, and hands, feet, wanton eyes, profane ears, as his servants, and as king's officers at command, to come and go at his will; then a green conscience is as souple as the twig of a young tree; it is for every way, every religion; every lewd course prevaileth with it: and therefore, O what a sweet couple, what a glorious yoke are youth and grace, Christ and a young man! This is a meeting not to be found in every town. None who have been at Christ can bring back to your Lordship a report answerable to his worth; for Christ cannot be spoken of, or commended according to his worth: come and see is the most faithful messenger to speak of him; little perswasion would prevail where this were. It is impossible, in the setting out of Christ's love, to lie and pass over truth's line: the discourses of angels, or love-books written by the congregation of seraphims (all their wits being conjoined and melted in one) would for ever be in the nether side of truth, and plentifully declaring the thing as it is. The infiniteness,

the

the boundleſneſs of that incomparable excellency that is in Jeſus, is a great word. God ſend me, if it were but the relicks and leavings, or an ounce weight or two, of his matchleſs love; and ſuppoſe I never got another heaven (provided this bleſſed fire was evermore burning) I could not but be happy for ever. Come hither then, and give out your money wiſely for bread; come here, and beſtow your love. I have cauſe to ſpeak this, becauſe except ye enjoy and poſſeſs Chriſt, ye will be a cold friend to his ſpouſe; for it is love to the huſband that cauſeth kindneſs to the wife. I dare ſwear it were a bleſſing to your houſe, the honour of your honour, the flower of your credit, now in your place, and as far as ye are able, to lend your hand to your weeping mother, even your oppreſſed and ſpoiled mother-kirk. If ye love her, and beſtir yourſelf for her, and hazard the Lordſhip of Boyd for the recovery of her vail (which the ſmiting watchmen have taken from her) then ſurely her huſband will ſcorn to ſleep in your common or reverence. Bits of Lordſhips are little to him, who hath many crowns on his head, and the kingdoms of the world in the hollow of his hand. Court, honour, glory, riches, ſtability of houſes, favour of princes are all on his finger-ends. O what glory were it to lend your honour to Chriſt, and to his Jeruſalem. Ye are one of Zion's born ſons; your honourable and Chriſtian parents would venture you upon Chriſt's errands: therefore I beſeech you, by the mercies of God, by the death and wounds of Jeſus, by the hope of your glorious inheritance, and by the comfort and hope of the joyful preſence ye would have at the water-ſide, when ye are putting your foot in the dark grave, take courage for Chriſt's truth, and the honour of his free kingdom; for, howbeit ye be a young flower, and green before the ſun, ye know not how ſoon death will cauſe you caſt your bloom, and wither root and branch and leaves; and therefore write up what ye have to do for Chriſt, and make a treaſure of good works, and begin in time. By appearance we have the advantage of the brae; ſee what ye can do for Chriſt, againſt theſe who are waiting while Chriſt's tabernacle fall, that they may run away with the boards thereof, and build their neſts on Zion's ruins. They are blind who ſee not lowns now pulling up the ſtakes, and breaking the cords, and rending the curtains of Chriſt's (ſometimes) beautiful tent in this land: Antichriſt is lifting that tent up upon his ſhoulders, and going away with it; and when Chriſt and the goſpel are out of Scotland, dream not that your houſes ſhall thrive, and that it ſha'l go well with the nobles of the land. *As the Lord liveth, the ſtreams of your waters ſhall become pitch, and the duſt of your land brimſtone, and your land ſhall become burning pitch, and the owl and the raven ſhall dwell in your houſes; and where your table ſtood there ſhall grow briars*

*briars and nettles*,' Iſa. xxxiv. 11, 9. The Lord gave Chriſt and his goſpel as a pawn to Scotland; the watchmen have fallen foul, and loſt their part of the pawn; and who ſeeth not, that God hath dried up their right eye, and their right arm, and hath broken ſhepherd's ſtaves, and men are treading in their hearts upon ſuch unſavoury ſalt, that is good for nothing elſe? If ye the nobles put away the pawn alſo, and refuſe to plead the controverſy of Zion with the profeſſed enemies of Jeſus, ye have done with it. Oh! where is the courage and zeal now of the ancient nobles of this land, who with their ſwords, and hazard of life, honour and houſes, brought Chriſt to our hands? And now the nobles cannot be but guilty of ſhouldering out Chriſt, and murdering of the ſouls of their poſterity, if they ſhall hide themſelves, and lurk in the lee-ſide of the hill, till the wind blow down the temple of God. It goeth now under the name of wiſdom, for men to caſt their cloke over Chriſt and their profeſſion, as if Chriſt were ſtolen goods and durſt not be avouched: though this be reputed a piece of policy, yet God eſteemeth ſuch men to be but ſtate fools and court gouks, whatever they, or other heads of wit like to them, think of themſelves ſince their damnable ſilence is the ruin of Chriſt's kingdom. O but it be true honour and glory to be the faſt friends of the Bridegroom, and to own Chriſt's bleeding head, and his forſaken cauſe, and to contend legally, and in the wiſdom of God, for our ſweet Lord Jeſus, and his kingly crown. But I will believe your Lordſhip will take Chriſt's honour to heart, and be a man in the ſtreets (as the prophet ſpeaketh) for the Lord and his truth. To his rich grace and ſweet preſence, and the everlaſting conſolation of the promiſed comforter, I recommend your Lordſhip, and am

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## *To my Lady* BOYD.

*My very honourable and Chriſtian Lady,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter, and am well pleaſed that your thoughts of Chriſt ſtay with you, and that your purpoſe ſtill is, by all means, to take the kingdom of heaven by violence, which is no ſmall conqueſt; and it is a degree of watchfulneſs and thankfulneſs alſo, to obſerve ſleepineſs and unthankfulneſs. We have all good cauſe to complain of falſe light, that playeth the thief, and ſtealeth away the lanthorn; when it cometh to the practice of conſtant walking with God, our journey is ten times a day broken in ten pieces; Chriſt getteth but only broken, and half-fed, and tired work of us, and, alas, too often againſt the hair. I have

been ſomewhat nearer the Bridegroom; but when I draw nigh, and ſee my vileneſs, for ſhame I would be out of his preſence again; but yet deſire of his ſoul-refreſhing love putteth bluſhing me under an arreſt. O what am I, ſo lothſome a burden of ſin, to ſtand beſide ſuch a beautiful and holy Lord, ſuch an high and lofty one, who inhabiteth eternity! But, ſince it pleaſeth Chriſt to condeſcend to ſuch an one as me, let ſhamefacedneſs be laid aſide, and loſe itſelf in his condeſcending love. I would heartily be content to keep a corner of the King's hall: Oh if I were at the yonder end of my weak deſires! then ſhould I be where Chriſt my Lord and Lover lives and reigns; there I ſhould be everlaſtingly ſolaced with the ſight of his face, and ſatisfied with the ſurpaſſing ſweetneſs of his matchleſs love: but truly now I ſtand in the nether ſide of my deſires, and with a drooping head, and panting heart, I look up to fair Jeſus ſtanding afar off from us, while corruption and earth ſhall ſcour and refine the body of clay, and rot out the bones of the old man of ſin. In the mean time we are bleſſed in ſending word to the Beloved, that we love to love him; and till then there is joy in wooing, ſuiting, lying about his houſe, looking in at the windows, and ſending a poor ſouls groans and wiſhes through a hole of the door to Jeſus, till God ſend a glad meeting: and bleſſed be God, that after a low ebb, and ſo ſad a word, Lord Jeſus it is long ſince I ſaw thee; that even then, our wings are growing, and the abſence of ſweet Jeſus breedeth a new fleet of deſires and longings for him. I know no man hath a velvet croſs, but the croſs is made of that which God will have it But verily, howbeit it be no warrantable market to buy a croſs, yet I dare not ſay, O that I had liberty to ſell Chriſt's croſs, leſt therewith alſo I ſhould ſell joy, comfort, ſenſe of love, patience, and the kind viſits of a Bridegroom: and therefore, bleſſed be God, we get croſſes, unbought and good, cheap. Sure I am, it were better to buy croſſes for Chriſt than to ſell them; howbeit neither be allowed to us And for Chriſt's joyful coming and going, which your Ladyſhip ſpeaketh of, I bear with it, as love can permit: it ſhould be enough to me, if I were wiſe, that Chriſt will have joy and ſorrow halvers of the life of the ſaints, and that each of them ſhould have a ſhare of our days; as the night and the day are kindly partners and halvers of time, and take it up betwixt them; but if ſorrow be the greedieſt halver of our days here, I know joy's day ſhall dawn, and do more than recompenſe all our ſad hours. Let my Lord Jeſus (ſince he will do ſo) weave my bit and ſpan-length of time with white and black, well and wo, with the Bridegroom's coming and his ſad departure, as warp and woof in one web; aud let the roſe be neighboured with the thorn; yet hope (that maketh not aſhamed) hath written a letter and lines of hope to the mourners in

Zion, that it ſhall not be long ſo: when we are over the water, Chriſt ſhall cry down croſſes, and up heaven for evermore; and then down hell, and down death, and down ſin, and down ſorrow; and up glory, up life, up joy for evermore. In this hope, I ſleep quietly in Chriſt's boſom till he come, who is not ſlack; and would ſleep ſo, were it not that the noiſe of the devil, and ſin's feet, and the cries of an unbelieving heart awaken me; but for the preſent, I have nothing whereof I can accuſe Chriſt's croſs. Oh if I could pleaſe myſelf in Chriſt only! I hope, Madam, your ſons will improve their power for Jeſus; for there is no danger, neither is there any queſtion or juſtling betwixt Chriſt and authority, though our enemies falſly ſtate the queſtion, as if Chriſt and authority could not abide under one roof; the queſtion only is betwixt Chriſt and men in authority. Authority is for and from Chriſt, and ſib to him; how then can he make a plea with it? Nay, the truth is, worms and gods of clay are riſen up againſt Chriſt. If the fruit of your Ladyſhip's womb be helpers of Chriſt, ye have good ground to rejoice in God. All your Ladyſhip can expect for your good-will to me and my brother (a wronged ſtranger for Chriſt) is the prayers of a priſoner of Jeſus, to whom I recommend your Ladyſhip, and houſe and children, and in whom I am,

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 8. 1637. *Madam,*

*Your Ladyſhip's in Chriſt,* S. R.

## 41. *To the Lady* CULROSS.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you. I dare not ſay I wonder that ye have never written to me in my bonds, becauſe I am not ignorant of the cauſe; yet I could not but write to you. I know not whether joy or heavineſs in my ſoul carrieth it away: ſorrow, without any mixture of ſweetneſs, hath not often love-thoughts of Chriſt; but I ſee the devil can inſinuate himſelf, and ride his errands upon the thoughts of a poor diſtreſſed priſoner. I am wae that I am making Chriſt my unfriend, by ſeeking pleas againſt him, becauſe I am the firſt in the kingdom put to utter ſilence, and becauſe I cannot preach my Lord's righteouſneſs in the great congregation. I am, notwithſtanding, the leſs ſolicitous how it go, if there be not wrath in my cup But I know, I but claw my wounds when my Phyſician hath forbidden me: I would believe in the dark upon luck's head, and take my hazard of Chriſt's good will, and reſt on this, that in my fever my Phyſician is at my bed-ſide, and that he ſympathiſeth with me when I ſigh. My borrowed houſe, and another man's bed and fire-ſide, and other loſſes, have no room in my ſorrow; a greater heat to eat out a leſs fire, is a

good remedy for ſome burning: I believe, when Chriſt draweth blood he hath ſkill to cut the right vein; and that he hath taken the whole ordering and diſpoſing of my ſufferings. Let him tutor me, and tutor my croſſes, as he thinketh good; there is no danger nor hazard in following ſuch a guide, howbeit he ſhould lead me through hell, if I could put faith foremoſt, and fill the field with a quiet on-waiting, and believing to ſee the ſalvation of God. I know Chriſt is not obliged to let me ſee both the ſides of my croſs, and turn it over and over that I may ſee all: my faith is richer to live upon credit, and Chriſt's borrowed money, than to have much in my hand. Alas! I have forgotten that faith in times paſt hath ſtopped a leak in my crazed bark, and hath filled my ſails with a fair wind. I ſee it a work of God that experiences are all loſt, when ſummons of improbation, to prove our charters of Chriſt to be counterfeit, are raiſed againſt poor ſouls in their heavy trials; but let me be a ſinner, and worſe than the chief of ſinners, yea, a guilty devil, I am ſure my Well-beloved is God; and when I ſay Chriſt is God, and my Chriſt is God, I have ſaid all things, I can ſay no more. I would I could build as much on this, my Chriſt is God, as it would bear! I might lay all the world upon it. I am ſure, Chriſt untried, and untaken-up in the power of his love, kindneſs, mercies, goodneſs, wiſdom, long-ſuffering and greatneſs, is the rock that dim-ſighted travellers daſh their foot againſt, and ſo ſtumble fearfully. But my wounds are ſoreſt, and pain me moſt, when I ſin againſt his love and mercy: and if he would ſet me and my conſcience by the ears together, and reſolve not to rid the plea, but let us deal it betwixt us, my ſpitting upon the fair face of Chriſt's love and mercies, by my jealouſies, unbelief and doubting, would be enough to ſink me. Oh, I am convinced, O Lord, I ſtand dumb before thee for this; let me be mine own judge in this, and I take a dreadful doom upon me for it; for I ſtill miſbelieve, though I have ſeen that my Lord hath made my croſs as if it were all chryſtal, ſo as I can ſee thorough it Chriſt's fair face and heaven, and that God hath honoured a lump of ſinful fleſh and blood, the like of me, to be Chriſt's honourable Lord priſoner. I ought to eſteem the walls of the Thieve's hole, (if I were ſhut up in it) or any ſtinking dungeon, all hung with tapeſtry, and moſt beautiful, for my Lord Jeſus: and yet I am not ſo ſhut up but that the ſun ſhineth upon my priſon, and the fair wide heaven is the covering of it. But my Lord in his ſweet viſits hath done more; for he makes me find that he will be a confined priſoner with me; he lieth down and riſeth up with me; when I ſigh he ſigheth: when I weep he ſuffereth with me: and I confeſs here is the bleſſed iſſue of my ſufferings already begun, that my heart is filled with hunger and deſire to have him

glorified

glorified in my sufferings. Blessed ye of the Lord, Madam, if ye would help a poor dyvour, and cause others of your acquaintance in Christ help me to pay my debt of love, even real praises of Christ my Lord. Madam, let me charge you in the Lord, as ye will answer to him, help me in this duty (which he hath tied about my neck with a chain of such singular expressions of his loving kindness) to set on high Christ, to hold in my honesty at his hands: for I have nothing to give him. O that he would arrest and comprise my love and my heart for all! I am a dyvour, who have no more free goods in the world for Christ, save that: it is both the whole heritage I have, and all my moveables besides. Lord give the thirsty man a drink. Oh to be over the ears in the well! Oh to be swattering, and swimming over head and ears in Christ's love! I would not have Christ's love entering in me, but I would enter into it, and be swallowed up of that love. But I see not myself here; for I fear I make more of his love than of himself; whereas himself is far beyond and much better than his love. Oh if I had my sinful arms filled with that lovely One, Christ! Blessed be my rich Lord Jesus, who sendeth not away beggars from his house with a toom dish; he filleth the vessels of such as will come and seek: we might beg ourselves rich, (if we were wise) if we could but hold out our withered hands to Christ, and learn to suit and seek, ask and knock. I owe my salvation to Christ's glory, I owe it to Christ; and desire that my hell, yea, a new hell, seven times hotter by far than the old hell, might buy praises before men and angels to my Lord Jesus; providing always I were free of Christ's hatred and displeasure. What am I to be forfeited and sold in soul and body, to have my great and royal King set on high and extolled above all? O if I knew how high to have him set, and all the world far, far beneath the soles of his feet! Nay, I deserve not to be the matter of his praises; far less to be an agent in praising of him: but he can win his own glory out of me, and out of one worse than I, (if any such be) if it please his holy majesty so to do: he knoweth that I am not now flattering him. Madam, let me have your prayers, as ye have the prayers and blessing of him that is separated from his brethren. Grace, grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, June* 15, 1637. *Your own in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 42. *To the Earl of* CASSILS.

*My very noble and honourable Lord,*

I make bold (out of the honourable and Christian report I hear of your Lordship, having no other thing to say, but that which concerneth the honourable couse which the Lord hath enabled your Lordship to profess) to write this, that it is

your

your Lordſhip's crown, your glory, and your honour, to ſet your ſhoulder under the Lord's glory, now falling to the ground, and to back Chriſt now, when ſo many think it wiſdom to let him fend for himſelf. The ſhields of the earth ever did, and do ſtill believe that Chriſt is a cumberſome neighbour, and that is a pain to hold up his yeas and nays: they fear he takes their chariots, and their crowns, and their honour from them; but my Lord ſtandeth in need of none of them all: but it is your glory to own Chriſt and his buried truth; for let men ſay what they pleaſe, the plea with Zion's enemies, in this day of Jacob's trouble, is, If Chriſt ſhould be King, and no mouth ſpeak laws but his? It concerneth the apple of Chriſt's eye, and his royal privileges, what now is debated: and Chriſt's kingly honour is come to yea and nay. But let me be pardoned, my dear and noble Lord, to beſeech you by the mercies of God, by the comfort of the Spirit, by the wounds of your dear Saviour, by your compearance before the Judge of quick and dead, to ſtand for Chriſt, and to back him. Oh, if the nobles had done their part, and been zealous for the Lord! it had not been as it is now; but men think it wiſdom to ſtand beſide Chriſt till his head be broken, and ſing dumb. There is a time coming when Chriſt will have a thick court, and he will be the glory of Scotland: and he ſhall make a diadem, a garland, a ſeal upon his heart, and a ring upon his finger, of theſe who have avouched him before this faithleſs generation; howbeit, ere that come, wrath from the Lord is ordained for this land. My Lord, I have cauſe to write this to your Lordſhip, for I dare not conceal his kindneſs to the ſoul of an afflicted, exiled priſoner: who hath more cauſe to boaſt in the Lord, than ſuch a ſinner as I, who am feaſted with the conſolations of Chriſt, and have no pain in my ſufferings, but the pain of ſoul-ſickneſs of love for Chriſt, and ſorrow that I cannot help to ſound aloud the high praiſes of him who hath heard the ſighing of the priſoner, and is content to lay the head of his oppreſſed ſervant in his boſom, under his chin, and let him feel the ſmell of his garments? This I behoved to write, that your Lordſhip might know Chriſt is as good as he is called; and to teſtify to your Lordſhip the cauſe, your Lordſhip now profeſſeth before this faithleſs world, is Chriſt's, and your Lordſhip ſhall have no ſhame of it. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, March* 13, 1637. *Your Lordſhip's oblidged ſervant*, S. R.

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43. *To the much honoured* JOHN OSBURN, *Provoſt of Air.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Upon our ſmall acquaintance, and the good report I hear of you, I could not

not but write to you: I have nothing to say, but Christ, in that honourable place he hath put you in, hath intrusted you with a dear pledge, which is his own glory; and hath armed you with his sword, to keep the pledge, and make a good account of it to God. Be not afraid of men: your master can mow down his enemies, and make withered hay of fair flowers: your time will not be long; after your afternoon will come your evening, and after evening, night. Serve Christ, back him, let his cause be your cause; give not an hair-breadth of truth away; for it is not yours, but God's. Then, since ye are going, take Christ's testificate with you out of this life, Well done, good and faithful servant. His well-done is worth a shipful of good-days and earthly honours. I have cause to say this, because I find him Truth itself. In my sad days Christ laughed cheerfully, and saith, All will be done. Would to God all this kingdom, and all that know God, knew what is betwixt me and Christ in this prison; what kisses, embracements, and love communings: I take his cross in my arms with joy, I bless it, I rejoice in it: suffering for Christ is my garland; I would not exchange Christ for ten thousand worlds! nay (if the comparison could stand) I would not exchange Christ with heaven. Sir, pray for me; and the prayers and blessing of a prisoner of Christ meet you in all your straits. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen. March* 14, 1637. *Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord*, S. R.

## 44. *To* ROBERT GORDON *Baillie of Air.*

*Worthy Sir*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you in paper. Remember your chief's speeches on his death-bed: I pray you, Sir, sell all, and buy the pearl: time will cut you from this world's glory; look what will do you good, when your glass will be run out: and let Christ's love bear most court in your soul, and that court will bear down the love of other things; Christ seeketh your help in your place, give him your hand. Who hath more cause to encourage others to own Christ than I have? for he hath made me sick of love, and left me in a pain to wrestle with his love, and love is like to fall a swoon through his absence: I mean not that he deferreth me, or that I am ebb of comforts; but this is an uncouth pain. Oh that I had an heart and a love to render to him back again! O if principalities and powers, thrones and dominions, and all the world would help me to praise. Praise him in my behalf. Remember my love to your wife. I thank you most kindly for your love to my brother. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, March* 13, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

45. *To*

## 45. *To* JOHN KENNEDY *Baillie of Air.*

*Worthy Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. Your not writing to me cannot bind me up from remembring you now and then, that at least ye may be a witness and a third man to behold in paper what is betwixt Christ and me. I was in his eyes like a young orphan, wanting known parents, casten out in the open fields; either Christ behoved to take me up, and to bring me home to his house and fire-side, else I had died in the fields: and now I am homely with Christ's love, so that I think the house mine own, and the master of the house mine also. Christ enquired not, when he began to love me, whether I was fair, or black, or sun-burnt! love taketh what it may have. He loved me before this time, I know; but now I have the flower of his love: his love is come to a fair bloom, like a young rose opened up of the green leaves, and it casteth a strong and fragrant smell. I want nothing but ways of expressing Christ's love: a full vessel would have a vent. O if I could smoke out and cast out coals, to make a fire in many breasts of this land! O! it is a pity that there were not many imprisoned for Christ, for no other purpose, but to write books and love-songs of the love of Christ. This would keep all created tongues of men and angels in exercise, and busy night and day, to speak of it. Alas! I can speak nothing of it, but wonder at three things in his love; First, Freedom. O that lumps of sin should get such love for nothing! Secondly, The sweetness of his love. I give over either to speak or write of it; but it is so sweet, that next to Christ himself, nothing can match it. Nay, I think a soul could live eternally blessed only on Christ's love, and feed upon no other thing; yea, when Christ in love giveth a blow, it doth a soul good; and it is a kind of comfort and joy to it, to get a cuff of the lovely, sweet, and soft hand of Jesus. And thirdly, What power and strength is in his love! I am persuaded it can climb a steep hill, and hell upon its back; and swim through water, and not drown; and sing in the fire, and find no pain; and triumph in losses, prisons, sorrows, exile, disgrace; and laugh and rejoice in death. Oh for a year's lease of the sense of his love without a cloud to try what Christ is! Oh for the coming of the Bridegroom! Oh when will I see the Bridegroom and the bride meet in the clouds, and kiss each other! Oh when will we get our day and our hearts full of that love! Oh if it were lawful to complain of the famine and want of the immediate vision of God! O time, time, how dost thou torment the souls of those that would be swallowed up of Christ's love, because thou movest so slowly! Oh if he would pity a prisoner, and blow love upon me, and give a prisoner a taste or draught of that sweetness, (which is glory as it were begun) to be a confirmation,

on, that Chriſt and I ſhall have our fill of other for ever; come hither, O love of Chriſt, that I may once kiſs thee before I die: what would I not give to have time, that lieth betwixt Chriſt and me, taken out of the way, that we might once meet? I cannot think but at the firſt ſight I ſhall ſee of that moſt lovely and faireſt face, love ſhall come out of his two eyes, and fill me with aſtoniſhment: I would but deſire to ſtand at the outer ſide of the gates of the New Jeruſalem, and look through a hole of the door, and ſee Chriſt's face: a borrowed viſion in this life would be my borrowed and begun heaven, when the long, long looked-for day dawn. It is not for nothing that it is ſaid, Col. i. 27. *Chriſt in you the hope of glory.* I will be content of no pawn of heaven, but Chriſt himſelf; for Chriſt, poſſeſſed by faith here, is young heaven and glory in the bud: if I had that pawn, I would bide horning and hell both, ere I gave it again. All we have here, is ſcarce the picture of glory: ſhould not we young bairns, long and look for the expiring of our minority? It were good to be daily begging, propines and love gifts, and the bridegroom's favours; and if we can do more, ſeek crumbs, and hungry dinners of Chriſt's love, to keep the taſte of heaven in our mouth, while ſupper-time. I know it is far afternoon, and nigh the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb; the table is covered already. O Well-beloved, run, run faſt! O fair day, when wilt thou dawn! O ſhadows, flee away! I think, hope and love woven through other make our abſence from Chriſt ſpiritual torment; it is a pain to wait on, but hope that maketh not aſhamed ſwalloweth up that pain. It is not unkindneſs that keepeth Chriſt and us ſo long aſunder. What can I ſay to Chriſt's love? I think more than I can ſay: to conſider, that when my Lord Jeſus may take the air (if I may ſo ſpeak) and go abroad, yet he will be confined and keep the priſon with me; but in all this ſweet communion with him, what am I to be thanked for? I am but a ſufferer; whether I will or not, he will be kind to me, as if he had defied my guiltineſs to make him unkind; ſo he beareth his love on me. Here I die with wondering, that juſtice hindreth not love; for there are none in hell, nor out of hell, more worthy of Chriſt's love. Shame may confound and fear me, once to hold up my black mouth, to receive one of Chriſt's undeſerved kiſſes: if my inner-ſide were turned out, and all men ſaw my vileneſs, they would ſay to me, It is a ſhame for thee to ſtand ſtill, while Chriſt kiſs thee and embrace thee: it would ſeem to become me rather to run away from his love, as aſhamed at my own unworthineſs; nay, I may think ſhame to take heaven, who have ſo highly provoked my Lord Jeſus: but ſeeing Chriſt's love will ſhame me, I am content to be aſhamed. My deſire is, that my Lord would give me broader and deeper thoughts, to feed myſelf with wondering

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dring at his love: I would I could weigh it, but I have no balance for it. When I have worn my tongue to the ſtump, in praiſing of Chriſt, I have done nothing to him; I muſt let him alone, for my withered arms will not go about his high, wide, long and broad love. What remaineth then, but that my debt to the love of Chriſt ly unpaid for all eternity? All that are in heaven are black ſhamed with his love as well as I; we muſt all be dyvours together; and the bleſſings of that houſe-full, or heaven-full of dyvours, ſhall reſt for ever upon him. O if this land and nation would come and ſtand beſide his inconceivable and glorious perfections, and look in, and love, and wonder, and adore! Would to God I could bring in many lovers to Chriſt's houſe! But this nation hath forſaken the fountain of living waters. Lord, caſt not water on Scotland's coal. Wo, wo will be to this land, becauſe of the day of the Lord's fierce anger, that is ſo faſt coming. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Your affectionate brother in our Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

46. *To* JOHN KENNEDY, *Baillie of Air.*

*Worthy and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to ſee you in this northern world, in paper; I know it is not forgetfulneſs that ye write not. I am every way in good caſe, both in ſoul and body; all honour and glory be to my Lord: I want nothing but a further revelation of the beauty of the unknown Son of God. Either I know not what Chriſtianity is, or we have ſtinted a meaſure of ſo many ounce weights and no more, upon holineſs; and there we are at a ſtay, drawing our breath all our life: a moderation to God's way now, is much in requeſt. I profeſs I have never taken pains to find out him whom my ſoul loveth, there is a gait yet of finding out Chriſt, that I have never lighted upon. O if I could find it out! Alas! how ſoon are we pleaſed with our ſhadow in a glaſs! It were good to be beginning in ſad earneſt to find out God, and to ſeek the right tread of Chriſt. Time, cuſtom, and a good opinion of ourſelves, our good meaning, and our lazy deſires, our fair ſhows, and the world's gliſtering luſtres, and theſe broad paſſments and buſkings of religion, that bear bulk in the kirk, is that wherewith moſt ſatisfy themſelves: but a watered bed with tears, a dry throat with praying, eyes as a fountain of tears for the ſins of the land, is rare to be found among us. O if we could know the power of godlineſs! This is one part of my caſe; and another is, that I, like a fool, once ſummoned Chriſt for unkindneſs, and complained of his fickleneſs and unconſtancy, becauſe he would have no more of my ſervice nor preaching, and had caſten me out of the inheritance of the Lord: and I now confeſs

confess this was but a bought plea, and I was a fool; yet he hath borne with me. I gave him a fair advantage against me, but love and mercy would not let him take it; and the truth is, now he hath chided himself friends with me, and hath taken away the mask, and hath renewed his wonted favour in such a manner, that he hath paid me my hundred fold in this life, and one to the hundred. This prison is my banqueting house; I am handled as softly and delicately as a dauted child; I am nothing behind, I see, with Christ; he can in a month take up a year's losses: and I write this to you that I may intreat, nay, adjure and charge you by the love of our Well-beloved, to help me to praise, and to tell all your Christian acquaintance to help me; for I am as deeply drowned in his debt as any dyvour can be: and yet in this fair sun-blink, I have something to keep me from startling, or being exalted above measure; his word is as a fire shut up in my bowels, and I am weary with forbearing. The ministers in this town are saying, they shall have my prison changed into less bounds, because they see God with me; my mother hath born me a man of contention, one that striveth with the whole earth. The late wrongs and oppressions done to my brother keep my sails low; yet I defy crosses to embark me in such a plea against Christ as I was troubled with of late. I hope to over-hope and over-believe my troubles: I have cause now to trust Christ's promise, more than his gloom. Remember my hearty affections to your wife. My soul is grieved for the success of our brethrens journey to New-England; but God hath somewhat to reveal that we see not. Grace be with you. Pray for the prisoner.

*Aberdeen, Jan.* 1. 1637. *Yours in his only Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 47. To MARGARET BALLANTINE.

*Mistress*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: it is more than time that I should have written to you, but it is yet good time, if I could help your soul to mend your pace, and to go more swiftly to your heavenly country; for truly ye have need to make all haste, because the inch of your day that remaineth will quickly slip away; for whether we sleep or wake our glass runneth, the tide bideth no man. Beware of a beguile in the matter of your salvation: wo, wo for evermore to them that lose that prize; for what is behind, when the soul is once lost, but that sinners warm their bits of clay-houses at a fire of their own kindling, for a day or two, which doth rather suffocate with its smoke than warm them; and at length they ly down in sorrow, and are clothed with everlasting shame? I would seek no further measure of faith to begin withal, than to believe rea-

ly and stedfastly the doctrine of God's justice, his all-devouring wrath and everlasting burning, where sinners are burnt, soul and body, in a river and great lake of fire and brimstone: then they would with no more goods, but the thousandth part of a cold fountain well to cool their tongue; they would then buy death, with enduring of pain and torment for as many years as God hath created drops of rain since the creation; but there is no market of buying or selling life or death there. Oh! alas, the greatest part of the world run to the place of that torment rejoicing and dancing, eating, drinking and sleeping. My counsel to you is, that ye start in time to be after Christ; for if ye go quickly, Christ is not far before you, ye shall overtake him. O Lord God, what is so needful as this, Salvation, salvation? Fy upon this condemned and foolish world, that would give so little for salvation! Oh, if there were a free market of salvation proclaimed, in that day, when the trumpet of God shall awake the dead; how many buyers would be then? God send me no more happiness but that salvation which the blind world (to their eternal woe) letteth slip through their fingers; therefore look if ye can give out your money (as Isaiah speaketh chap. lv. 2.) for bread, and lay Christ and his blood in wadset for heaven; it is a dry and hungry part of bairn's goods, that Esaus are hunting for here: I see thousands following the chase, and in the pursuit of such things, while in the mean time they lose the blessing; and when all is done, they have caught nothing to roast for supper, but ly down hungry; and besides, they go to bed, when they die, without a candle; for God saith to them, *This shall ye have at my hand, ye shall ly down in sorrow.* And truly this is as ill made a bed to ly upon as one could wish, for he cannot sleep soundly, nor rest sweetly, who hath sorrow for his pillow. Rouze, rouze up therefore your soul, and ask how Christ and your soul met together: I am sure they never got Christ, who were not once sick at the yolk of the heart for him: too, too many whole souls think they have met with Christ, who had never a wearied night for the want of him: but alas, what richer are men, that they dreamed the last night they had much gold, and when they awoke in the morning they found it was but a dream? What are all the sinners in the world, in that day when heaven and earth shall go up in a flame of fire, but a number of beguiled dreamers? Every one shall say of his hunting and his conquest, Behold it was a dream: every man in that day will tell his dream. I beseech you in the Lord Jesus, beware, beware of unsound work, in the matter of your salvation; ye may not, ye cannot, ye do not want Christ: then after this day conveen all your lovers before your soul, and give them their leave; and strike hands with Christ, that thereafter there may be no happiness to you but Christ, no hunting for any thing but

Christ,

Christ, no beds at night (when death cometh) but Christ, Christ, Christ; who had but Christ? I know this much of Christ, he is not ill to be found, nor lordly of his love; wo had been my part of it for evermore, if Christ had made a dainty of himself to me: but God be thanked, I gave nothing for Christ; and now, I protest before men and angels, Christ cannot be sold, Christ cannot be weighed: where would angels, or all the world find a balance to weigh him in? All lovers blush when ye stand beside Christ; wo upon all love but the love of Christ; hunger, hunger for evermore, be upon all heaven but Christ; shame, shame for evermore, be upon all glory. I cry death upon all lives but the life of Christ. O what is it that holdeth us asunder! O that once we could have a fair meeting. Thus recommending Christ to you, and you to him for evermore, I rest, (Grace be with you)

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 48. To JANET KENNEDY.

*Loving and dear Sister,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter: I know, the savour of Christ in you (that the virgins love to follow) cannot be blown away with winds, either from hell, or the evil-smelled air of this polluted world: sit far aback from the walls of this post-house, even the pollutions of this defiling world. Keep your taste, your love and hope in heaven; it is not good, your love and your Lord should be in two sundry countries. Up, up after your Lover, that he and ye may be together. A King from heaven hath sent for you; by faith he sheweth you the New Jerusalem, and taketh you alongst, in the spirit, through all the ease rooms, and dwelling-houses in heaven, and saith, All these are thine, this place is for thee and Christ; and if ye only had been the chosen of God, Christ would have built that one house for you and himself; now it is for you and many others also: take with you in your journey what ye may carry with you, your conscience, faith, hope, patience, meekness, goodness, brotherly-kindness; for such wares as these are of great price in the high and new country whither ye go; as for other things, that are but the world's vanity and trash, since they are but the house-sweepings, ye shall do best not to carry them with you; ye found them here, leave them here, and let them keep the house. Your sun is well turned, and low; be nigh your lodging against night. We go one and one out of this great market till the town be empty, and the two lodgings, heaven and hell, be filled: at length there will be nothing in the earth but toom walls and burnt ashes, and therefore it is best to make away. Antichrist

and

and his master are busy to pleniſh hell, and to ſeduce many; and ſtars, great church lights, are falling from heaven, and many are miſled and ſeduced, and make up with their faith, and ſell their birth-rights, by their hungry hunting for I know not what. Faſten your grips faſt upon Chriſt. I verily eſteem him the beſt aught that I have: he is my ſecond in priſon; having him, though my croſs were as heavy as ten mountains of iron, when he putteth his ſweet ſhoulder under me and it, my croſs is but a feather. I pleaſe myſelf in the choice of Chriſt; he is my waile in heaven and earth: I rejoice that he is in heaven before me; God ſend a joyful meeting: and in the mean time, the travellers charges for the way, I mean, a burden of Chriſt's love to ſweeten the journey, and to encourage a breathleſs runner; for when I loſe breath, climbing up the mountain, he maketh new breath. Now the very God of peace eſtabliſh you to the day of his appearance.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 9. *Yours in his only Lord*
1637. *Jeſus*, S. R.

## 49. *To* MARGARET REID.

*My very dear and worthy ſiſter,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: ye are truly bleſſed of the Lord, however a four world gloom upon you, if ye continue in the faith grounded and ſettled, and be not moved away from the hope of the goſpel. It is good, there is a heaven, and it is not a night-dream, or a fancy: it is a wonder that men deny not that there is a heaven, as they deny there is a way to it but of mens making. You have learned of Chriſt that there is a heaven; contend for it, and contend for Chriſt; bear well and ſubmiſſively the hard croſs of this ſtep-mother world, that God will not have to be yours. I confeſs it is hard, and I would I were able to eaſe you of your burden; but believe me, this world (which the Lord will not have to be yours) is but the droſs, the refuſe and ſcorn of God's creation, the portion of the Lord's poor hired ſervants; the moveables, not the heritage; a hard bone caſten to the dogs, holden out of the New Jeruſalem, whereupon they rather break their teeth than ſatisfy their appetite: it is your father's bleſſing, and Chriſt's birth right, that our Lord is keeping for you; and I perſwade you, your ſeed alſo ſhall inherit the earth, (if that be good for them) for that is promiſed to them; and God's bond is as good, and better, than if men would give every one of them a bond for a thouſand thouſands. Ere you was born, croſſes in number, meaſure and weight were written for you, and your Lord will lead you thorough them: make Chriſt ſure, and the bleſſing of the earth ſhall be at Chriſt's back. I ſee many profeſſors for the faſhion

follow

follow on; but they are professors of glass: I would cause a little knock of persecution ding them in twenty pieces, and so the world should laugh at the sheards. Therefore make fast work, see that Christ lay the ground stone of your profession; for wind and rain, and speats will not wash away his building; his works have no shorter date than to stand for evermore. I should twenty times have perished in my affliction, if I had not leaned my weak back, and laid my pressing burden both upon the stone, the foundation stone, the corner stone laid in Zion: and I desire never to rise off this stone. Now, the very God of peace confirm and establish you unto the day of the blessed appearance of Christ Jesus. God be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Yours in his dearest Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 50. *To* JAMES BAUTIE.

*Loving brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I received your letter, and render you thanks for the same: but I have not time to answer all the heads of it, as the bearer can inform you. 1. Ye do well to take yourself at the first stot, when ye wrong Christ by doubting and misbelief; for this is to nick-name Christ, and term him a liar, which being spoken to our prince, would be hanging or heading; but Christ hangeth not always for treason: it is good that he may registrate a believer's bond a hundred times and more than seven times a day have law against us, and yet he spareth us as a man doth his son that serveth him: no tender-hearted mother, who may have law to kill her sucking child, would put in execution that law. 2dly, For your failings, even when ye have a set tryst with Christ, and when ye have a fair seen advantage, by keeping your appointment with him, and salvation cometh to the very passing of the seals, I would say two things; 1st, Concluded and sealed salvation may go through and be ended, suppose ye write your name to the tail of the covenant with ink that can hardly be read: neither think I ever any man's salvation passed the seals, but there was an odd trick or slip, in less or more, upon the fool's part, who is infeoffed in heaven. In the most grave and serious work of our salvation, I think Christ had never good cause to laugh at our sillines, and to put on us his merits that we might bear weight. 2. It is a sweet law of the new covenant, and a privilege of the new burgh, that citizens pay according to their means: for the new covenant saith not, so much obedience by ounce weights, and no less, under the pain of damnation: Christ taketh as poor men may give; where there is a mean portion he is content with the less, if there be sincerity: broken sums and little feckless obedience will be pardoned, and hold the foot with him;

him: know ye not that our kindly Lord retaineth his good old heart yet? He breaketh not a bruiſed reed, nor quencheth the ſmoaking flax: but if the wind blow he holdeth his hand about it till it riſe to a flame. The law cometh on with three O yes's, with all the heart, with all the ſoul, and with all the whole ſtrength: and when would goor folks, like you and me, furniſh all theſe ſums? It feareth me, (nay, it is moſt certain) that if the payment were to come out of our purſe, when we ſhould put our hand in our bag we would bring out the wind or worſe: but the covenant ſeeketh not heap-mete nor ſtented obedience, as the condition of it, becauſe forgiveneſs hath always place. Hence I draw this concluſion; to think matters betwixt Chriſt and us go back for want of heaped meaſure, is a piece of old Adam's pride, who would either be at legal payment or nothing: we would ſtill have God in our common, and buy his kindneſs with our merits; for beggarly pride is devil's honeſty, and bluſheth to be in Chriſt's common, and ſcarce giveth God a grammercy, and a lifted cap, (except it be the Phariſee's unlucky God I thank thee) or a bowed knee to Chriſt: it will only give a good day for a good day again, and if he diſſemble his kindneſs, as it were, in jeſt, and ſeem to miſken it, it in earneſt ſpurneth with the heels, and ſnuffeth in the wind, and careth not much for Chriſt's kindneſs: if he will not be friends let him go, ſaith pride; beware of this thief, when Chriſt offereth himſelf. 3. No marvel then of whiſperings, whether you be in the covenant or not: for pride maketh looſe work of the covenant of grace, and will not let Chriſt be full bargain-maker. To ſpeak to you particularly and ſhortly; 1. All the truly regenerated cannot determinately tell you the meaſure of their dejections, becauſe Chriſt beginneth young with many, and ſteaketh into their heart, ere they wit of themſelves and becometh homely with them, with little din or noiſe. I grant many are blinded, in rejoicing in a good cheap converſion, that never coſt them a ſick night; Chriſt's phyſic wrought in a dream upon them; but for that I would ſay if other marks be found, that Chriſt is indeed come in, never make plea with him, becauſe he will not anſwer, Lord Jeſus, how cameſt thou in? whether in at door or window? Make him welcome ſince he is come. The wind bloweth where it liſteth; all the world's wit cannot perfectly render a reaſon, why the winds ſhould be a month in the eaſt, ſix weeks poſſibly in the weſt, and the ſpace only of an afternoon in the ſouth or north. Ye will not find out all the nicks and ſteps of Chriſt's way with a ſoul do what ye can; for ſometimes he will come in ſtepping ſoftly, like one walking beſide a ſleepy perſon, and ſlip to the door, and let none know he was there. 2. Ye object, The truly regenerate ſhould love God for himſelf; and ye fear that ye love him more for his benefits

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(as incitements and motives to love him) than for himself, I answer, To love God for himself as the last end, and also for his benefits, as incitements and motives to love him, may stand well together; as a son loveth his mother, because she is his mother, howbeit she be poor; and he loveth her for an apple also. I hope ye will not say, that benefits are the only reason and bottom of your love; it seemeth there is a better foundation for it: always, if a hole be in it, sew it up shortly. 3. Ye feel not such mourning in Christ's absence as ye would. I answer, That the regenerate mourn at all times, and all in a like measure for his absence, I deny. There are different degrees of mourning, less or more, as they have less or more love to him, and less or more sense of his absence: But, 1. Some they must have. 2. Sometimes they miss not the Lord, and then they cannot mourn; howbeit, it is not long so; at least, it is not always so. 3. Ye challenge yourself, that some truths find more credit with you than others. Ye do well, for God is true in the least, as well as in the greatest, and he must be so to you; ye must not call him true in the one page of the leaf, and false in the other; for our Lord in all his writings never contradicted himself yet; although the best of the regenerate have slipped here, always labour ye to hold your feet. 4. Comparing the mind of one truly regenerate (whose heart is a temple of the Holy Ghost) and yours (which is full of uncleanness and corruption) ye stand dumb and discouraged, and dare not sometimes call Christ heartsomely your own. I answer, The best regenerate have their defilements, and (if I may speak so) their draff-poke, that will clog behind them all their days; and wash as they will, there will be filth in their bosom; but let not this put you from the well. 2. I answer, Albeit there be some ounce weights of carnality, and some squint look, or eye in our neck to an idol, yet love in its own measure may be found; for glory must purify and perfect our love, it will never till then be absolutely pure: yet if the idol reign, and have the yolk of the heart, and the keys of the house, and Christ only be made an underling to run errands, all is not right, therefore examine well. 3. There is a two-fold discouragement; one of unbelief, to conclude, and make doubt of the conclusion, for a mote in our eye, and a bye look to an idol; this is ill. There is another discouragement of sorrow for sin, when ye find a bye look to an idol; this is good, and matter of thanksgiving; therefore examine here also. 4. The assurance of Jesus his love, ye say, would be the most comfortable news that ever ye heard. Answer. That may stop twenty holes, and loose many objections that love hath telling in it, I trow. O that ye knew and felt (as I have done) I will not a share of my feast; sweet, sweet hath it been to me. If my Lord had not given me this love, I

would have fallen through the causeway of Aberdeen ere now? but for you, hing on, your feast is not far off; ye shall be filled ere ye go; there is as much in our Lord's pantry, as will satisfy all his bairns, and as much wine in his cellar as will quench all their thirst: hunger on, for there is meat in hunger for Christ: never go from him, but fash him (who yet is pleased with the importunity of hungry souls) with a dish full of hungry desires, till he fill you; and if he delay, yet come not ye away, albeit ye should fall aswoon at his feet. 6. Ye crave my mind, whether sound comfort may be found in prayer, when conviction of a known idol is present. I answer, An idol, as an idol, cannot stand with sound comforts; for that comfort that is gotten at Dagon's feet is a cheat or blesmne; yet sound comfort, and conviction of an eye to an idol, may as well dwell together as tears and joy; but let this do you no ill, I speak it for your encouragement, that ye may make the best out of your joys ye can, albeit you find them mixed with mutes. 2dly, Sole conviction, if alone, without remorse and grief, is not enough; therefore lend it a tear if ye do win at it. 7. Ye question, when ye win to more fervency sometimes with your neighbour in prayer, than when you're alone, whether hypocrisy be in it or not? I answer, if this be always, no question a spice of hypocrisy is in it, which would be taken heed to; but possibly desertion may be in private, and presence in public, and then the case is clear. 2. A fit of applause may occasion, by accident, a rubbing of a cold heart, and so heat and life may come; but it is not the proper cause of that heat; hence God of his free grace will ride his errands upon our stinking corruption; but corruption is but a mere occasion and accident, as the playing on a pipe removed anger from the prophet, and made him fitter to prophesy, 2 Kings iii. v. 15. 8. Ye complain of Christ's short visits, that he will not bear your company one night; but when ye ly down warm at one night, ye rise cold at morning. Answer, I cannot blame you (nor any other, who knoweth that sweet guest) to bemoan his withdrawings, and to be most desirous of his abode and company; for he would captivate and engage the affection of any creature that saw his face: since he looked on me, and gave me a sight of his fair love, he gained my heart wholly, and got away with it; well, well may he brook it; he shall keep it long, ere I fetch it from him. But I shall tell you what ye shall do: treat him well, give him the chair and the board-head, and make him welcome to the mean portion ye have; a good supper and kind entertainment maketh the guest love the inns the better: yet sometimes Christ has an errand elsewhere, for mere trial; and then, though ye give him king's cheer, he will away: as is clear in desertions for mere trial, and not for sin. 9. Ye seek the difference betwixt the

the motions of the spirit, in their least measure, and the natural joys of your own heart. Answer, as a man can tell, if he joy and delight in his wife, as his wife: or if he delight and joy in her for satisfaction of his lust, but hating her person, and so loving her for her flesh, and not grieving when ill befalleth her; so will a man's joy in God, and his whorish natural joy, be discovered: if he sorrow for any thing that may offend the Lord, it will speak the singleness of that love to him. 10. Ye ask the reason why sense overcometh faith. Answer, Because sense is more natural, and near of kin to our own selfish and soft nature. Ye ask, if faith in that case be found? Answer, if it be chased away, it is neither found nor unsound, because it is faith; but it might be, and was faith, before sense did blow out the act of believing. Lastly, Ye ask what to do, when promises are borne in upon you, and sense of impenitency, for sins of youth, hindereth application. I answer, if it be living sense, it may stand with application; and in this case, put to your hand and eat your meat in God's name: if false, so that the sins of youth are not repented of, then, as faith and impenitency cannot stand together, so neither that sense and application can consist. Brother, excuse my brevity, for time straitneth me, that I get not my mind said in these things, but must refer that to a new occasion, if God offer it. Brother, pray for me. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his dearest Lord Jesus*, S. R.

51. *To* JOHN STEWART. *Provost of Air, now in Ireland.*

*Much honoured Sir*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I long to hear from you, being now removed from my flock, and the prisoner of Christ at Aberdeen. I would not have you to think it strange, that journey to New-England hath gotten such a dash; it indeed hath made my heart heavy; yet I know it is no dumb providence, but a speaking one, whereby our Lord speaketh his mind to you, though for the present ye do not well understand what he saith: however it be, he who sitteth upon the floods, hath shewn you his marvellous kindness in the great depths. I know your loss is great, and your hope gone against you; but I intreat you, Sir, expound aright our Lord's laying all hinderances in the way. I perswade myself, your heart aimeth at the footsteps of the flock, to feed beside the shepherds tents, and to dwell beside Him whom your soul loveth; and that is your desire to remain in the wilderness, where the woman is kept from the dragon: and this being your desire, remember that a poor prisoner of Christ said it to you, that, that miscarried journey is with child to you of mercy and consolation; and

shall bring forth a fair birth, and the Lord shall be midwife to this fair birth: wait on then, for he that believeth maketh not haste, Isa. xxviii. 16. I hope, ye have been asking what the Lord gleaneth, and what further may be his will, in reference to your return. My dear brother, let God make of you what he will, he will end with all consolation, and shall make glory out of your sufferings; and would ye wish better work? This water was in your way to heaven, and written in your Lord's book, ye behoved to cross it; and therefore kiss his wise and unerring providence. Let not the censures of men, who see but the outside of things (and scarce well that) abate your courage and rejoicing in the Lord: howbeit your faith seeth but the black side of providence, yet it hath a better side, and God shall let you see it. Learn to believe Christ better than his strokes, himself and his promises better than his glooms: dashes and disappointments are not canonic scripture; fighting for the promised land, seemed to cry to God's promise, Thou liest. If our Lord ride upon a straw, his horse shall neither stumble nor fall, Rom. viii. 28. *For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God*; *ergo*, shipwreck, losses, &c. work together for the good of them that love God: hence I infer, that losses, disappointments, ill tongues, loss of friends, houses or country, are God's workmen, set on work to work out good to you, out of every thing that befalleth you. Let not the Lord's dealing seem harsh, rough, or unfatherly, because it is unpleasant; when the Lord's blessed will plougheth cross your desires, it is best, in humility, to strike sail to him, and to be willing to be led any way our Lord pleaseth. It is a point of denial of yourself, to be as if ye had not a will, but had made a free disposition of it to God, and had sold it over to him; and to make use of his will for your own, is both true holiness, and your ease and peace: ye know not what the Lord is working out of this, but ye shall know it hereafter. And what I write to you, I write to your wife; I compassionate her case, but intreat her not to fear or faint: this journey is a part of her wilderness to heaven, and the promised land, and there are fewer miles behind: it is nearer the dawning of the day to her, than when she went out of Scotland. I would be glad to hear that ye and she have comfort and courage in the Lord. Now as concerning your kirk: our service book is ordained, by open proclamation and sound of trumpet, to be read in all the kirks of this kingdom: our prelates are to meet this month for it and our canons, and for a reconciliation betwixt us and the Lutherans. The professors of Aberdeen university are charged to draw up the articles of an uniform confession; but reconciliation with Popery is intended: this is the day of Jacob's visitation: the ways of Zion mourn, our gold is become dim, the sun is gone down upon our pro-

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phets. A dry wind, but neither to fan nor cleanse, is coming upon this land; and all our ill is coming from the multiplied transgressions of this land, and from the friends and lovers of Babel amongst us, Jer. xxxl. 53. The violence done to me and my flesh be upon thee, Babylon, shall the inhabitants of Zion say, and my blood upon the inhabitants of Chaldea, shall Jerusalem say. Now for myself, I was three days before the high commission, and accused of treason preached against the king: a minister being witness, went well nigh to swear it; God hath saved me from their malice. 1st, They have deprived me of my ministry; 2dly, Silenced me, that I exercise no part of the ministerial function within this kingdom, under the pain of rebellion; 3dly, Confined my person within the town of Aberdeen, where I find the ministers working for my confinement in Caithness or Orkney, far from them; because some people here (willing to be edified) resort to me. At my first entry, I had heavy challenges within me, and a court fenced (but I hope, not in Christ's nature) wherein it was asserted, that my Lord would have no more of my service, and was tired of me: and like a fool, I summoned Christ also for unkindness; my soul fainted, and I refused comfort, and said, What aileth Christ at me? for I desired to be faithful in his house. Thus, in my rovings and mistakings, my Lord Jesus bestowed mercy on me, who am less than the least of all saints. I lay upon the dust, and bought a plea from Satan against Christ, and he was content to sell it; but at length Christ did shew himself friends with me, and in mercy pardoned and past my part of it, and only complained that a court should be holden in his bounds, without his own allowance. Now I pass from my compearance; and, as if Christ had done the fault, he hath made the mends, and returned to my soul; so that now his poor prisoner feedeth on the feasts of love. My adversaries know not what a courtier I am now with my royal King, for whose crown I now suffer: it is but our soft and lazy flesh that hath raised an ill report of the cross of Christ; O sweet, sweet is his yoke! Christ's chains are of pure gold; sufferings for him are perfumed: I would not give my weeping for the laughing of all the fourteen prelates, I would not exchange my sadness for the world's joy. O lovely, lovely Jesus, how sweet must thy kisses be, when thy cross smelleth so sweetly! O if all the three kingdoms had part of my love-feast, and of the comfort of a dawted prisoner! Dear brother, I charge you to praise for me, and seek help of our acquaintance there, to help me to praise. Why should I smother Christ's honesty to me? My heart is taken up with this, that my silence and sufferings may preach. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, to help me to praise. Remember my love to your wife, to Mr. Blair, and Mr. Livingston, and Mr. Cuuningham.

Let me hear from you, for I am anxious what to do: if I saw a call for New-England, I would follow it. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in our Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 52. *To* JOHN STEWART *Provost of Air.*

*Much honoured and dearest in Christ*,

GRACE, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ, be upon you. I expected the comfort of a letter to a prisoner from you, ere now. I am here Sir, putting off a part of my inch of time; and when I awake first in the morning (which is always with great heaviness and sadness), this question is brought to my mind; Am I serving God or not? Not that I doubt of the truth of this honourable cause, wherein I am engaged (I dare venture into eternity, and before my judge, that I now suffer for the truth: because that I cannot endure that my master, who is a free born King, should pay tribute to any of the shields or pot-sheards of the earth. Oh that I could hold the crown upon my princely King's head with my sinful arm; howbeit it should be struck from me in that service from the shoulder blade!), but my closed mouth, my dumb sabbaths, the memory of my communion with Christ, in many fair, fair days in Anwoth (whereas now my master getteth no service of my tongue as then), hath almost broken my faith in two halves: yet in my deepest apprehensions of his anger, I see through a cloud that I am wrong; and he, in love to my soul, hath taken up the controversy betwixt faith and apprehensions, and a decreet is past on God's side of it, and I subscribe the decreet. The Lord it equal in his ways, but my guiltiness often mastereth my believing. I have not been well known; for, except as to open out-breakings, I want nothing of what Judas and Cain had; only he hath been pleased to prevent me in mercy, and to cast me into a fever of love for himself, and his absence maketh my fever most painful: and beside, he hath visited my soul and watered it with his comforts: but yet I have not what I would, the want of real and felt possession is my only death; I know Christ pitieth me in this. The great men my friends, that did for me, are dried up, like winter brooks of water; all say, No dealing for that man; his best will be, to be gone out of the kingdom. So I see they tire of me; but, believe me, I am most gladly content that Christ breaketh all my idols in pieces: it hath put a new edge upon my blunted love to Christ; I see he is jealous of my love, and will have all to himself. In a word, these six things are my burden; 1. I am not in the vineyard as others are, it may be, because Christ thinketh me a withered tree, not worth its room; but God forbid. 2. Wo, wo, wo is coming upon my harlot mother,

mother, this apostate kirk: the time is coming, when we shall wish for doves wings, to fly and hide us; Oh for the desolation of this land! 3. I see my dear master, Christ, going his alone (as it were) mourning in sackcloth: his fainting friends fear that King Jesus shall lose the field; but he must carry the day. 4. My guiltiness and the sins of my youth are come up against me, and they would come in the plea in my sufferings, as deserving causes in God's justice; but I pray God, for Christ's sake, he never give them that room. Wo's me that I cannot get my royal, dreadful, mighty, and glorious prince of the kings of the earth set on high. Sir, ye may help me and pity me in this, and bow your knee, and bless his name, and desire others to do it, that he hath been pleased in my sufferings to make Atheists, Papists, and enemies about me, say, It is like, God is with this prisoner. Let hell and the powers of hell (I care not) be let loose against me to do their worst, so being Christ, and my Father and his Father be magnified in my sufferings. 6. Christ's love hath pained me; for howbeit his presence hath shamed me, and drowned me in debt, yet he often goeth away when my love to him is burning; he seemeth to look like a proud wooer, who will not look upon a poor match, who is dying of love: I will not say he is lordly; but I know he is wise, in hiding himself from a child and a fool, who maketh an idol and a God of one of Christ's kisses, which is idolatry. I fear I adore his comforts more than himself, and that I love the apples of life better than the tree of life. Sir, write to me: commend me to your wife, mercy be her portion. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his dearest Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 53. To JOHN STEWART *Provost of Air.*

*Worthy and dearly beloved in our Lord*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I was refreshed and comforted with your letter: what I wrote you for your comfort, I do not remember; but I believe, love will prophesy home-ward, as it would have it. I wish I could help you to praise his great and holy name, who keepeth the feet of his saints, and hath numbered all your goings. I know our dearest Lord will pardon and pass by our honest errors and mistakes, when we mind his honour; yet I know, none of you have seen the other half and the hidden side of your wonderful return home to us again. I am confident ye shall yet say, That God's mercy blew your sails back to Ireland again. Worthy and dear Sir, I cannot but give you an account of my present estate, that ye may go an errand for me to my high and royal Master, of whom I boast all the day. I am as proud of his love, (nay I bless myself, and boast more of my present lot) as any poor man can be

of

of an earthly king's court or of a kingdom. Firſt I am very often turning both the ſides of my croſs, eſpecially my dumb and ſilent ſabbaths; not becauſe I deſire to find a croſs or defect in my Lord's love, but becauſe love is ſick with fancies, and fear: whether or not the Lord hath a proceſs leading againſt my guiltineſs, that I have not yet well ſeen, I know not; my deſire is to ride fair, and not to ſpark dirt (if, with reverence to him, I may be permitted to make uſe of ſuch a word) in the face of my only Well-beloved; but fear of guiltineſs is a tale-bearer betwixt me and Chriſt, and is ſtill whiſpering ill tales of my Lord, to weaken my faith: I had rather a cloud went over my comforts by theſe meſſages, than that my faith ſhould be hurt; for, if my Lord get no wrong by me, verily I deſire grace, not to care what become of me. I deſire to give no faith, nor credit to my ſorrow, that can make a lie of my friend Chriſt; wo, wo be to them all, who ſpeak ill of Chriſt. Hence theſe thoughts awake with me in the morning, and go to bed with me; Oh what ſervice can a dumb body do in Chriſt's houſe! Oh I think the word of God is impriſoned alſo! Oh I am a dry tree! Alas I can neither plant, nor water! Oh if my Lord would would make but dung for me to fatten and make fertile his own corn ridges in mount Zion! Oh if I might but ſpeak to three or four herd-boys, of my worthy Maſter, I would be ſatisfied to be the meaneſt and moſt obſcure of all the paſtors of this land, and live in any place, in any of Chriſt's baſeſt out-houſes! but he ſaith, Sirra, I will not ſend you, I have no errands for you there away: my deſire to ſerve him is ſick of jealouſy, leſt he be unwilling to employ me. Secondly, This is ſeconded with another; Oh, what have I done in Anwoth? the fair work that my Maſter began there, is like a bird dying in the ſhell; and what will I then have to ſhew of all my labour, in the day of my compearance before him, when the maſter of the vineyard calleth the labourers, and giveth them their hire? Thirdly, But truly, when Chriſt's ſweet wind is in the right airth, I repent, and I pray Chriſt to take law-burroughs of my quarrelous and unbelieving ſadneſs and ſorrow, Lord rebuke them that put ill betwixt a poor ſervant like me, and his good maſter: then I ſay, whether the black croſs will or not, I muſt climb on hands and feet up to my Lord. I am now rueing from my heart, that I pleaſured the law (my old dead huſband) ſo far as to apprehend wrath in my ſweet Lord Jeſus; I had far rather take an hire to plead for the grace of God, for I think myſelf Chriſt's ſworn debtor. And the truth is, to ſpeak of my Lord what I cannot deny, I am over head and ears drowned in many obligations to his love and mercy; he handleth me ſometimes ſo, that I am aſhamed almoſt to ſeek more for a four-hours, but to live content, till the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb, with that which he

He giveth: but I know not how greedy, and how ill to please love is; for either my Lord Jesus hath taught me ill manners, not to be content with a seat, except my head ly in his bosom, and except I be fed with the fatness of his house; or else I am grown impatiently dainty, and ill to please, as if Christ were obliged, under this cross, to do no other thing but bear me in his arms, and as if I had claim by his merit for my suffering for him: but I wish he could give me grace to learn to go on my own feet, and to learn to want his comforts, and to give thanks and believe, when the sun is not in my firmament, and when my Well-beloved is from home, and gone another errand. O what sweet peace have I, when I find Christ holdeth and I draw, when I climb up and he shutteth me down, when I grip him and embrace him, and he seemeth to loose the grips, and flee away from me! I think there is even a sweet joy of faith and contentedness and peace, in his very tempting unkindness, because my faith saith, Christ is not in sad earnest with me, but trying if I can be kind to his mask and cloud that covereth him, as well as to his fair face. I bless his great name, that I love his vail that goeth over his face, while God send better: for faith can kiss God's tempting reproaches when he nick-nameth a sinner, a dog, not worthy to eat bread with the bairns. I think it honour that Christ miscalleth me, and reproacheth me: I will take that well of him, howbeit I would not bear it well, if another would be that homely; but because I am his own (God be thanked) he may use me as he pleaseth: I must say, the saints have a sweet life betwixt them and Christ; there is much sweet solace of love betwixt him and them, when he feedeth among the lilies, and cometh into his garden, and maketh a feast of honey-combs, and drinketh his wine and his milk, and crieth, Eat, O friends, drink, be ye drunken, O Well-beloved. One hour of this labour is worth a ship-full of world's drunken and muddy joy; nay, even the gate of heaven is the sunny side of the brae, and the very garden of the world; for the men of this world have their own unchristened and profane crosses: and wo be to them and their cursed crosses both; for their ills are salted with God's vengeance, and our ills seasoned with our Father's blessing: so they are no fools who chuse Christ, and sell all things for him; it is no bairns market, nor a blind block; we know well what we get and what we give. Now, for any resolution to go to any other kingdom, I dare not speak one word: my hopes of enlargement are cold, my hopes of my re-entry to my master's ill-dressed vineyard again are far colder: I have no seat for my faith to sit on but bare omnipotency, and God's holy arm and good-will; here I desire to stay, and ride at anchor, and winter, while God send fair weather again, and be pleased to take home to his house my harlot-mother: Oh, if her husband

would be that kind, as to go and fetch her out of the brothel-house, and chase her lovers to the hills! but there will be sad days ere it come to that. Remember my bonds. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in our Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 54. *To the Lady* BUSBIE.

*Mistress*,

ALTHOUGH not acquaint, yet because we are Father's children, I thought good to write unto you: howbeit my first discourse and communing with you of Christ, be in paper; yet I have cause since I came hither, to have no paper thoughts of him; for in my sad days he is become the flower of my joys, and I but ly here living upon his love; but cannot get so much of it as fain I would have; not because Christ's love is lordly, and looketh too high; but because I have a narrow vessel to receive his love, and I look too low: but I give under my own hand-write to your testimonial of Christ and his cross, that they are a sweet couple, and that Christ hath never yet been set in his own due chair of honour amongst us all. Oh, I know not where to set him! O for a high seat to that royal princely One! O that my poor withered soul had once a running-over flood of that love to put sap in my dry root, and that that flood would spring out to the tongue and pen, to utter great things to the high and due commendation of such a fair One! O holy, holy, holy One! Alas, there are too many dumb tongues in the world, and dry hearts, seeing there is employment in Christ for them all, and ten thousand worlds of men and angels more, to set on high, and exalt the greatest Prince of the kings of the earth. Woes me, that bits of living clay dare come out, to rush hard-heads with him; and that my unkind mother, this harlot-kirk, hath given her sweet half-marrow such a meeting; for this land hath given up with Christ, and the Lord is cutting Scotland in two halves, and sending the worst half, the harlot sister, over to Rome's brothel-house, to get her fill of Egypt's love. I would my sufferings (nay, suppose I were burnt quick to ashes) might buy an agreement betwixt his fairest and sweetest love, and his gaudy lewd wife; fain would I give Christ his welcome home to Scotland again, if he would return. This is a black day, a day of clouds and darkness; for the roof-tree of my Lord Jesus his fair temple is fallen, and Christ's back is toward Scotland. O thrice blessed are they who hold Christ with their tears and prayers! I know we will help to deal with him, for he shall return again to this land: the next day shall be Christ's, and there shall be a fair green young garden for Christ in this land, and God's summer-dew shall ly on it all the night, and we shall sing again our new

marriage-

marriage-song to our Bridegroom, concerning his vineyard: but who knoweth whether we shall live and see it? I hear the Lord hath taken pains to afflict and dress you, as a fruitful vine for himself; grow and be green, and cast out your branches, and bring forth fruit: fat and green and fruitful may ye be, in the true and sappy root. Grace, grace, free grace be your portion. Remember my bonds with prayers and praises,

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 55. *To* NINIAN MURE.

*Loving Friend*,

I Received your letter: I intreat you, now in the morning of your life, seek the Lord and his face: beware of the folly of dangerous youth, a perilous time for your soul: love not the world; keep faith and truth with all men, in your covenants and bargains; walk with God, for he seeth you: do nothing but that which ye may and would do, if your eye-strings were breaking, and your breath growing cold. Ye heard the truth of God from me; my dear heart, follow it, and forsake it not; prize Christ and salvation above all the world: to live after the guise and course of the rest of the world, will not bring you to heaven; without faith in Christ, and repentance, ye cannot see God: take pains for salvation; press forward toward the mark for the prize of the high calling; if ye watch not against evils night and day, which beset you, ye will come behind: beware of lying, swearing, uncleanness, and the rest of the works of the flesh; because for these things the wrath of God cometh upon the children of disobedience: how sweet soever they may seem for the present, yet the end of these courses is the eternal wrath of God, and utter darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth. Grace be with you,

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your loving pastor*, S. R.

## 56. *To Mr.* THOMAS CARVEN.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I am sorry that what joy and sorrow drew forth my imprisoned pen, in my love-fits, hath made you and many of God's children believe, that there is something in a broken reed the like of me: except that Christ's grace hath bought such a sold body, I know not what else any may think of me, or expect from me. My flock is less (my Lord knoweth I speak truth) than many believe; my empty sounds have promised too much: I would be glad to ly under Christ's feet, and keep and receive the off fallings, or any old pieces of any grace, that fall from his sweet

fingers to forlorn sinners. I ly often uncouth like, looking in at the King's windows; surely I am unworthy of a seat in the King's hall floor: I but often look afar off, both feared and framed-like, to that faireſt face, fearing he bid me look away from him; my guiltineſs riſeth up upon me, and I have no answer for it. I offered my tongue to Chriſt, and my pains in his houſe; and what know I what it meaneth, when Chriſt will not receive my poor propine? When love will not take, we expone, it will neither take nor give, borrow nor lend. Yet Chriſt hath another ſea-compaſs he faileth by, than my ſhort and raw thoughts: I leave his part of it to himſelf. I dare not expound his dealing, as ſorrow and miſbelief often dictateth to me: I look often with my bleared and blind eyes to my Lord's croſs; and when I look to the wrong ſide of his croſs, I know I miſs a ſtep and I ſlide: ſurely I ſee I have not legs of my own for carrying me to heaven; I muſt go in at heaven's gates, borrowing ſtrength from Chriſt. I am often thinking, O if he would but give me leave to love him, and if Chriſt would but open up his wares, and the infinite plies and windings and corners of his ſoul-delighting love, and let me ſee it, like an hungry man beſide meat, to get my fill of wondring, as a preface to my fill of enjoying! But verily, I think my foul eyes would defile his fair love to look at it; either my hunger is over humble, (if that man be ſaid) or elſe I conſider not what honour it is to get leave to love Chriſt. O that he would pity a priſoner, and let out a flood upon the dry ground! It is nothing to him to fill the like of me; one of his looks would do me meikle world's good, and him no ill: I know I am not at a point yet with Chriſt's love, I am not yet fitted for ſo much as I would have of it; my hope ſitteth neighbour with meikle black hunger: and certainly I do not but think, there is more of that love ordained for me than I yet comprehend; and I know not the weight of the penſion the king will give me; I ſhall be glad, if my hungry bill get leave to ly beſide Chriſt, waiting on an anſwer. Now I would be fain and rejoice if I got a poor man's alms of that ſweeteſt love: but I conſidently believe there is a bed made for Chriſt and me, and that we ſhall take our fill of love in it; and I often think when my joy is run out, and at the loweſt ebb, that I would ſeek no more, but my nights paſt the King's great ſeal, and that theſe eyes of mine could ſee Chriſt's hand at the pen. If your Lord call you to ſuffering be not diſmayed, there ſhall be a new allowance of the king for you when ye come to it: one of the ſofteſt pillows Chriſt hath is laid under his witneſſes head, tho' often they muſt ſet down their bare feet among thorns. He hath brought my poor ſoul to deſire and wiſh, O that my aſhes, and the powder I ſhall be diſſolved into, had well tuned tongues to praiſe him. Thus in haſte, deſiring your prayers and praiſes,

I re-

I recommend you to my sweet, sweet master, my honourable Lord, of whom I hold all. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen,* 1637. *Your own in his only Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 57. *To* JANE BROWN.

*Mistress,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am glad that ye go on at Christ's back, in this dark and cloudy time; it were good to sell other things for him; for when all these days are over, we shall find it our advantage, that we have taken part with Christ. I confidently believe, his enemies shall be his footstool, and that he shall make green flowers dead withered hay, when the honour and glory shall fall off them, like the bloom or flower of a green herb shaken with the wind. It were not wisdom for us to think that Christ and the gospel will come and sit down at our fire-side; nay, but we must go out of our warm houses, and seek Christ and his gospel; it is not the sunny side of Christ that we must look to, and we must not forsake him for want of that; but must set our face against what may befall us, in following on, till he and we be through the briars and bushes on the dry ground. Our soft nature would be born through the troubles of this miserable life, in Christ's arms; and it is his wisdom who knoweth our mould, that his bairns go wet-shod and cold-footed to heaven. O how sweet a thing were it for us to learn to make our burdens light, by framing our hearts to the burden, and making our Lord's will a law! I find Christ and his cross not so ill to please, nor yet such troublesome guests as men call them; nay, I think patience should make Christ's water good wine, and this dross good metal: and and we have cause to wait on; for, ere it be long, our Master will be at us, and bring this whole world out before the sun and day-light in their blacks and whites. Happy are they who are found watching: our sand-glass is not so long as we need to weary; time will eat away and root out our woes and sorrow; our heaven is in the bud, and growing up to an harvest; why then should we not follow on, seeing our span-length of time will come to an inch? Therefore I commend Christ to you as your last living, and longest living husband, and the staff of your old age; let him have now the rest of your days: and think not much of a storm upon the ship that Christ saileth in; there shall no passenger fall over-board, but the crazed ship and the sea sick passengers shall come to land safe. I am in as sweet communion with Christ as a poor sinner can be; and am only pained that he hath much beauty and fairness, and I little love; he great power and mercy, and I little faith; he much light, and I bleared eyes. O that I saw him in the sweetness of his love,

and

and in his marriage cloaths, and were over head and ears with that princely one Christ Jesus my Lord! Alas, my riven dish, and running out vessel can hold little of Christ Jesus. I have joy in this, that I would not refuse death, before I put Christ's lawful heritage in men's trysting; and what know I, if they would have pleased both Christ and me? Alas, that this land hath put Christ to open rouping, and to an Any man more bids! Blessed are they who would hold the crown on his head, and buy Christ's honour with their own losses. I rejoice to hear your son John is coming to visit Christ, and taste of his love: I hope he shall not lose his pains, or rue of that choice. I had always (as I said often to you) a great love to dear Mr. John Brown, because I thought I saw Christ in him more than in his brethren: fain would I write to him, to stand by my sweet Master; and I wish ye would let him read my letter, and the joy I have, if he will appear for, and side with my Lord Jesus. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen, March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 58. *To* JANE MACMILLAN.

*Loving sister,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I cannot come to you, to give you my counsel; and howbeit I would come, I cannot stay with you: but I beseech you to keep Christ, for I did what I could to put you within grips of him; I told you Christ's testament and latter-will plainly, and I kept nothing back that my Lord gave me; and I gave Christ to you with good will: I pray you make him your own, and go not from that truth I taught you, in one hair-breadth; that truth shall save you if ye follow it. Salvation is not an easy thing and soon gotten; I often told you few are saved and many damned; I pray you make your poor soul sure of salvation, and make the seeking of heaven your daily task. If ye never had a sick night and a pained soul for sin, ye have not yet lighted upon Christ; look to the right marks of having closed with Christ; if ye love him better than the world, and would quit all the world for him, then that saith the work is sound. O if ye saw the beauty of Jesus, and felt the smell of his love, you would run thro fire and water to be at him! God send you him. Pray for me, for I cannot forget you. Grace be with you,

*Aberdeen.* 1637. *Your loving Pastor,* S. R.

## 59. *To the Lady* BUSBIE.

*Mistress,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am glad to hear that Christ and ye are one, and that ye have made him your

one

ne thing; where many are painful, toiled in ſeeking many hings, and their many things are nothing. It is only beſt, ye et yourſelf apart, as a thing laid up and out of the gait, or Chriſt alone; for ye are good for no other thing but Chriſt; nd he's been going about you theſe many years, by afflictions, o engage you to himſelf; it were a pity and a loſs to ſay him nay. Verily I could wiſh that I could ſwim through hell, and ll the ill weather in the world, and Chriſt in my arms; but it s my evil and folly, that except Chriſt come unſent for, I do not go to ſeek him; when he and I fall in reckoning, we are oth behind, he in payment, and I in counting; and ſo marches y ſtill unrid, and counts uncleared betwixt us. O that he would take his own blood for counts and miſcounts, that I might e a free man, and none had any claim to me but only, only Je- us. I will think it no bondage to be rouped, compriſed and poſſeſſed by Chriſt, as his bond-man. Think well of the viſi- ations of your Lord: for I find one thing, I ſaw not well before, that when the ſaints are under trials, and well humbled, ittle ſins raiſe great cries and war ſhouts in the conſcience; and n proſperity, conſcience is a Pope, to give diſpenſations, and et out and in, and give latitude and elbow-room to our heart. O how little care we for pardon at Chriſt's hand, when we make diſpenſations! and all is but bairns play, till a croſs without be- get an heavier croſs within, and then we play no longer with our idols. It is good ſtill to be ſevere againſt ourſelves; for we but transform God's mercy into an idol, and an idol that hath a diſpenſation to give, for turning of the grace of God into wan- tonneſs. Happy are they, who take up God, wrath, juſtice, and ſin, as they are in themſelves: for we have miſcarrying light, that parted with child, when we have good reſolutions: but, God be thanked, that ſalvation is not rolled upon our wheels. O but Chriſt hath a ſaving eye! Salvation is in his eye lids; when he firſt looked on me, I was ſaved; it coſt him but a look, to make hell quit of me: O merits, free merits, and the dear blood of God, was the beſt gait that ever we could have gotten of hell! O what a ſweet, O what a ſafe and ſure way is it, to come out of hell, leaning on a Saviour! That Chriſt and a ſinner ſhould be one, and have heaven betwixt them, and be halvers of ſalvation, is the wonder of ſalvation. What more humble could love be? and what an excellent ſmell doth Chriſt caſt on his lower garden, where there grow but wild flowers, if we ſpeak by way of compariſon; but there is nothing but perfect garden flowers in heaven, and the beſt plenilhing that is there is Chriſt. We are all obliged to love heaven for Chriſt's ſake; he graceth heaven, and all his Father's houſe with his preſence: he is a Roſe that beautifieth all the upper garden of God; a leaf of that Roſe of God for ſmell is worth a world:

O that

O that he would blow his ſmell upon a withered and dead ſoul! let us then go on to meet with him, and to be filled with the ſweetneſs of his love. Nothing will hold him from us; he hath decreed to put time, ſin, hell, devils, men and death out of the way, and to rid the rough way betwixt us and him, that we may enjoy one another. It is ſtrange and wonderful, that he would think long in heaven without us, and that he would have the company of ſinners to ſolace and delight himſelf withal in heaven; and now the ſupper is abiding us; Chriſt the Bridegroom with deſire is waiting on, till the Bride, the Lamb's wife, be buſked for the marriage, and the great hall be rid for the meeting of that joyful couple. O fools, what do we here? and why ſit we ſtill? why ſleep we in the priſon? were it not beſt to make us wings, to flee up to our bleſſed match, our marrow, and our fellow friends? I think, Miſtreſs, ye are looking thereaway, and this is your ſecond or third thought; make forward, your guide waiteth on you. I cannot but bleſs you for your care and kindneſs to the ſaints. God give you to find mercy in that day of our Lord Jeſus, to whoſe ſaving grace I recommend you,

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in our Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 60. *To* WILLIAM RIGG *of Athernie.*

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

YOUR letter, full of complaints, bemoaning your guiltineſs, hath humbled me; but give me leave to ſay, Ye ſeem too far upon the law's ſide; ye will not gain much to be the law's advocate; I thought ye had not been the law's, but grace's man; nevertheleſs, I am ſure ye deſire to take God's part againſt yourſelf; whatever your guiltineſs be, yet when it falleth into the ſea of God's mercy, it is but like a drop of blood fallen in the great ocean. There is nothing here to be done, but let Chriſt's doom light on the old man, and let him bear his condemnation, ſeeing in Chriſt he was condemned; for the law hath but power over your worſt half: let the blame therefore ly where the blame ſhould be; and let the new man be ſure to ſay, I am comely as the tents of Kedar, howbeit I be black and ſun burnt, by ſitting neighbour beſide a body of ſin. I ſeek no more here but room for grace's defence, and Chriſt's white throne, whereto a ſinner, condemned by the law, may appeal: but the uſe that I make of it is, I am ſorry that I am not ſo tender and thin-ſkinned, though I am ſure Chriſt may find employment for his calling in me, if in any living, ſeeing from my youth upward I have been making up the blackeſt proceſs that any miniſter in the world, or any other, can anſwer to; and when I had done this, I painted a providence of my own, and wrote

wrote ease for myself, and a peaceable ministry, and the sun shining on me, till I should be in at heaven's gates; such green and raw thoughts had I of God! I thought also of a sleeping devil that would pass by the like of me, lying in muirs and out fields; so I begged the gouk's nest, and dreamed of dying at ease, and living in a fool's paradise: but since I came hither, I am often so, as that they would have much rhetoric that would persuade me, that Christ hath not written wrath on my dumb and silent sabbaths: (which is a persecution of the latest edition, being used against none in this land, that I can learn of, besides me) and often I lie under a non-entry, and would gladly sell all my joys to be confirmed King Jesus's free tenant, and to have sealed assurances; but I see often blank papers. And my greatest desires are these two. 1. That Christ would take me in hand to cure me, and undertake for a sick man: I know I should not die under his hand; and yet in this, while I still doubt, I believe, through a cloud, that sorrow which hath no eyes hath put a veil on Christ's love. 2. It pleaseth him often since I came hither, to come with some short blinks of his sweet love; and then, because I have none to help me to praise his love, and can do him no service in my own person, (as I thought once I did in his temple) I die with wishes and desire to take up house, and dwell at the well-side, and to have him praised and set on high: but, alas! what can the like of me do, to get a good name raised upon my Well-beloved Lord Jesus, suppose I could desire to be suspended for ever of my part of heaven, for his glory? I am sure if I could get my will of Christ's love, and could be once over head and ears in the believed, apprehended, and seen love of the Son of God, it were the fulfilling of the desires of the only happiness I would be at. But the truth is, I hinder my communion with him, because of want of both faith and repentance, and because I will make an idol of Christ's kisses: I will neither lead nor drive, except I see Christ's love run in my channel; and when I wait and look for him the upper way, I see his wisdom is pleased to play me a slip, and come the lower way: so that I have no the right art of guiding Christ; for there is art and wisdom required in guiding of Christ's love right when we have gotten it. O how far are his ways above mine! O how little of him do I see! And when I am as dry as a burnt heath in a drouthy summer, and when my root is withered, howbeit I think then, that I would drink a sea-ful of Christ, ere ever I would let the cup go from my head; yet I get nothing but delays, as if he would make hunger my daily food: I think myself also hungered of hunger; the rich Lord Jesus satisfy a famished man. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 10. *Your own in his sweet*
1637. *Lord Jesus*, S. R.

61. *To his worthy and much honoured friend* FULK ELIES.

*Worthy and much honoured in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad of our more than paper-acquaintance: ſeeing we have one Father, it reckoneth the leſs though we never ſaw one another's face. I profeſs myſelf moſt unworthy to follow the camp of ſuch a worthy and renowned captain as Chriſt. Oh alas! I have cauſe to be grieved, that men expect any thing of ſuch a wretched man as I am: It is a wonder to me, if Chriſt can make any thing of my naughty, ſhort and narrow love to him; ſurely it is not worth the up-taking. 2. As for our lovely and beloved church in Ireland, my heart bleedeth for her deſolation; but I believe our Lord is only lopping the vine trees, but not intending to cut them down, or root them out. It is true, ſeeing we are heart-atheiſts by nature, and cannot take providence aright, (becauſe we halt and crook, ever ſince we fell) we dream of an halting providence as if God's yard, whereby he meaſureth joy and ſorrow to the ſons of men, were crooked and unjuſt, becauſe ſervants are on horſeback, and princes go on foot: but our Lord dealeth good and evil, and ſome one portion or other to both, by ounce-weights; and meaſureth them in a juſt and even balance. It is but folly to meaſure the goſpel by ſummer or winter weather: the ſummer ſun of the ſaints ſhineth not on them in this life. How ſhould we have complained, if the Lord had turned the ſame providence that we now ſtomach at, upſide down, and had ordered matters thus, that firſt the ſaints ſhould have enjoyed heaven, glory, and eaſe, and then Methuſalem's days of ſorrow and daily miſeries? We would think a ſhort heaven no heaven; certainly his way is paſt finding out. 3. Ye complain of the evil of heart-atheiſm; but it is to a greater atheiſt than any man can be, that ye write that of: Oh, light findeth not that reverence and fear as a plant of God's ſetting ſhould find in our ſoul! How do we by nature, as others, detain and captivate the truth of God in unrighteouſneſs, and ſo make God's light a bound priſoner? and even when the priſoner breaketh the jail, and cometh out, in belief of a godhead, and in ſome practice of holy obedience, how often do we, of new, lay hands on the priſoner, and put our light again in fetters? Certainly there cometh a great miſt and clouds from the lower part of our ſoul, our earthly affections, to the higher part, which is our conſcience, either natural or renewed; a ſmoke in a lower houſe breaketh up, and defileth the houſe above: if we had more practice of obedience we ſhould have more ſound light. I think, lay aſide all other guiltineſs, this one, the violence done to God's candle in our ſoul, were a ſufficient dittay againſt us; for there is no helping of this but by

ſtriving

ſtriving to ſtand in awe of God's light; leſt light tell tales of us, we deſire little to hear: but ſince it is not without God, that light ſitteth neighbour to will, (a lawleſs lord) no marvel that ſuch a neighbour ſhould leaven our judgment, and darken our light. I ſee there is a neceſſity that we proteſt againſt the doings of the old man, and raiſe up a party againſt our worſt half to accuſe, condemn, ſentence, and with ſorrow bemoan the dominion of ſin's kingdom; and withal, make law, in the new covenant, againſt our guiltineſs; for Chriſt once condemned ſin in the fleſh, and we are to condemn it over again: and if there had not been ſuch a thing as the grace of Jeſus, I ſhould have long ſince given up with heaven, and with the expectation to ſee God: but grace, grace, free grace, the merits of Chriſt for nothing, white and fair, and large Saviour mercy (which is another ſort of thing than creatures, mercy, or law mercy, yea, a thouſand degrees above angel-mercy) hath been, and muſt be, the rock that we, drowned ſouls, muſt ſwim to. New waſhing, renewed application of purchaſed redemption, by that ſacred blood that ſealeth the free covenant, is a thing of daily and hourly uſe to a poor ſinner. Till we be in heaven our iſſue of blood will not be quite dried up; and therefore we muſt reſolve to apply peace to our ſouls from the new and living way; and Jeſus, who cleanſeth and cureth the leprous ſoul, lovely Jeſus, muſt be our ſong on this ſide of heaven's gates; and even when we have won the caſtle, then muſt we eternally ſing, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, who hath ſaved us, and waſhed us in his own blood. I would counſel all the ranſomed ones to learn this ſong, and to drink and be drunk with the love of Jeſus. O faireſt, O higheſt, O lovelieſt one, open the well! O water the burnt and withered travellers with this love of thine! I think it is poſſible on earth to build a young new Jeruſalem, a little new heaven of this ſurpaſſing love. God, either ſend me more of this love or take me quickly over the water, where I may be filled with his love: my ſoftneſs cannot take with want; I profeſs, I bear not hunger of Chriſt's love, fair: I know not if I play foul play with Chriſt, but I would have a link of that chain of his providence mended, in pining and delaying the hungry on-waiters. For myſelf, I could with that Chriſt would let out upon me more of that love; yet to ſay Chriſt is a niggard to me, I dare not; and if I ſay, I have abundance of his love, I ſhould lie: I am half ſtraitned to complain, and cry, Lord Jeſus, hold thy hand no longer. Worthy Sir, let me have your prayers in my bonds. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. 1637.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* R. S.

## 62. *To* JAMES LINDSAY.

*Dear brother,*

THE conſtant and daily obſerving of God's going alongſt with you, in his coming, going, ebbing, flowing, embracing and kiſſing, glooming and ſtriking, giveth me (a witleſs and lazy obſerver of the Lord's way and working) an heavy ſtroke: could I keep ſight of him, and know when I want, and carry as became me in that condition, I would bleſs my caſe. But, 1. For deſertions, I think them like lying lee of lean and weak land for ſome years, while it gather ſap for a better crop. It is poſſible to gather gold, where it may be had, with moon light. Oh, if I could but creep one foot, or half a foot, nearer into Jeſus in ſuch a diſmal night as that, when he is away! I ſhould think it an happy abſence. 2. If I knew the Beloved were only gone away for trial, and for further humiliation, and not ſmoked out of the houſe with new provocations, I would forgive deſertions, and hold my peace at his abſence; but Chriſt's bought abſence (that I bought with my ſin) is two running boils at once, one upon either ſide; and what ſide then can I lay on? 3. I know, as night and ſhadows are good for flowers, and moon light and dews are beter than a continual ſun; ſo is Chriſt's abſence of ſpecial uſe, and it hath ſome nouriſhing virtue in it, and giveth ſap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furniſheth a fair field to faith to put forth itſelf, and to exerciſe its fingers in gripping it ſeeth not what. 4. It is mercy's wonder and grace's wonder, that Chriſt will lend a piece of the lodging, and a back-chamber beſide himſelf, to our luſts; and that he and ſuch ſwine ſhould keep houſe together in our ſoul: for ſuppoſe they couch and contract themſelves into little room when Chriſt cometh in, and ſeem to ly as dead under his feet, yet they often break out again; and that a foot of the old man, or a leg or arm nailed to Chriſt's croſs, looſeth the nail, or breaketh out again; and yet Chriſt, beſide this unruly and miſnurtered neighbour, can ſtill be making heaven in the ſaints one way or other. May not I ſay, Lord Jeſus, what doſt thou here? Yet here he muſt be; but I will not loſe my feet to go on into this depth and wonder; for free mercy, and infinite merits, took a lodging to Chriſt and us, beſide ſuch a lothſome gueſt as ſin. 5. Sanctification, and mortification of our luſts are the hardeſt part of Chriſtianity. It is, in a manner, as natural to us to leap when we ſee the New Jeruſalem, as to laugh when we are tickled: joy is not under command, or at our nod when Chriſt kiſſeth; but O how many of us would have Chriſt divided in two halves, that we might take the half of him only and take his office, Jeſus and ſalvation! but Lord is a cumberſome word, and to obey, and work out our own ſalvation, and

to

to perfect holineſs, is the cumberſome and ſtormy northſide of Chriſt, and that we ſhew and ſhift. 6th. For your queſtion, The acceſs that reprobates have to Chriſt (which is none at all, for to the Father in Chriſt neither can they, nor will they come, becauſe Chriſt died not for them; and yet by law, God and juſtice overtaketh them) I ſay, firſt, There are with you more worthy and learned than I am, Meſſrs. Dickſon, Blair, and Hamilton, who can more fully ſatisfy you; but I ſhall ſpeak in brief what I think of it, in theſe aſſertions. Firſt, All God's juſtice toward man and angels floweth from an act of abſolute, ſovereign free-will of God, who is our Former and Potter, and we are but clay; for if he had forbidden to eat of the reſt of the trees of the garden of Eden and commanded Adam to eat of the tree of knowlege of good and evil, that command no doubt had been as juſt as this, Eat of all the trees, but not at all of the tree of knowlege of good and evil. The reaſon is, becauſe his will is his juſtice, and he willeth not things without himſelf, becauſe they are juſt: God needeth not hunt ſanctity, holineſs or righteouſneſs from things without himſelf, and ſo not from the actions of men and angels; becauſe his will is eſſentially holy and juſt, and the prime rule of holineſs and juſtice; as the fire is naturally light, and inclineth upward, and the earth heavy, and inclineth downward. The ſecond aſſertion then is, that God ſaith to reprobates, Believe in Chriſt (who hath not died for your ſalvation) and ye ſhall be ſaved, is juſt right; becauſe his eternal and eſſentially juſt will hath ſo enacted and decreed: ſuppoſe natural reaſon ſpeak againſt this, this is the deep and ſpecial myſtery of the goſpel. God hath obliged hard and faſt, all the reprobates of the viſible church to believe this promiſe, He that believeth ſhall be ſaved; and yet, in God's decree and ſecret intention, there is no ſalvation at all decreed and intended to reprobates: and yet the obligation of God, being from his ſovereign free-will, is moſt juſt, as is ſaid in the firſt aſſertion. Third aſſertion, the righteous Lord hath right over the reprobates and all reaſonable creatures, that violate his commandments; this is eaſy. Fourth aſſertion, The faith that God ſeeketh of reprobates, is, that they rely upon Chriſt, as deſpairing of their own righteouſneſs, leaning wholly, and withal humbly, as weary and loaded, upon Chriſt, as on the reſting ſtone laid in Zion; but he ſeeketh not that, without being weary of their ſin, they rely on Chriſt, mankind's Saviour; for to rely on Chriſt, and not to be weary of ſin, is preſumption, not faith: faith is ever neighbour to a contrite ſpirit; and it is impoſſible that faith can be, where there is not a caſten down and contrite heart, in ſome meaſure, for ſin: now it is certain, God commandeth no man to preſume. Fifth aſſertion, Then reprobates are not abſolutely obliged to believe

Chriſt

Chriſt died for them in particular; for neither reprobates nor others are obliged to believe a lie: only they're oblig'd to believe on Chriſt, if they be firſt weary, burdened, ſick, and condemned in their own conſciences, and ſtricken dead and killed with the law's ſentence, and have indeed embraced him as offered, which is a ſecond and ſubſequent act of faith, following after a coming to him. Sixth aſſertion, Reprobates are not formally guilty of contempt of God, and miſbelief, becauſe they apply not Chriſt and the promiſes of the goſpel to themſelves in particular; for ſo they ſhould be guilty becauſe they believe not a lie, which God never obliged them to believe. Seventh aſſertion, Juſtice hath a right to puniſh reprobates, becauſe out of pride of heart, confiding in their own righteouſneſs, they rely not upon Chriſt, as a Saviour of all them that come to him: this God may juſtly oblige them unto; becauſe in Adam they had perfect ability to do; and men are guilty, becauſe they love their own inability, and reſt upon themſelves, and refuſe to deny their own righteouſneſs, and to take them to Chriſt, in whom there is righteouſneſs for wearied ſinners. Eighth aſſertion, It is one thing to rely, lean, and reſt upon Chriſt, in humility and wearineſs of ſpirit, and denying our own righteouſneſs, believing him to be the only righteouſneſs of wearied ſinners; and it is another thing to believe Chriſt died for me, John, Thomas, Anna, upon an intention and decree to ſave us by name. For, 1ſt, The firſt goeth firſt, the latter is always after in due order. 2dly, The firſt is faith, the ſecond is a fruit of faith, and 3d, The firſt obligeth reprobates and all men in the viſible kirk, the latter obligeth only the weary and laden, and ſo only the elect and effectually called of God. Ninth aſſertion, It is a vain order, I know not if Chriſt died for me, John, Thomas, Anna by name; and therefore I dare not rely on him. The reaſon is, becauſe it is not faith, to believe God's intention and decree of election at the firſt, ere ye be wearied: look firſt to your own intention and ſoul, if ye find ſin a burden, and can reſt under it upon Chriſt; if this be once, now come and believe in particular, or apply by ſenſe (for in my judgment it is a fruit of belief, not belief) and feeling the good will, intention, and gracious purpoſe of God anent your ſalvation: hence, becauſe there is malice in reprobates, and contempt of Chriſt, guilty they are, and juſtice hath law againſt them: and, which is the myſtery, they cannot come up to Chriſt, becauſe he died not for them; but their ſin is, that they love their inability to come to Chriſt; and he who loveth his chains, deſerveth chains: and thus in ſhort: remember my bonds.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

63. *To*

## 63. *To the Earl of* CASSILS.

*My very honourable and noble Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Lordſhip. Pardon me to expreſs my earneſt deſire to your Lordſhip for Zion's ſake, for whom we ſhould not hold our peace. I know your Lordſhip will take my pleading on his behalf in the better part, becauſe the neceſſity of a falling and weak church is urgent. I believe your Lordſhip is one of Zion's friends, and that by obligation; for when the Lord ſhall count and write up the people, it ſhall be written, This man was born there. Therefore becauſe your Lordſhip is a born ſon of the houſe, I hope your deſire is, that the beauty and glory of the Lord may dwell in the midſt of the city, whereof your Lordſhip is a ſon. It muſt be, without all doubt, the greateſt honour of your place and houſe, to kiſs the Son of God, and for his ſake to be kind to his oppreſſed and wronged Bride, who, now in the day of her deſolation, beggeth help of you, that are the ſhields of the earth. I am ſure many kings, princes and nobles, in the day of Chriſt's ſecond coming, would be glad to run errands for Chriſt, even bare-footed through fire and water; but in that day he will have none of their ſervice. Now he is aſking, if your Lordſhip will help him againſt the mighty of the earth, when men are ſetting their ſhoulders to Chriſt's fair and beautiful tent in this land, to looſe its ſtakes, and break it down? and certainly ſuch as are not with Chriſt, are againſt him: and bleſſed ſhall your Lordſhip be of the Lord, bleſſed ſhall your houſe and ſeed be, and bleſſed ſhall your honour be, if ye empawned, and lay in Chriſt's hand, the earldom of Caſſils (and it is but a ſhadow in compariſon of the city made without hands) and lay it even at the ſtake, rather than Chriſt, and borne down truth want a witneſs of you, againſt the apoſtaſy of this land. Ye hold your lands of Chriſt, your charters are under his ſeal, and he who hath many crowns on his head, dealeth, cutteth, and carveth pieces of this clay-heritage to men at his pleaſure. It is little your Lordſhip hath to give him; he will not ſleep long in your common, but ſhall ſurely pay home your loſſes for his cauſe. It is but our bleared eyes that look through a falſe glaſs to this idol-god of clay, and think ſomething of it: they who are paſt with their laſt ſentence to heaven or hell, and have made their reckoning, and departed out of this ſmoky inn, have now no other conceit of this world, but as a piece of beguiling well-luſtered clay; and how faſt doth time (like a flood in motion) carry your Lordſhip out of it? and is not eternity coming with wings! court goeth not in heaven as it doth here. Our Lord (who hath all you, the nobles, lying in the ſhell of his balance) eſteemeth you accordingly as ye are the Bridegroom's friends

friends or foes: your honourable anceſtors, with the hazard of their lives, brought Chriſt to our hands; and it ſhall be cruelty to the poſterity, if ye loſe him to them. One of our tribes, Levi's ſons, the watchmen, are fallen from the Lord, and have ſold their mother and their father alſo, and the Lord's truth, for their new velvet world, and their ſattin church. If ye, the nobles, play Chriſt a ſlip, now when his back is at the wall, (if I may ſo ſpeak) then may we ſay, that the Lord hath caſten water upon Scotland's ſmoaking coal; but we hope better things of you. It is no wiſdom, however it be the ſtate wiſdom now in requeſt, to be ſilent, when they are caſting lots for a better thing than Chriſt's coat. All this land, and every man's part of the play for Chriſt, and tears of poor and friendleſs Zion, (now going dool-like in ſackcloth) are up in heaven before our Lord; and there is no queſtion, but our King and Lord ſhall be maſter of the fields at length: and we would all be glad to divide the ſpoil with Chriſt, and to ride in triumph with him; but, Oh, how few will take a cold bed of ſtraw in the camp with him! How fain would men have a well-thatched houſe above their heads, all the way to heaven! And many now would go to heaven the land way (for they love not to be ſea-ſick) riding up to Chriſt upon foot mantles, and rattling coaches, and rubbing their velvet with the princes of the land in the higheſt ſeats. If this be the way Chriſt called ſtrait and narrow, I quit all ſkill of the way to ſalvation. Are they not rouping Chriſt and the goſpel? Have they not put our Lord Jeſus to the market, and he who out-biddeth his fellow ſhall get him? O my dear and noble Lord, go on (howbeit the wind be in your face) to back our princely captain; be couragious for him: fear not theſe who have no ſubſcribed leaſe of days; the worms ſhall eat kings: let the Lord Jehovah be your fear; and then, as the Lord liveth, the victory is yours. It is true many are ſtriking up a new way to heaven; but my ſoul for theirs, if they find it; and if this be not the only way, whoſe end is Chriſt's Father's houſe: and my weak experience, ſince the day I was firſt in bonds, hath confirmed me in the truth and aſſurance of this: let doctors and learned men cry the contrair, I am perſuaded this is the way. The bottom hath fallen out of both their wit and conſcience at once; their book hath beguiled them, for we have fallen upon the true Chriſt. I dare hazard, if I alone had ten ſouls, my ſalvation upon this ſtone, that many now break their bones upon. Let them take this fat world, Oh, poor and hungry is their paradiſe! Therefore let me intreat your Lordſhip, by your compearance before Chriſt, now while this piece of the afternoon of your day is before you, (for you know not when your ſun will turn and eternity ſhall benight you) let your glory, honour, and might worldly be for our Lord Jeſus: and to

his

his rich grace, and tender mercy, and to the never-dying comforts of his gracious Spirit, I recommend your Lordship and noble house.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 9. 1637. *Your Lordship's at all obedience,* S. R.

## 64. *To the Lady* LARGIRIE.

*Mistress,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I hope ye know what conditions past betwixt Christ and you, at your first meeting: ye remember, he said, your summer days would have clouds, and your rose a prickly thorn beside it: Christ is unmixt in heaven, all sweetness and honey; here we have him with his thorny and rough cross; yet I know no tree beareth sweeter fruit than Christ's cross, except I would raise a lying report on it. It is your part to take Christ, as he is to be had in this life: sufferings are like a wood planted round about his house, over door and window: if we could hold fast our grips of him, the field were won. Yet a little while and Christ shall triumph: give over his own short time, to spin out these two long threads of heaven and hell to all mankind, for certainly the thread will not break; and when he hath accomplished his work in Mount Zion, and hath refined his silver, he will bring new vessels out of the furnace, and plenish his house, and take up house again. I counsel you to free yourself of clogging temptations, by overcoming some, and contemning others, and watching over all: abide true and loyal to Christ, for few now are fast to him; they give Christ blank paper, for a bond of service and attendance now when Christ hath most ado: to waste a little blood with Christ, and to put our part of this drossy world in pawn over in his hand, as willing to quit it for him, is the safest cabinet to keep the world in: but these who would take the world and all their flitting on their back, and run away from Christ, they will fall by the way, and leave their burden behind them, and be taken captive themselves. Well were my soul, to put all I have, life and soul over in Christ's hands; let it be forthcoming to all. If any ask how I do? I answer, None can be but well that are in Christ: and if I were not so, my sufferings had melted me away in ashes and smoke; I thank my Lord, that he hath something in me that this fire cannot consume. Remember my love to your husband, and shew him from me, I desire that he may set aside all things, and make sure work of salvation, that it be not a seeking, when the sand glass is run out, and time and eternity shall tryste together: there is no errand so weighty as this; O that he would take it to heart. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord,* S. R.

friends or foes: your honourable anceſtors, with the hazard of their lives, brought Chriſt to our hands; and it ſhall be cruelty to the poſterity, if ye loſe him to them. One of our tribes, Levi's ſons, the watchmen, are fallen from the Lord, and have ſold their mother and their father alſo, and the Lord's truth, for their new velvet world, and their ſattin church. If ye, the nobles, play Chriſt a ſlip, now when his back is at the wall, (if I may ſo ſpeak) then may we ſay, that the Lord hath caſten water upon Scotland's ſmoaking coal; but we hope better things of you. It is no wiſdom, however it be the ſtate wiſdom now in requeſt, to be ſilent, when they are caſting lots for a better thing than Chriſt's coat. All this land, and every man's part of the play for Chriſt, and tears of poor and friendleſs Zion, (now going dool-like in ſackcloth) are up in heaven before our Lord; and there is no queſtion, but our King and Lord ſhall be maſter of the fields at length: and we would all be glad to divide the ſpoil with Chriſt, and to ride in triumph with him; but, Oh, how few will take a cold bed of ſtraw in the camp with him! How fain would men have a well-thatched houſe above their heads, all the way to heaven! And many now would go to heaven the land way (for they love not to be ſea-ſick) riding up to Chriſt upon foot mantles, and rattling coaches, and rubbing their velvet with the princes of the land in the higheſt ſeats. If this be the way Chriſt called ſtrait and narrow, I quit all ſkill of the way to ſalvation. Are they not rouping Chriſt and the goſpel? Have they not put our Lord Jeſus to the market, and he who out-biddeth his fellow ſhall get him? O my dear and noble Lord, go on (howbeit the wind be in your face) to back our princely captain; be couragious for him: fear not theſe who have no ſubſcribed leaſe of days; the worms ſhall eat kings: let the Lord Jehovah be your fear; and then, as the Lord liveth, the victory is yours. It is true many are ſtriking up a new way to heaven; but my ſoul for theirs, if they find it; and if this be not the only way, whoſe end is Chriſt's Father's houſe: and my weak experience, ſince the day I was firſt in bonds, hath confirmed me in the truth and aſſurance of this: let doctors and learned men cry the contrair, I am perſuaded this is the way. The bottom hath fallen out of both their wit and conſcience at once; their book hath beguiled them, for we have fallen upon the true Chriſt. I dare hazard, if I alone had ten ſouls, my ſalvation upon this ſtone, that many now break their bones upon. Let them take this fat world, Oh, poor and hungry is their paradiſe! Therefore let me intreat your Lordſhip, by your compearance before Chriſt, now while this piece of the afternoon of your day is before you, (for you know not when your ſun will turn and eternity ſhall benight you) let your glory, honour, and might worldly be for our Lord Jeſus: and to his

his rich grace, and tender mercy, and to the never-dying comforts of his gracious Spirit, I recommend your Lordſhip and noble houſe.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 9. 1637. *Your Lordſhip's at all obedience,* S. R.

## 64. *To the Lady* LARGIRIE.

*Miſtreſs,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I hope ye know what conditions paſt betwixt Chriſt and you, at your firſt meeting: ye remember, he ſaid, your ſummer days would have clouds, and your roſe a prickly thorn beſide it: Chriſt is unmixt in heaven, all ſweetneſs and honey; here we have him with his thorny and rough croſs; yet I know no tree beareth ſweeter fruit than Chriſt's croſs, except I would raiſe a lying report on it. It is your part to take Chriſt, as he is to be had in this life: ſufferings are like a wood planted round about his houſe, over door and window: if we could hold faſt our grips of him, the field were won. Yet a little while and Chriſt ſhall triumph: give over his own ſhort time, to ſpin out theſe two long threads of heaven and hell to all mankind, for certainly the thread will not break; and when he hath accompliſhed his work in Mount Zion, and hath refined his ſilver, he will bring new veſſels out of the furnace, and pleniſh his houſe, and take up houſe again. I counſel you to free yourſelf of clogging temptations, by overcoming ſome, and contemning others, and watching over all: abide true and loyal to Chriſt, for few now are faſt to him; they give Chriſt blank paper, for a bond of ſervice and attendance now when Chriſt hath moſt ado: to waſte a little blood with Chriſt, and to put our part of this droſſy world in pawn over in his hand, as willing to quit it for him, is the ſafeſt cabinet to keep the world in: but theſe who would take the world and all their flitting on their back, and run away from Chriſt, they will fall by the way, and leave their burden behind them, and be taken captive themſelves. Well were my ſoul, to put all I have, life and ſoul over in Chriſt's hands; let it be forthcoming to all. If any aſk how I do? I anſwer, None can be but well that are in Chriſt: and if I were not ſo, my ſufferings had melted me away in aſhes and ſmoke; I thank my Lord, that he hath ſomething in me that this fire cannot conſume. Remember my love to your huſband, and ſhew him from me, I deſire that he may ſet aſide all things, and make ſure work of ſalvation, that it be not a ſeeking, when the ſand glaſs is run out, and time and eternity ſhall tryſte together: there is no errand ſo weighty as this; O that he would take it to heart. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Yours in Chriſt Jeſus his Lord,* S. R.

## 65. *To the Lady* DUNGUEIGH.

*Miſtreſs,*

I Long to hear from you, and how ye go on with Chriſt: I am ſure that Chriſt and you once met: I pray you faſten your grips; there is holding and drawing, and much ſea-way to heaven, and we are often ſea-ſick; but the voyage is ſo needful, that we muſt on any terms take ſhipping with Chriſt. I believe it is a good country we are going to, and there is ill lodging in this ſmoaky houſe of the world, in which we are yet living. Oh that we ſhould love ſmoke ſo well, and clay that holdeth our feet faſt! It were our happineſs to follow on after Chriſt, and to anchor ourſelves upon the rock, in the upper ſide of the vail. Chriſt and Satan are now drawing two parties; and they are blind who ſee not Scotland divided in two camps, and Chriſt coming out with his white banner of love, and he hangeth that over the heads of his ſoldiers: and the other captain, the dragon, is coming out with a great flag, and crieth, The world, the world, eaſe, honour, and a whole ſkin, and a ſoft couch; and there ly they, and leave Chriſt to fend for himſelf. My counſel is, that ye come out and leave the multitude, and let Chriſt have your company; let them take clay and this preſent world, who love it: Chriſt is a more worthy and noble portion: bleſſed are theſe who get him. It is good, ere the ſtorm riſe, to make ready all, and to be prepared to go to the camp with Chriſt, ſeeing he will not keep the houſe, nor ſit at the fire ſide with couchers. A ſhower for Chriſt is little enough. Oh, I find all too little for him! Wo, wo, wo's me, that I have no propine for my Lord Jeſus; my love is ſo feckleſs, that it is a ſhame to offer it to him. Oh if it were as broad as heaven, as deep as the ſea, I would gladly beſtow it upon him! I perſuade you, God is wringing grapes of red wine for Scotland, and this land ſhall drink, and ſpue, and fall. His enemies ſhall drink the thick of it, and the grounds of it; but Scotland's withered tree ſhall bloſſom again, and Chriſt ſhall make a ſecond marriage with her, and take home his wife out of the furnace; but if our eyes ſhall ſee it, he knoweth who hath created time. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 66. *To* JANET MACKULLOCH.

*Loving Siſter,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Hold on your courſe, for, it may be, I will not ſoon ſee you: venture through the thick of all things after Chriſt, and loſe not your maſter, Chriſt, in the throng of this great market. Let Chriſt know how heavy, and how many a ſtone weight you and your cares, burdens,

burdens, croſſes, and ſins are, let him bear all; make the heritage ſure to yourſelf: get charters and writs paſſed and thro', and put on arms for the battle, and keep you faſt by Chriſt, and then let the wind blow out of what airth it will, your ſoul will not blow in the ſea. I find Chriſt the moſt ſteadable friend and companion in the world to me now: the need and uſefulneſs of Chriſt is ſeen beſt in trials. Oh if he be not well worthy of his room! Lodge him in houſe and heart, and ſtir up your huſband to ſeek the Lord: I wonder he hath never written to me; I do not forget him. I taught you the whole counſel of God, and delivered it to you; it will be enquired for at your hands; have it in readineſs againſt the time that the Lord aſk for it: make you to meet the Lord, and reſt and ſleep in the love of that faireſt among the ſons of men: deſire Chriſt's beauty; give out all your love to him, and let none fall by: learn in prayer to ſpeak to him: help your mother's ſoul, and deſire her, from me, to ſeek the Lord and his ſalvation; it is not ſoon found; many miſs it. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Your loving Paſtor*, S. R.

## 67. *To my Lord* CRAIGHALL.

*My Lord*,

I cannot expound your Lordſhip's contrary tides, and theſe tentations wherewith ye are aſſaulted, to be any other thing but Chriſt trying you, and ſaying unto you, And will ye alſo leave me? I am ſure Chriſt hath a great advantage againſt you if ye play foul play to him, in that the holy Spirit hath done his part, in evidencing to your conſcience, that this is the way of Chriſt wherein ye ſhall have peace; and the other, as ſure as God liveth, the Antichriſt's way: therefore, as ye fear God fear your light, and ſtand in awe of a convincing conſcience; it is far better for your Lordſhip to keep your conſcience, and to hazard, in ſuch an honourable cauſe, your place, than wilfully, and againſt your light, to come under guiltineſs. Kings cannot heal broken conſciences; and when death and judgment ſhall compriſe your ſoul, your counſellors and others cannot become caution to juſtice for you. Ere it be long, our Lord will put a final determination to acts of parliament, and mens laws, and will clear you before men and angels of mens unjuſt ſentences. Ye received honour, and place, and authority, and riches, and reputation, from your Lord, to ſet forward and advance the liberties and freedom of Chriſt's kingdom. Men, whoſe conſciences are made of ſtoutneſs, think little of ſuch matters, which, notwithſtanding, incroach directly upon Chriſt's prerogative royal. So would men think it a light matter for Uzzah to put out his hand to hold the Lord's falling ark; but it coſt

him his life. And who doubteth but a carnal friend will advise you to shut your window, and pray beneath your breath? Ye make too great a din with your prayers: so would a head-of-wit speak if ye were in Daniel's place: but mens overgilded reasons will not help you when your conscience is like to rive with a double charge. Alas, alas! when will this world learn to submit their wisdom to the wisdom of God! I am sure, your Lordship hath found the truth; go not then to search it over again, for it is ordinary for men to make doubts, when they have a mind to desert the truth. Kings are not their own men, their ways are in God's hand. I rejoice and am glad, that ye resolve to walk with Christ, howbeit his court be this. Grace be with your Lordship.

*Aberd. Sept.* 7, 1637. *Your Lordship's in his sweet Master and Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 68. *To* WILLIAM RIGG *of Atherny.*

*Worthy and much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. How sad a prisoner would I be, if I knew not that my Lord Jesus had the keys of the prison himself, and that his death and blood hath bought a blessing to our crosses, as well as to ourselves? I am sure, troubles have no prevailing right over us, if they be but our Lord's sergeants, to keep us in ward while we are in this side of heaven: I am persuaded also, that they shall not go over the bound road, nor enter into heaven with us; for they find no welcome there, *where there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain:* and therefore we shall leave them behind us. Oh, if I could get as good a gait of sin, even this woful and wretched body of sin, as I get of Christ's cross! Nay, indeed, I think the cross beareth both me and itself rather than I it, in comparison of the tyranny of the lawless flesh and wicked neighbour, that dwelleth beside Christ's new creature. But, Oh, this is that which presseth me down and paineth me; Jesus Christ in his saints sitteth neighbour with an ill second, corruption, deadness, coldness, pride, lust, worldliness, self-love, security, falshood, and a world of more the like, which I find in me, that are daily doing violence to the new man. O but we have cause to carry low sails, and to cleave fast to free grace, free, free grace! blessed be our Lord that ever that way was found out: if my one foot were in heaven, and my soul half in, if free-will and corruption were absolute Lords of me, I should never win wholly in. O but the sweet, and living way, that Christ hath struck up to our home, be a safe way! I find now presence and access a greater dainty than before; but yet the Bridegroom looketh through the latteſs, and through

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the hole of the door. O if he and I were on fair dry land together, on the other side of the water. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sep.* 30. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 69. *To the Lady* KILCONQUHAIR.

*Mistress*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter. I am heartily content, ye love and own this oppressed and wronged cause of Christ; and that now, when so many are miscarried, ye are in any measure taken with the love of Jesus. Weary not, but come in, and see if there be not more in Christ than the tongue of men and angels can express: if ye seek a gait to heaven, the way is in him, or, he is it: what ye want is treasured up in Jesus, and he saith, all his are yours, even his kingdom he is content to divide it betwixt him and you; yea, his throne and his glory, Luke xxi. 30. John xvii. 24. Rev. iii. 21. and therefore take pains to climb up that besieged house to Christ; for devils, men, and armies of temptations are lying about the house, to hold out all that are out, and it is taken with violence: it is not a smooth and easy way, neither will your weather be fair and pleasant; but whosoever sees the invisible God and the fair city, make no reckoning of losses or crosses. In ye must be, cost you what it will; stand not for a price, and for all that ye have, to win the castle; the rights to it are won to you, and it is disponed to you, in your Lord Jesus's testament; and see what a fair legacy your dying friend Christ hath left you; and there wanteth nothing but possession. Then get up in the strength of the Lord; get over the water to possess that good land; it is better than a land of olives and wine trees; for the tree of life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, is there before you; and a pure river of life, clear as chrystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, is there. Your time is short, therefore lose no time: gracious and faithful is he who hath called you to his kingdom and glory. The city is yours by free conquest and by promise, and therefore let no uncouth lord-idol put you from your own. The devil hath cheated the simple heir of his paradise, and by enticing us to taste of the forbidden fruit, hath, as it were, brought us out of our kindly heritage; but our Lord, Christ Jesus, hath done more than bought the devil by, for he hath redeemed the wadset, and made the poor heir free to the inheritance. If we knew the glory of our elder brother in heaven, we would long to be there to see him, and to get our fill of heaven: we children think the earth a fair garden, but it is but God's out-field, and wild, cold, barren ground; all things are fading that are

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here: it is our happineſs to make ſure Chriſt to ourſelves. Thus remembering my love to your huſband, and wiſhing to him what I write to you, I commit you to God's tender mercy.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 13. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 70. *To the Lady* CRAIGHALL.

*Honourable and Chriſtian Lady,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I cannot but write to your Ladyſhip of the ſweet and glorious terms I am in with the moſt joyful King that ever was, under this well-thriving and proſperous croſs: it is my Lord's ſalvation wrought by his own right hand, that the water doth not ſuffocate the breath of hope and joyful courage in the Lord Jeſus; for his own perſon is ſtill in the camp with his poor ſoldier. I ſee the croſs is tied with Chriſt's hand to the end of an honeſt profeſſion: we are but fools to endeavour to looſe Chriſt's knot. When I conſider the comforts of God, I durſt not conſent to ſell or wadſet my ſhort life-rent of the croſs of the Lord Jeſus. I know that Chriſt bought with his own blood a right to ſanctified and bleſſed croſſes, in as far as they blow me over the water to my long deſired home: and it were not good that Chriſt ſhould be the buyer and I the ſeller. I know time and death ſhall take ſufferings fairly off my hand: I hope we ſhall have an honeſt parting at night, when this piece cold and froſty afternoon tide of my evil and rough day ſhall be over: well is my ſoul of either ſweet or ſour, that Chriſt hath any part or portion in: if he be at the one end of it, it ſhall be well with me. I ſhall die ere I libel faults againſt Chriſt's croſs; it ſhall have my teſtimonial under my hand, as an honeſt and ſaving mean of Chriſt for mortification and faith's growth. I have a ſtronger aſſurance, ſince I came over Forth, of the excellency of Jeſus than I had before. I am rather about him than in him, while I am abſent from him in this houſe of clay; but I would be in heaven for no other cauſe but to eſſay and try what boundleſs joy it muſt be, to be over head and ears in my Well-beloved Chriſt's love. O that fair one hath my heart for evermore! but, alas, it is over-little for him! O if it were better and more worthy for his ſake? O if I might meet with him face to face on this ſide of eternity, and might have leave to plead with him, that I am ſo hungered, and famiſhed here, with the niggardly portion of his love that he giveth me! O that I might be carver and ſteward myſelf, at mine own will, of Chriſt's love! (if I may lawfully wiſh this) then would I enlarge my veſſel (alas! a narrow and ebb ſoul) and take in a ſea of his love. My hunger, for it is hungry and lean, in believing that ever I ſhall be ſatisfied with that love;

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fain would I have what I know I cannot hold. O Lord Jeus, delighteſt thou to pine and torment poor ſouls with the want of thy incomparable love? O if I durſt call thy diſpenſation cruel! I know thou thyſelf art mercy, without either brim or bottom; I know thou art a God bank full of mercy and love, but, oh, alas! little of it cometh my way: I die to look afar off to that love, becauſe I can get but little of it: but hope ſaith, This providence ſhall ere long look more favourable upon poor bodies, and me alſo. Grace be with your Ladyſhip's ſpirit.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 10. 1637. *Your Ladyſhip's in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 71. *To Mr.* JAMES HAMILTON.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

PEACE be to you from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus. I am laid low, when I remember what I am, and that my out-ſide caſteth ſuch a luſtre, when I find ſo little within. It is a wonder that Chriſt's glory is not defiled, running through ſuch an unclean and impure channel; but I ſee Chriſt will be Chriſt, in the dreg and refuſe of men: his art, his ſhining wiſdom, his beauty ſpeaketh loudeſt in blackneſs, weakneſs, deadneſs, yea in nothing. I ſee nothing, no money, no worth, no good, no life, no deſerving, is the ground that omnipotency delighteth to draw glory out of. O how ſweet is the inner-ſide of the walls of Chriſt's houſe, and a room beſide himſelf! my diſtance from him maketh me ſad. O that we were in others arms! O that the middle things betwixt us were removed! I find it a difficult matter to keep all ſtots with Chriſt: when he laugheth I ſcarce believe it, I would ſo fain have it true. But I am like a low man looking up to a high mountain, whom wearineſs and fainting overcometh. I would climb up, but I find that I do not advance in my journey as I would wiſh: yet I truſt he ſhall take me home againſt night. I marvel not that Antichriſt in his ſlaves is ſo buſy; but our crowned King ſeeth and beholdeth, and will ariſe for Zion's ſafety. I am exceedingly diſtracted with letters, and company that viſit me; what I can do, or time will permit, I ſhall not omit. Excuſe my brevity, for I am ſtraitned. Remember the Lord's priſoner: I deſire to be mindful of you. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R

## 72. *To Mr.* GEORGE DUNBAR.

*Reverend and dearly beloved in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Becauſe your words have ſtrengthened many, I was ſilent, expecting ſome lines

lines from you in my bonds; and this is the cause why I wrote not to you, but I am forced to break off and speak. I never believed till now, that there was so much to be found in Christ, in this side of death and of heaven. O the raviſhments of heavenly joy that may be had here, in the ſmall gleanings and comforts that fall from Chriſt! What fools are we who know not, and conſider not the weight and telling that is in the very earneſt penny, and the firſt fruits of our hoped-for harveſt! How ſweet, how ſweet is our infeftment! O what then muſt perſonal poſſeſſion be! I find that my Lord Jeſus hath not miſcocked or ſpilt this ſweet croſs; he hath an eye on the fire and the melting gold, to ſeparate the metal and the droſs. O how much time would it take me to read my obligations to Jeſus my Lord, who will neither have the faith of his own to be burnt to aſhes, nor yet will have a poor believer in the fire to be half raw, like Ephraim's unturned cake: this is the wiſdom of him who hath his fire in Zion, and furnace in Jeruſalem. I need not either bud or flatter temptations and croſſes, nor ſtrive to buy the devil, or this malicious world by, or redeem their kindneſs with half a hair's breadth of truth: he, who is ſurety for his ſervant for good, doth powerfully over-rule all that. I ſee my priſon hath neither lock nor door; I am free in my bonds, and my chains are made of rotten ſtraw, they ſhall not bide one pull of faith. I am ſure they are in hell who would exchange their torments with our croſſes, ſuppoſe they ſhould never be delivered, and give twenty thouſand years torment to boot, to begin in our bonds for ever; and therefore we wrong Chriſt, who ſigh, and fear, and doubt, and deſpond in them. Our ſufferings are waſhen in Chriſt's blood, as well as our ſouls; for Chriſt's merits brought a bleſſing to the croſſes of the ſons of God; and Jeſus hath a back-bond of all our temptations, that the freewarders ſhall come out by law and juſtice, in reſpect of the infinite and great ſum that the Redeemer paid. Our troubles owe us a free paſſage through them: devils and men, and croſſes are our debtors, death and all ſtorms are our debtors, to blow our poor toſſed bark over the water fraught-free, and to ſet the travellers in their own known ground: therefore we ſhall die and yet live. We are over the water (ſome way) already; we are married, and our tocher good is paid; we are already more than conquerors. If the devil and the world knew how the court with our Lord ſhall go, I am ſure they would hire death to take us off their hand; our ſufferings are the only wreck and ruin of the black kingdom: and yet a little, and the Antichriſt muſt play himſelf with bones and ſlain bodies of the Lamb's followers; but withal we ſtand with the hundred forty and four thouſand, who are with the Lamb, upon the top of Mount Zion: Antichriſt and his followers are down in the valley ground, we

have

have the advantage of the hill; our temptations are always beneath, our waters are beneath our breath; as dying, and behold we live: I never heard before of a living death, or a quick death, but ours: our death is not like the common death; Chriſt's skill, his handy-work, and a new caſt of Chriſt's admirable art, may be ſeen in our quick death. I bleſs the Lord that all our troubles come through Chriſt's fingers, and that he caſteth ſugar among them, and caſteth in ſome ounce weights of heaven, and of the ſpirit of glory (that reſteth on ſuffering believers) in our cup, in which there is no taſte of hell. My dear brother, ye know all theſe better than I: I ſend water to the ſea, to ſpeak of theſe things to you: but it eaſeth me, to deſire you to help me to pay my tribute of praiſe to Jeſus. O what praiſes I owe him! I would I were in my free heritage, that I might begin to pay my debts to Jeſus. I intreat for your prayers and praiſes: I forget not you,

*Aberd. Sept.* 17, 1637. *Your brother and fellow ſufferer in and for Chriſt*, S. R.

## 73. *To Mr.* DAVID DICKSON.

*Reverend and well-beloved brother in the Lord,*

I Bleſs the Lord, who hath ſo wonderfully ſtopped the ongoing of that lawleſs proceſs againſt you. The Lord reigneth, and hath a ſaving eye upon you, and your miniſtry; and therefore fear not what man can do. I bleſs the Lord, that the Iriſh miniſters find employment, and the profeſſors comfort of their miniſtry. Believe me I durſt not, as I am now diſpoſed, hold an honeſt brother out of the pulpit: I truſt, the Lord ſhall guard you, and hide you in the ſhadow of his hand: I am not pleaſed with any that are againſt you in that. I ſee this, in proſperity mens conſcience will not ſtart at ſmall ſins: but if ſome had been where I have been, ſince I came from you, a little more would have cauſed their eyes water, and trouble their peace. O how ready are we to incline to the world's hand! Our arguments, being well examined, are often drawn from our [illegible] the whole ſkin, and a peaceable tabernacle, is a topic [illegible] in greateſt requeſt in our logic. I find a little breirding [illegible] God's ſeed in this town, for the which the Doctors have told [illegible] their mind, that they cannot bear with it, and have examined and threatened the people that haunt my company: I fear I get not leave to winter here; and whither I go I know not, I am ready at the Lord's call. I would I could make acquaintance with Chriſt's croſs, for I find comforts lie to and follow upon Chriſt's croſs. I ſuffer in my name by them; I take it as a part of the crucifying of the old man: let them cut the throat of my credit, and do as they like beſt with it; when the

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have the advantage of the hill; our temptations are always beneath, our waters are beneath our breath; as dying, and behold we live: I never heard before of a living death, or a quick death, but ours: our death is not like the common death; Chriſt's skill, his handy-work, and a new caſt of Chriſt's admirable art, may be ſeen in our quick death. I bleſs the Lord that all our troubles come through Chriſt's fingers, and that he caſteth ſugar among them, and caſteth in ſome ounce weights of heaven, and of the ſpirit of glory (that reſteth on ſuffering believers) in our cup, in which there is no taſte of hell. My dear brother, we know all theſe better than I: I ſend water to the ſea, to ſpeak of theſe things to you: but it eaſeth me, to deſire you to help me to pay my tribute of praiſe to Jeſus. O what praiſes I owe him! I would I were in my free heritage, that I might begin to pay my debts to Jeſus. I intreat for your prayers and praiſes: I forget not you,

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wind of their calumnies hath blown away my good name from me, in the way to heaven, I know Christ will take my name out of the mire and wash it, and restore it to me again. I would have a mind (if the Lord would be pleased to give me it) to be a fool for Christ's sake. Sometimes, while I have Christ in my arms, I fall asleep in the sweetness of his presence, and he in my sleep stealeth away out of my arms; and when I awake, I miss him. I am much comforted with my Lady Pitfligo, a good woman, and acquainted with God's ways. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 11. *Yours in his sweet*
1637. *Lord Jesus*, S. R.

74. *To the Right Honourable, my Lord* LOWDON.

*Right Honourable,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Lordship. I rejoice exceedingly, that I hear your Lordship hath a good mind to Christ, and his now-borne-down truth. My very dear Lord, go on, in the strength of the Lord, to carry your honour and worldly glory to the New Jerusalem. For this cause your Lordship received these of the Lord; this is a sure way for the establishment of your house, if ye be of these, who are willing in your place to build Zion's old waste places in Scotland. Your Lordship wanteth not God's and man's law both, now to come to the streets for Christ: and suppose the bastard laws of man were against you, it is an honest and zealous error, if here ye slip against a point or punctilio of standing policy: when your foot slippeth in such known ground, as is the royal prerogative of our high and most truly dread Sovereign (who hath many crowns on his head) and the liberties of his house, he will hold you up. Blessed shall they be, who take Babel's little ones, and dash their heads against the stones: I wish your Lordship have a share of that blessing, with other worldly nobles in our land. It is true, it is now accounted wisdom for men to be partners in pulling up the stakes, and loosing the cords of the tent of Christ: but I am persuaded that that wisdom is cried down in heaven, and shall never pass for true wisdom with the Lord, whose word crieth shame upon wit against Christ and truth: and and accordingly, it shall prove shame and confusion of face in the end. Our Lord hath given your Lordship light of a better stamp, and learning also, wherein ye are not behind the disputer and the scribe. O what a blessed thing is it, to see nobility, learning and sanctification all concur in one! For these ye owe yourself to Christ and his kingdom: God hath bewildered and bemisted the wit and the learning of the scribes and disputers of this time; they look asquint to the Bible: this blinding and bemisting world blindfoldeth men's light, that they are afraid

fraid to see straight out before them; nay, their very light playeth the knave, or worse to truth. Your Lordship knoweth, within a little while, policy against truth will blush, and the works of men shall burn up, even their spider's web, who spin out many hundred ells and webs of indifferences in the Lord's worship, more than ever Moses who would have an hoof material, and Daniel who would have a look out at a window, a matter of life and death, than ever (I say) these men of God dreamed of. Alas, that men dare shape, carve, cut and clip our King's princely testament, in length and breadth, and in all dimensions, answerable to the conceptions of such policy as a head of wit thinketh a safe and trim way of serving God! how have men forgotten the Lord, that they dare go against even that truth, which once they preached themselves, howbeit their sermons now be as thin sown as straw-berries in a wood or wilderness? Certainly the sweetest and safest course is, for this short time of the afternoon of this old and declining world, to stand for Jesus: he hath said it, and it is our part to believe it, that, ere it be long, time shall be no more, and the heaven shall wax old as a garment; do we not see it already an old, holey and thread-bare garment? Doth not cripple and lame nature tell us, that, the Lord will fold up the old garment and lay it aside: and that the heavens shall be folded together as a scroll, and this pest house shall be burnt with fire, and that both plenishing and walls shall melt with fervent heat? for, at the Lord's coming, he will do with this earth, as men do with a leper-house; he will burn the walls with fire, and the plenishing of the house also, 2 Pet. iii. 10, 12. My very dear Lord, how shall ye rejoice in that day, to have Christ, angels, heaven, and your own conscience to smile upon you? I am persuaded, one sick night, through the terrors of the Almighty, would make men (whose conscience hath such a wide throat, as an image like a cathedral church would go down it) have other thoughts of Christ and his worship, than now they please themselves with. The scarcity of faith in the earth saith, We are hard upon the last nick of time: blessed are those who keep their garments clean against the Bridegroom's coming. There shall be spotted cloaths, and many defiled garments, at his last coming; and therefore, few found worthy to walk with him in white. I am persuaded, my Lord, this poor travailing woman, our pained church, is with child of victory and shall bring forth a child all lovely and glorious, that shall be caught up to God and his throne, howbeit the dragon (in his followers) be attending the child-birth pain, as the Egyptian midwife, to receive the birth and strangle it, Isa. xxix. 8. But they shall be disappointed who think for the destruction of Zion; they shall be as when a hun-

gry man dreameth that he eateth; but behold he awaketh, and his soul is empty: or when a thirsty man dreameth that he drinketh; but behold he awaketh, and is faint, and his soul is not satisfied: so shall it be, I say, with the multitude of all the nations that fight against Mount Zion. Therefore the weak and feeble, those that are as signs and wonders in Israel have chosen the best side, even the side that victory is upon; and I think this is no evil policy. Verily, for myself, I am so well pleased with Christ, and his noble and honest borne cross, this cross that is come of Christ's house, and is of kin to himself, that I should weep, if it should come to niffering and bartering of lots and condition with those that are at ease in Zion; I hold still my choice, and bless myself in it. I see, and I believe, there is salvation in this way, that is every where spoken against. I hope to go to eternity, and to venture on the last evil to the saints, even upon death, fully persuaded that this only, even this, is the saving way for racked consciences, and for weary and loaden sinners, to find ease and peace for evermore into. And indeed it is not for any worldly respect that I speak so of it; the weather is not so hot, that I have great cause to startle in my prison, or to boast of that entertainment that my good friends, the prelates, intended for me, which is banishment, if they shall obtain their desire, and effectuate what they design; but let it come, I rue not that I made Christ my wall and my choice: I think him ay the longer the better. My Lord, it shall be good service to God, to hold your noble friend and chief upon a good course for the truth of Christ. Now the very God of peace establish your Lordship in Christ Jesus unto the end.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 10. 1637. *Your Lordship's in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 75. *To the Laird of* GAITGIRTH.

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I can do no more but thank you in paper, and remember you to him whom I serve, for kindness and care of a prisoner. I bless the Lord, the cause I suffer for needeth not to blush before kings: Christ's white, honest, and fair truth, needeth neither to wax pale for fear, nor blush for shame. I bless the Lord, who hath graced you to own Christ now, when so many are afraid to profess him, and hide him, for fear they suffer loss by avouching him. Alas! that so many in these days are carried with the times! as if their conscience rolled upon oiled wheels, so do they go any way the wind blows: and because Christ is not market-sweet, men put him away from them. Worthy and much honoured Sir, go on to own Christ and his oppressed truth: the end of sufferings for the gospel, is rest and gladness.

Light

Light and joy is sown for the mourners in Zion, and the harvest (which is of God's making for time and manner) is near; crosses have right and claim to Christ in his members, till legs and arms, and whole mystical Christ be in heaven. There will be rain, and hail, and storm, in the saints clouds, ever till God cleanse with fire the works of creation, and till he burn the botch house of heaven and earth, that mens sin hath subjected unto vanity. They are blessed who suffer and sin not, for suffering is the badge that Christ hath put upon his followers: take what way we can to heaven, the way is hedged up with crosses, there is no way but to break through them; wit and wiles, shift and laws, will not find out the way about the cross of Christ, but we must through: one thing by experience my Lord hath taught me, that the waters betwixt this and heaven may all be ridden, if we be well hors'd, I meany if we be in Christ, and not one shall drown by the way, but such as love their own destruction. Oh, if we could wait on for a time, and believe in the dark the salvation of God! At least we are to believe good of Christ, till he give us the slip, (which is impossible) and to take his word for caution, that he shall fill up all the blanks in his promises, and give us what we want: but to the unbeliever, Christ's testament is white, blank, unwritten paper. Worthy and dear Sir, set your face to heaven, and make you to stoop at all the low entries in the way; that ye may receive the kingdom as a child: without this, he that knew the way said, there is no entry in. O but Christ be willing to lead a poor sinner! O what love my poor soul hath found in him, in the house of my pilgrimage! Suppose love in heaven and earth were lost, I dare swear, it may be found in Christ. Now the very God of peace establish you, till the day of the glorious appearance of Christ.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 76. *To the Lady* GAITGIRTH.

*Much honoured and Christian Lady,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear how it goeth with you and your children: I exhort you, not to lose breath, nor to faint in your journey: the way is not so long to your home, as it was; it will wear to one step or an inch at length, and ye shall come ere long to be within your arm-length of the glorious crown. Your Lord Jesus did sweat and pant, ere he got up that mount; he was at, Father, save me, with it; it was he who, Psalm xxii. 14. said I am poured out like water; all my bones are out of joint, (Christ was as if they had broken him upon the wheel) my heart is like wax, it is melted in the midst of my bowels, ver. 15. My strength is dried up like a potsherd

a potſherd. I am ſure, ye love the way the better, his holy feet trod it before you. Croſſes have a ſmell of croſſed and pained Chriſt. I believe your Lord will not leave you to die your alone in the way. I know ye have ſad hours, when the Comforter is hid under a vail, and when ye enquire for him, and find but a toom neſt; this, I grant, is but a cold good day, when the ſeeker miſſeth him whom the ſoul loveth: but even his unkindneſs is kind, his abſence lovely, his maſk a ſweet ſight, till God ſend Chriſt himſelf in his own ſweet preſence: make his ſweet comforts your own, and be not ſtrange and ſhame-faced with Chriſt; homely dealing is beſt for him, it his liking. When your winter ſtorms are over, the ſummer of your Lord ſhall come: your ſadneſs is with child of joy, he will do you good in the latter-end. Take no heavier lift of your children than your Lord alloweth; give them room beſide your heart, but not in the yolk of your heart, where Chriſt ſhould be; for then they are your idols, not your bairns: if your Lord take any of them home to his houſe, before the ſtorm come on, take it well; the owner of the orchard may take down two or three apples off his own trees, before mid-ſummer, and ere they get the harveſt ſun; and it would not be ſeemly that his ſervant, the gardener, ſhould chide him for it: let our Lord pluck his own fruit at any ſeaſon he pleaſeth; they are not loſt to you, they are laid up ſo well, as that they are coffered in heaven, where our Lord's beſt jewels ly: they are all free goods that are there, death can have no law to arreſt any thing that is within the walls of new Jeruſalem. All the ſaints, becauſe of ſin, are like old ruſty horologies, that muſt be taken down, and the wheels ſcoured and mended, and ſet up again, in better caſe than before; ſin hath ruſted both ſoul and body: our dear Lord, by death, taketh us down to ſcour the wheels of both, and to purge us perfectly from the root and remainder of ſin; and we ſhall be ſet up in better caſe than before. Then pluck up your heart, heaven is yours, and that is a word few can ſay. Now, the great Shepherd of the ſheep, and the very God of peace, confirm and eſtabliſh you, to the day of the appearance of Chriſt our Lord.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. 1637.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

77. *To his reverend and very dear brother, Mr.* GEORGE GILLESPIE.

*My very dear brother,*

I Received yours. I am ſtill with the Lord: his croſs hath done that which I thought impoſſible once: Chriſt keepeth truſt in the fire and water with his own, and cometh ere our breath

breath goeth out, and ere our blood grow cold. Bleſſed are they, whoſe feet eſcape the great golden net that is now ſpread: it is happineſs to take the crabbed, rough, and poor ſide of Chriſt's world, which is a leaſe of croſſes and loſſes for him: for Chriſt's incomes and caſualties that follow him are many, and it is not a little one, that a good conſcience may be had in following him. This is true again, and moſt to be laboured for, and loved. Many give Chriſt for a ſhadow, becauſe Chriſt was rather beſide their conſcience, in a dead and reprobate light, than in their conſcience. Let us therefore be balaſted with grace, that we be not blown over, and that we ſtagger not. Yet a little while, and Chriſt and his redeemed ones ſhall fill the field, and come out victorious; Chriſt's glory of triumphing in Scotland is yet in the bud, and in the birth, but the birth cannot prove an abortive. He ſhall not faint nor be diſcouraged, till he hath brought forth judgment unto victory. Let us ſtill mind our covenant. And the very God of peace be with you.

*Aberd. Sept.* 9. 1637. *Your brother in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 63. *To Mr.* MATTHEW MOWAT.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Am refreſhed with your letters. I would take all well at my Lord's hands that he had done, if I knew I could do my Lord any ſervice in my ſuffering; ſuppoſe my Lord would make a ſtop-hole of me, to fill a hole in the wall of his houſe, or a pinning in Zion's new work: for any place of truſt in my Lord's houſe, as ſteward, or chamberlain, or the like, ſurely I think myſelf (my very dear brother, I ſpeak not by any proud figure or trope) unworthy of it; nay, I am not worthy to ſtand behind the door; if my head, and feet, and body were half out, half in, in Chriſt's houſe, ſo I ſaw the fair face of the Lord of the houſe, it would ſtill my greining and love-ſick deſires. When I hear that the men of God are at work, and ſpeaking in our Lord Jeſus his name, I think myſelf but an out-caſt or out-law, chaſed from the city, to ly on the hills, and live among the rocks and out-fields. O that I might but ſtand in Chriſt's out-houſe, or hold a candle in any low vault of his houſe! But I know this is but the vapours that ariſe out of a quarrellous and unbelieving heart to darken the wiſdom of God. And your fault is juſt mine, thot I cannot believe my Lord's bare and naked word. I muſt either have an apple to play me with, and ſhake hands with Chriſt, and have ſeal, caution, and witneſs to his word, or elſe I count myſelf looſe; howbeit, I have the word and faith of a King. Oh, I am made of unbelief, and cannot ſwim but where my feet may touch the ground! Alas, Chriſt under my temptations is preſented to me as lying

water

as a dyvour and a cozener! We can make ſuch a Chriſt, as temptations (caſting us in a night dream) do feign and deviſe, (and temptations repreſent Chriſt ever unlike himſelf) and we in our folly liſten to the tempter. If I could miniſter one ſaving word to any, how glad would my ſoul be! But I myſelf (which is my greateſt evil) often miſtake the croſs of Chriſt: for I know if we had wit, and knew well that eaſe ſlayeth us fools, we would deſire a market where we might barter or niffer our lazy eaſe with a profitable croſs; howbeit there be an outcaſt naturally betwixt our deſires and tribulation: but ſome give a dear price and gold for phyſic, which they love not; and buy ſickneſs, howbeit they wiſh rather to have been whole than to be ſick. But ſurely, brother, ye ſhall not have my advice (howbeit, alas! I cannot follow it myſelf) to contend with the honeſt and faithful Lord of the houſe; for, go he or come he, he is ay gracious in his departure; there are grace, and mercy, and loving-kindneſs upon Chriſt's back parts: and when he goeth away the proportion of his face, the image of that fair Sun that ſtayeth in his eyes, ſenſes and heart, after he is gone leaveth a maſs of love behind it in the heart. The ſound of his knock at the door of his beloved after he is gone and paſt, leaveth a ſhare of joy and ſorrow both: ſo we have ſomething to feed upon till he return; and he is more loved in his departure, and after he is gone, than before: as the day in the declining of the ſun, and towards the evening, is often moſt deſired. And as for Chriſt's croſs I never received evil of it, but what was mine own making: when I miſcooked Chriſt's phyſic, no marvel that it hurt me; for ſince it was on Chriſt's back, it hath always a ſweet ſmell, and theſe 1600 years it keepeth the ſmell of Chriſt; nay, it is elder than that too, for it is a long time ſince Abel firſt hanſelled the croſs, and had it laid upon his ſhoulder; and down from him, all alongſt to this very day, all the ſaints have known what it is. I am glad that Chriſt hath ſuch a relation to this croſs, and that it is called the croſs of our Lord Jeſus, Gal. vi. 14. his reproach, Heb. xiii. 13. as if Chriſt would claim it as his proper goods, and ſo it cometh in the reckoning among Chriſt's own property: if it were ſimple evil, as ſin is, Chriſt, who is not the author nor owner of ſin, would not own it. I wonder at the enemies of Chriſt (in whom malice hath run away with wit, and will is up, and wit down) that they would eſſay to lift up the ſtone laid in Zion; ſurely it is not laid in ſuch ſinking ground as that they can raiſe it, or remove it; for when we are in their belly, and they have ſwallowed us down, they will be ſick, and ſpue us out again. I know Zion and her husband cannot both ſleep at once: I believe our Lord once again ſhall water with his dew the withered hill of mount Zion in Scotland, and come down, and make a new marriage again, as he

he did long ſince. Remember our covenant. Your excuſe for your advice to me is needleſs: alas, many ſit beſide light as ſick folks beſide meat, and cannot make uſe of it. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sept.* 7. 1637. *Your brother in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 79. *To Mr.* JOHN MEINE.

*Dear brother,*

I Received your letter. I cannot but teſtify under mine own hand, that Chriſt is ſtill the longer the better, and that this time is the time of loves. When I have ſaid all I can, others may begin and ſay, I have ſaid nothing of him; I never knew Chriſt to ebb or flow, wax or wane: his winds turn not; when he ſeemeth to change it is but we who turn our wrong ſide to him, I never had a plea with him, in my hardeſt conflicts, but of mine own making. Oh that I could live in peace and good neighbourhood with ſuch a ſecond, and let him alone! My unbelief made many black lies, but my recantation to Chriſt is not worth the hearing. Surely he hath borne with ſtrange gods in me: he knoweth my heart hath not natural wit to keep quarters with ſuch a Saviour. Ye do well to fear your backſliding. I had ſtood ſure, if I had in my youth borrowed Chriſt to be my bottom: but he that beareth his own weight to heaven, ſhall not fail to ſlip and ſink. Ye had no need to be barefooted among the thorns of this apoſtate generation, leſt a ſtob ſtick up in your foot, and cauſe you to halt all your days. And think not, Chriſt will do with you in the matter of ſuffering, as the Pope doth in the matter of ſin; ye ſhall not find that Chriſt will ſell a diſpenſation or give a dyvour's protection againſt croſſes; croſſes are proclaimed as common accidents to all the ſaints, and in them ſtandeth a part of our communion with Chriſt: but there lieth a ſweet caſualty to the croſs, even Chriſt's preſence and his comforts, when they are ſanctified. Remember my love to your father and mother. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R

## 80. *To* JOHN FLEEMING *Baillie of Leith.*

*Much honoured in the Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am ſtill in good terms with Chriſt: however my Lord's wind blow, I have the advantage of the calm and ſunny-ſide of Chriſt. Devils, and hell, and devils ſervants, are all blown blind, in purſuing the Lord's little bride: they ſhall be as a night-dream, who fight againſt Mount Zion. Worthy Sir, I hope ye take to

heart the worth of your calling: this great fair and meeting of the people will ſcail, and the port is open for us: as faſt as time weareth out, we flee away: eternity is at our elbow. O how bleſſed are they, who, in time, make Chriſt ſure for themſelves! Salvation is a great errand, I find it hard to fetch heaven. Oh that we could take pains of our lamps, for the Bridegroom's coming: the other ſide of this world will be turned up incontinent, and up ſhall be down; and theſe that are weeping in ſackcloth ſhall triumph on white horſes, with him whoſe name is, The word of God. Theſe dying idols, the fair creatures that we whoriſhly love better than our Creator, will paſs away like ſnow water. The God-head, the God-head, a communion with God in Chriſt, to be halvers with Chriſt of the purchaſed houſe and inheritance in heaven, ſhould be your ſcope and aim. For myſelf, when I lay my counts, O what telling, O what weighing is in Chriſt! O how ſoft are his kiſſes! O love, love ſurpaſſing in Jeſus! I have no fault to that love, but that it ſeemeth to deal niggardly with me; I have little of it. O that I had Chriſt's ſeen and read band, ſubſcribed by himſelf, for my ſill of it! What garland have I, or what crown, if I looked right on things, but Jeſus? Oh there is no room in us on this ſide of the water for that love! This narrow bit of earth, and theſe ebb and narrow ſouls can hold little of it, becauſe we are full of rifts. I would glory, glory would enlarge us (as it will) and make us tight, and cloſe up our ſeams and rifts, that we might be able to comprehend it, which yet is incomprehenſible. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. *Yours in his ſweet*
1637. *Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 81. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of* Earlſtoun.

*Much honoured Sir,*

HOWBEIT I would have been glad to have ſeen you; yet, ſeeing our Lord hath been pleaſed to break the ſnare of your adverſaries, I heartily bleſs our Lord on your behalf. Our croſſes for Chriſt are not made of iron, they are ſofter and of more gentle metal: it is eaſy for God to make a fool of the devil, the father of all fools: as for me, I but breathe out what my Lord breatheth in. The ſcum and froth of my letters I father upon my unbelieving heart. I know your Lord hath ſomething to do with you, becauſe Satan and malice have ſhot fore at you; but your bow abideth in its ſtrength. Ye ſhall not, by my advice, be a halver with Chriſt, to divide the glory of your deliverance betwixt yourſelf and him, or any other ſecond mean whatſoever. Let Chriſt (as it ſetteth him well) have all the glory and triumph his alone. The Lord ſet himſelf on high in

you.

you. I see Christ can borrow a cross for some hours, and set his servants beside it, rather than under it, and win the plea too, yea, and make glory to himself, and shame to his enemies, and comfort to his children, out of it: but whether Christ buy or borrow crosses, he is King of crosses, and King of devils, and King over hell, and King over malice. When he was in the grave, he came out, and brought the keys with him; he is Lord Jaylor: nay, what say I? he is Captain of the castle, and he hath the keys of death and hell: and what are our troubles but little deaths: and he who commandeth the great castle commandeth the little also. 2. I see a hardened face and two skins upon our brows, against the winter-hail and stormy wind, is meetest for a poor traveller in a winter journey to heaven. O what art is it to learn to endure hardness, and to learn to go bare-footed either through the devil's fiery coals, or his frozen waters! 3. I am persuaded a sea-venture with Christ maketh great riches: is not our King Jesus his ship coming home, and shall not we get part of the gold? Alas, we fools miscount our gain when we seem losers. Believe me, I have no challenges against this well born cross; for it is come of Christ's house, and is honourable, and his propine; to you it is given to suffer; O what fools are we, to undervalue his gifts, and to lightly that which is true honour! for if we could be faithful our tackling shall not loose, nor our mast break, nor our sails blow into the sea. The bastard crosses, the kinless and base-born crosses of worldlings for evil doing, must be heavy and grievous; but our afflictions are light and momentary. 4. I think myself happy, that I have lost credit with Christ, and that in this bargain I am Christ's sworn dyvour, to whom he will lippen nothing, no not one pin in the work of my salvation: let me stand in black and white in a dyvour-book before Christ, I am happy that my salvation is concredited to Christ's mediation: Christ oweth no faith to me, to lippen any thing to me; but O what faith and credit I owe to him! Let my name fall, and let Christ's name stand in honour with men and angels. Alas! I have no room to spread out my affection before God's people; and I see not how I can shout out and cry out the lovelines, the high honour, and the glory of my fairest Lord Jesus. O that he would let me have a bed to ly in, to be delivered of my birth, that I might paint him out in his beauty to men, as I dow. 5. I wondered once at providence, and called white providence black and unjust, that I should be smothered in a town where no soul will take Christ off my hand; but providence hath another lustre with God than with my bleared eyes. I proclaim myself a blind body, who know not black and white, in the uncouth course of God's providence. Suppose Christ would set hell where heaven is, and devils up in glory beside the elect angels, (which

yet cannot be) would I had a heart to acquieſce in his way, without a future diſpute. I ſee, infinite wiſdom is the mother of his judgments, and his ways paſt finding out. 6. I cannot learn; but I deſire to learn to bring my thoughts, will, and luſts, in under Chriſt's feet, that he may trample upon them; but, alas, I am ſtill upon Chriſt's wrong ſide! Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sep.* 30. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 82. *To* ROBERT LENNOX *of Diſdove.*

*Worthy and dear brother,*

I Forgot you not in my bonds: I know ye are looking to Chriſt; and I beſeech you, follow your look, I can ſay more of Chriſt now by experience (though he be infinitely above and beyond all that can be ſaid of him) than when I ſaw you. I am drowned over head and ears in his love. Sell, ſell, ſell all things for Chriſt. If this whole world were the balk of a ballance, it ſhould not be able to bear the weight of Chriſt's love; men and angels have ſhort arms to fathom it: ſet your feet upon this piece blue and baſe clay of an over-gilded and fair-plaiſtered world; an hour's kiſſing of Chriſt is worth a world of worlds. Sir, make ſure work of your ſalvation; build not upon ſand; lay the foundation upon the rock in Zion; ſtrive to be dead to this world, and to your wills and luſts; let Chriſt have a commanding power and a king's throne in you; walk with Chriſt, howbeit the world ſhould take the hide off your face: I promiſe you Chriſt will win the field. Your paſtors cauſe you to err; except you ſee Chriſt's word, go not one foot with them; countenance not the reading of that Rome ſervice-book; keep your garments clean, as ye would walk with the Lamb cloathed in white. The wrongs I ſuffer are recorded in heaven; our great Maſter and Judge will be upon us all, and bring us before the ſun in our blacks and whites: bleſſed are they who watch and keep themſelves in God's love. Learn to diſcern the Bridegroom's tongue, and to give yourſelf to prayer and reading. Ye was often a hearer of me: I would put my heart's blood upon the doctrine I taught, as the only way to ſalvation; go not from it, my dear brother. What I write to yourſelf, I write to your wife alſo. Mind heaven and Chriſt, and keep the ſpunk of the love of Chriſt you have gotten: Chriſt ſhall blow on it if ye entertain it, and your end ſhall be peace. There is a fire in our Zion, but our Lord is but ſeeking a new bride refined and purified out of the furnace; I aſſure you, howbeit we be nicknamed Puritans, all the powers of the world ſhall not prevail againſt us; remember, though a ſinful man write it to you, theſe people ſhall be in Scotland as a green olive-tree, and as a field bleſſed of the Lord; and it ſhall be proclaimed, Up, up with Chriſt,

Christ, and down, down with all contrary powers. Sir, Pray for me, (I name you to the Lord) for further evil is determined against me. Remember my love to Christian Murray, and her daughter; I desire her, in the edge of her evening, to wait a little, the King is coming, and he hath something, that she never saw, with him: heaven is no dream; come and see will teach her best. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sept.* 13. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R

## 83. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Dearest in our Lord Jesus,*

COUNT it your honour, that Christ hath begun at you, to fine you first. Fear not, saith the Amen, the true and faithful witness: I write to you, As my Master liveth, upon the word of my royal King, continue in prayer and in watching, and your glorious deliverance is coming: Christ is not far off; a fig, a straw for all the bits of clay that are risen against us. Ye shall thresh the mountains, and fan them like chaff, Isa. xli. If ye slack your hands at your meetings, and your watching to prayer, then it would seem our Rock hath sold us; but be diligent, and be not discouraged. I charge you in Christ, rejoice, give thanks, believe, be strong in the Lord: that burning bush in Galloway and Kirkcudbright shall not be burnt to ashes; for the Lord is in the bush. Be not discouraged, that banishment is to be procured, by the king's warrant to the council, against me; the earth is my Lord's; I am filled with his sweet love and running over: I rejoice to hear you are in your journey: such news as I hear, of all your faith and love, rejoice my sad heart. Pray for me, for they seek my hurt; but I give myself to prayer. The blessing of my Lord, and a prisoner of Christ's blessing be with you. O chosen and greatly beloved woman, faint not; fy, fy, if ye faint now, ye lose a good cause: double your meetings: cease not for Zion's sake, and hold not your peace, till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

*Aberdeen,* 1637. *Yours in Christ Jesus his Lord,* S. R.

## 84. *To* THOMAS CORBET.

*Dear friend,*

I Forget you not: it shall be my joy, that ye follow after Christ till ye find him: my conscience is a feast of joy to me, that I sought, in singleness of heart, for Christ's love, to put you upon the King's high way, to our Bridegroom, and our Father's house: thrice blessed are ye, my dear brother, if ye hold the way: I believe, ye and Christ once met, I hope ye will not sunder with him; follow the counsel of the man of God,

Mr.

Mr. William Dalglieſh. If ye depart from what I taught you in a hair-breadth, for fear or favour of men, or deſire of eaſe in this world, I take heaven and earth to witneſs, that ill ſhall come upon you in the end. Build not your neſt here: this world is an hard, ill made bed, no reſt in it for your ſoul; awake, awake, and make haſte to ſeek that pearl, Chriſt, that this world ſeeth not. Your night, and your maſter Chriſt will be upon you within a clap; your hand-breadth of time will not bide you; take Chriſt, howbeit a ſtorm follow him; howbeit this day be not yours and Chriſt's, the morrow will be yours and his. I would not exchange the joy of my bonds and impriſonment for Chriſt, with all the joy of this dirty and foul-ſkinned world. I have a love-bed with Chriſt, and am filled with his love. I deſire your wife to do what I write to you: let her remember how dear Chriſt would be to her, when her breath turneth cold, and the eye-ſtrings ſhall break. O how joyful ſhould my ſoul be, to know that I had brought on a marriage betwixt Chriſt and that people, few or many; if it be not ſo, I will be wae to be a witneſs againſt them. Uſe prayer; love not the world; be humble, and eſteem little of yourſelf; love your enemies, and pray for them; make conſcience of ſpeaking truth, when none knoweth but God. I never eat, but I pray for you all. Pray for me: ye and I ſhall ſee one another up in our Father's houſe. I rejoice to hear that your eye is upon Chriſt. Follow on, hang on, and quit him not. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your affectionate brother in our Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 85. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Earlſtoun.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter, which refreſhed me: except from your ſon and my brother, I have ſeen few letters from my acquaintance in that country, which maketh me heavy: but I have the company of a Lord, who teach us to be all kind, and hath the right gait of it: for though, for the preſent, I have ſeen ups and downs every day, yet I am abundantly comforted and feaſted with my King and Well-beloved daily: it pleaſeth him to come and dine with a ſad priſoner, and a ſolitary ſtranger: his ſpikenard caſteth a ſmell; yet my ſweet hath ſome four mixed with it, wherein I muſt acquieſce; for there is no reaſon that his comforts be too cheap, ſeeing they are delicates; why ſhould he not make them ſo to his own? But I verily think now, Chriſt hath led me up to a nick in Chriſtianity that I was never at before; I think all before was but childhood and bairns play. Since I departed

from

from you, I have been ſcalded, while the ſmoke of hell's fire went in at my throat, and I would have bought peace with a thouſand years torment in hell: and I have been up alſo, after theſe deep down-caſtings and ſorrows, before the Lamb's white throne, in my Father's inner-court, the great King's dining-hall; and Chriſt did caſt a covering of love on me; he hath caſten in a coal in my ſoul, and it is ſmoaking among the ſtraw, and keeping the hearth warm: I look back to what I was before, and I laugh to ſee the ſand-houſes I built when I was a child At firſt, the remembrance of the many fair feaſt days with my Lord Jeſus in public, which are now changed into ſilent ſabbaths, raiſed a great tempeſt, and (if I may ſpeak ſo) made the devil ado in my ſoul: the devil came in, and would prompt me to make a plea with Chriſt, and to lay the blame on him, as a hard maſter; but now the miſts are blown away and I am not only ſilenced as to all quarrelling, but fully ſatisfied. Now, I wonder that any man living can laugh on the world, or give it a hearty good-day. The Lord Jeſus hath handled me ſo, that, as I am now diſpoſed, I think never to be in this world's common again for a night's lodging; Chriſt beareth me good company; he hath eaſed me, when I ſaw it not, lifting the croſs off my ſhoulders, ſo that I think it to be but a feather, becauſe underneath are everlaſting arms. God forbid it come to bartering or niffering of croſſes; for I think my croſs ſo ſweet, that I know not where I would get the like of it. Chriſt's honey-combs drop ſo abundantly, that they ſweeten my gall. Nothing breaketh my heart, but that I cannot get the daughters of Jeruſalem, to tell them of my Bridegroom's glory: I charge you in the name of Chriſt, that ye tell all ye come to of it; and yet it is above telling and underſtanding. Oh, if all the kingdom were as I am, except my bonds! they know not the love kiſſes that my only Lord Jeſus waſteth on a dawted priſoner. On my ſalvation, this is the only way to the new city. I know Chriſt hath no dumb ſeals; would he put his privy-ſeal upon blank paper? he hath ſealed my ſufferings with comforts. I write this to confirm you. I write now, what I have ſeen, as well as heard. Now and then my ſilence burneth up my ſpirit; but Chriſt hath ſaid, Thy ſtipend is running up with intereſt in heaven, as if thou wert preaching; and this from a King's mouth rejoiceth my heart; at other times, I am ſad, dwelling in Kedar's tents: there are none (that yet I know of) but two perſons in this town that I dare give my word for: and the Lord hath removed my brethren and my acquaintance far from me; and it may be, I be forgotten in the place, where the Lord made me the inſtrument to do ſome good. But I ſee this is vanity in me: let him make of me what he pleaſeth, if he make ſalvation out of it to me; I am tempted and troubled, that all the fourteen

prelates

prelates ſhould have been armed of God againſt me only, while the reſt of my brethren are ſtill preaching: but I dare not ſay one word but this, It is good, Lord Jeſus, becauſe thou haſt done it. Wo is me for the deſolation of the virgin daughter of Scotland! O if my eyes were a fountain of tears to weep day and night for that poor widow kirk, that poor miſerable harlot! Alas that my father hath put to the door my poor harlot mother! Oh for that cloud of black wrath, and fury of the indignation of the Lord, that is hanging over the land. Sir, write to me, I beſeech you: I pray you alſo, be kind to my afflicted brother. Remember my love to your wife; and the prayer and bleſſing of the priſoner of Chriſt be on you. Frequent your meetings for prayer and communion with God, they would be ſweet meetings to me.

*Aberdeen, Feb.* 16. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 86. *To* ROBERT GORDON *of Knockbrex.*

*My dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you: I am almoſt wearying, yea wondering, that ye write not to me: though I know it is not forgetfulneſs. As for myſelf, I am every way well, all glory to God. I was before at a plea with Chriſt, but it was bought by me, and unlawful; becauſe his whole providence was not yea and nay to my yea and nay, and becauſe I believed Chriſt's outward look better than his faithful promiſe; yet he hath in patience waited on, while I be come to myſelf, and hath not taken advantage of my weak apprehenſions of his goodneſs, great and holy is his name! he looketh to what I deſire to be, and not to what I am. One thing I have learned, if I had been in Chriſt, by way of adheſion only, as many branches are, I ſhould have been burnt to aſhes, and this world ſhould have ſeen a ſuffering miniſter of Chriſt turned (of ſomething once in ſhew) into unſavoury ſalt. But my Lord Jeſus had a good eye, that the tempter ſhould not play foul play, and blow out Chriſt's candle. He took no thought of my ſtomach, and fretting and grudging humour, but of his own grace; when he burnt the houſe, he ſaved his own goods. And I believe, the devil, and the perſecuting world, ſhall reap no fruit of me, but burnt aſhes: for he will ſee to his own gold, and ſave that from being conſumed with the fire. O what owe I to the file, to the hammer, to the furnace of my Lord Jeſus! who hath now let me ſee how good the wheat of Chriſt is, that goeth through his mill and his oven, to be made bread for his own table. Grace tried is better than grace, and it is more than grace, it is glory in its infancy. I now ſee, godlineſs, is more

more than the outside and this world's passements and their buskings: who knoweth the truth of grace without a trial? O how little getteth Christ of us, but that which he winneth (to speak so) with much toil and pains! and how soon would faith freeze without a cross? How many dumb crosses have been laid upon my back, that had never a tongue to speak the sweetness of Christ, as this hath? when Christ blesseth his own crosses with a tongue, they breathe out Christ's love, wisdom, kindness, and care of us. Why should I start at the plough of my Lord, that make deep furrows on my soul? I know he is no idle husband, he purposeth a crop. O that this white withered leye-ground were made fertile to bear a crop for him, by whom it is so painfully dressed; and that this fallow-ground were broken up? Why was I (a fool) grieved that he put his garland and his rose upon my head, the glory and honour of his faithful witnesses? I desire now to make no more plea with Christ: verily he hath not put me to a loss by what I suffer, he oweth me nothing; for in my bonds how sweet and comfortable have the thoughts of him been to me, wherein I find a sufficient recompense of reward! How blind are my adversaries, who sent me to a banqueting-house, to a house of wine, to my lovely Lord Jesus his lovely feasts, and not a prison or place of exile! Why should I smother my husband's honesty, or sin against his love, or be a niggard in giving out to others what I get for nothing? Brother, eat with me and give thanks: I charge you before God, that ye speak to others, and invite them to help me to praise. Oh my debt of praise, how weighty is it, and how far run up! Oh that others would lend me to pay, and learn me to praise! Oh I am a drowned dyvour! Lord Jesus take my thoughts for payments. Yet I am in this hot summer-blink with the tear in my eye; for, by reason of my silence, sorrow, sorrow hath filled me: my harp is hanged upon the willow-trees, because I am in a strange land. I am still kept in exercise with envious brethren, my mother hath born me a man of contention. Write to me your mind anent Y. C. I cannot forget him; I know not what God hath to do with him; and your mind anent my parishoners behaviour, and how they are served in preaching, or if there be a minister as yet thrust in upon them, which I desire greatly to know, and which I much fear. Dear brother, ye are in my heart to live and die with you. Visit me with a letter. Pray for me. Remember my love to your wife. Grace, grace be with you: and God, who heareth prayer, visit you, and let it be unto you according to the prayers of

*Aberdeen, Jan.* 1. 1637. *Your own brother, and Christ's prisoner, S. R.*

87. *To my well-beloved and reverend brother Mr.* ROBERT BLAIR.

*Reverend and dearly beloved brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, be to you. It is no great wonder, my dear brother, that ye be in heavineſs for a ſeaſon, and that God's will, in croſſing your deſign and deſires to dwell amongſt a people, whoſe God is the Lord, ſhould move you: I deny not but ye have cauſe to enquire what his providence ſpeaketh in this to you; but God's directing and commanding will can, by no good logic, be concluded from events of providence. The Lord ſent Paul many errands for the ſpreading of his goſpel, where he found lions in his way: a promiſe was made to his people of the holy land, and yet many nations in the way fighting againſt, and ready to kill them who had the promiſe, or to keep them from poſſeſſing that good land which the Lord their God had given them. I know ye have moſt to do with ſubmiſſion of ſpirit; but I perſuade myſelf ye have learned, in every condition wherein ye are caſt, therein to be content, and to ſay, Good is the will of the Lord, let it be done. I believe the Lord tackleth his ſhip often to fetch the wind, and that he purpoſeth to bring mercy out of your ſufferings and ſilence, which I know from my own experience is grievous to you, ſeeing he knoweth our willing mind to ſerve him, our wages and ſtipend is running to the fore with our God; even as ſome ſick ſoldiers get pay, when they are bed faſt, and not able to go to the field with others. *Though Iſrael be not gathered, yet I ſhall be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God ſhall be my ſtrength*, Iſa. xlix. 5. and we are to believe it ſhall be thus ere all the play be played, Jer. li. 35. *The violence done to me and my fleſh be upon Babylon, and the great whore's lovers ſhall the inhabitants of Zion ſay; and my blood be upon Chaldea, ſhall Jeruſalem ſay.* And Zech. xii. 2. *Behold I will make Jeruſalem a cup of trembling to all the people about, when they ſhall be in the ſiege both againſt Judah and Jeruſalem*, ver. 3. *And in that day I will make Jeruſalem a burdenſome ſtone for all people: they that burden themſelves with it ſhall be broken in pieces, though all the people of the earth ſhall be gathered againſt it.* When they have eaten and ſwallowed us up they ſhall be ſick, and vomit us out living men again: the devil's ſtomach cannot digeſt the church of God. Suffering is the other half of our miniſtry, howbeit the hardeſt; for we would be content our King Jeſus would make an open proclamation, and cry down croſſes, and cry up joy, gladneſs, eaſe, honour and peace: but it muſt not be ſo; through many afflictions we muſt enter into the kingdom of God: not only by them, but through them we muſt go; and wiles will not take us by the croſs; it is folly to think to ſteal

to

to heaven with a whole skin. For myself, I am here a prisoner confined in Aberdeen, threatened to be removed to Caithness, because I desire to edify this town; and I am openly preached against in the pulpit in my hearing, and tempted with disputations by the doctors, especially by D. B. Yet I am not ashamed of my Lord Jesus his garland and crown; I would not exchange my weeping with the fourteen prelates their painted laughter. At my first coming here I took the dorts at Christ, and would forsooth summon him for unkindness: I sought a plea of my Lord, and tossed with challenges whether he loved me or not? and disputed all over again that he had done to me; because his word was a fire shut up in my bowels, and I was weary with forbearing; because I said I was cast out of the Lord's inheritance. But now I see I was a fool: my Lord misken all, and did bear with my fooliish jealousies, and miskent that ever wronged his love; and now he is come again with mercy under his wings. I past from my (O witless) summons: he is God, I see, and I am man. Now it hath pleased him to renew his love to my soul, and to dawt his poor prisoner. Therefore, my dear brother, help me to praise and shew the Lord's people with you what he hath done to my soul, that they may pray and praise: and I charge you, in the name of Christ, not to omit it; for this cause I write to you, that my sufferings may glorify my royal King, and edify his church in Ireland. He knoweth how one of Christ's love-coals hath burnt my soul with a desire to have my bonds to preach his glory, whose cross I now bear. God forgive you if ye do it not; but I hope the Lord will move your heart, to proclaim in my behalf the sweetness, excellency, and glory of my royal King. It is but our soft flesh that hath raised a slander on the cross of Christ; I see now the white side of it; my Lord's chains are all over-gilded. O if Scotland and Ireland had part of my feast! And yet I get not my meat but with many strokes. There are none here to whom I can speak; I dwell in Kedar's tents. Refresh me with a letter from you: for, know what is betwixt Christ and me. Dear brother, upon my salvation, this is his truth that we suffer for Christ would not seal a blank charter to souls. Courage, courage, joy, joy for evermore! O joy unspeakable and glorious! O for help to set my crowned King on high! O for love to him who is altogether lovely! that love which many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown! I remember you, and bear your name on my breast to Christ: I beseech you, forget not his afflicted prisoner. Grace, mercy and peace be with you. Salute in the Lord, from me, Mr. Cunninghame, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Ridge, Mr. Colwart, &c.

*Aberd. Feb. 7,* 1637. *Your brother and fellow prisoner,* S. R.

## 88. *To* JOHN KENNEDY *Baillie of Air.*

*Worthy and well-beloved brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I am yet waiting what our Lord will do for his afflicted church, and for my re-entry to my Lord's house. O that I could bear the forfeiture of Christ (now out of his inheritance) recalled and taken off by open proclamation; and that Christ were restored to be a freeholder and a landed heritor in Scotland; and that the courts, fenced in the name of the bastard prelates, (their god-fathers the pope's bailiffs and sheriffs) were cried down! O how sweet a sight were it, to see all the tribes of the Lord in this land fetching home again our banished King, Christ, to his own palace, his sanctuary and throne! I shall think it mercy to my soul, if my faith shall out-watch all this winter night, and not nod or slumber till my Lord's summer-day dawn upon me. It is much if faith and hope, in the sad nights of our heavy trial, escape with a whole skin, and without crack or crook. I confess, unbelief hath not reason to be either father or mother to it: (for unbelief is always an irrational thing) but how can it be, but such weak eyes as ours must cast water in a great smoke; or that a weak head should not turn giddy when the water runneth deep and strong? but, God be thanked, that Christ in his children can endure a stress and storm, howbeit soft nature would fall down in pieces. Oh that I had that confidence as to rest on this, though he should grind me into small powder, and bray me into dust, and scatter the dust to the four winds of heaven; that my Lord would gather up the powder, and make me up a new vessel again, to bear Christ's name to the world! I am sure that love, bottomed and seated upon the faith of his love to me, would desire and endure this, and would even claim and thrive kindness upon Christ's strokes, and kiss his love glooms; and both spell and read salvation upon the wounds made by Christ's sweet hands. O that I had but a promise from the mouth of Christ, and of his love to me! and then, howbeit my faith were as tender as paper, I think longing, and dwining, and griening of sick desires would cause it bide out the siege, till the Lord came to fill the soul with his love; and I know also, in that case, faith should bide green and sappy at the root, even at midwinter, and stand out against all storms. However it be, I know Christ winneth heaven in despite of hell; but I owe as many praises and thanks to free-grace as would ly betwixt me and the utmost border of the highest heaven, suppose ten thousand heavens were all laid above other. But oh! I have nothing that can hire or bud grace: for if grace would take hire, it were no more grace: but all our stability, and the strength of our salvation, is anchored and fastened upon free-grace; and I am sure Christ hath, by his death and blood, casten the knot so

fast

fast, that the fingers of the devils, and hell-fulls of sins cannot loose it: and that bond of Christ (that never yet was, nor never shall, nor can be registrated) standeth surer than heaven, or the days of heaven, as that sweet pillar of the covenant, whereupon we all hang. Christ, and all his little ones under his two wings, and in the compass or circle of his arms, is so sure, that cast him and them in the ground of the sea, he shall come up again, and not lose one; an odd one cannot, nor shall not be lost in the telling. This was always God's aim, since Christ came in the play betwixt him and us, to make men dependent creatures, and in the work of our salvation to put created strength and arms, and legs of clay, quite out of play, and out of office and court; and now God hath substituted in our room, and accepted his Son the Mediator for us, and all that we can make. If this had not been, I would have skinked over and forgotten my part of paradise and salvation, for a breakfast of dead moth-eaten earth; but now I would not give it, nor let it go, for more than I can tell; and truly they are silly fools, and ignorant of Christ's worth, (and so full ill trained and tutored) who tell heaven and Christ over the board, for two feathers or two straws of the devil's painted pleasures, only lustered in the outer side. This is our happiness now, that our reckoning at night, when eternity shall come upon us, cannot be told; we shall be so far gainers, and so far from being superexpended (as the poor fools of this world are, who give out their money, and get in but black hunger) that angels cannot lay our counts, nor sum our advantage and incomes. Who knoweth how far it is to the bottom of our Christ, and to the ground of our heaven? who ever weighed Christ in a pair of balances? who hath seen the foldings and plyes, and the heights and depths of that glory which is in him, and kept for us? Oh for such a heaven as to stand afar off, and see, and love, and long for him, while time's thread be cut, and this great work of creation dissolved at the coming of our Lord! Now to his grace I recommend you. I beseech you also, pray for a re-entry to me into the Lord's house, if it be his good will.

*Aberdeen, Jan.* 6. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 89. *To* ELIZABETH KENNEDY.

*Mistress*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I have long had a purpose of writing unto you, but I have been hindered. I heartily desire that ye would mind your country, and consider to what airth your soul setteth its face; for all come not home at night, who suppose they have set their face heavenward: it

is

is a woful thing to die and miſs heaven, and to loſe houſe-room with Chriſt at night; it is an evil journey where travellers are benighted in the fields. I perſuade myſelf, that thouſands ſhall be deceived and aſhamed of their hope; becauſe they caſt their anchor in ſinking ſands, they muſt loſe it. Till now, I knew not the pain, labour, nor difficulty that there is to win at home; nor did I underſtand ſo well, before this, what it meaneth, The righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved. Oh how many a poor profeſſor's candle is blown out, and never lighted again! I ſee ordinary profeſſion, and to be ranked amongſt the children of God, and to have a name among men, is now thought good enough to carry profeſſors to heaven; but certainly a name is but a name, and will never bide a blaſt of God's ſtorm: I counſel you, not to give your ſoul or Chriſt reſt, nor your eyes ſleep, till ye have gotten ſomething that will bide the fire, and ſtand out the ſtorm. I am ſure if my one foot were in heaven, and then he would ſay, Fend thyſelf, I will hold my grips of thee no longer; I ſhould go no further, but preſently fall down in as many pieces of dead nature. They are happy for evermore who are over head and ears in the love of Chriſt, and know no ſickneſs but love-ſickneſs for Chriſt, and feel no pain but the pain of an abſent and hidden Well-beloved. We run our ſouls out of breath, and tire them in courſing and galloping after our own night dreams (ſuch are the rovings of our miſcarrying hearts) to get ſome created good thing in this life, and on this ſide of death: we would fain ſtay and ſpin out a heaven to ourſelves in this ſide of the water; but ſorrow, want, changes, croſſes and ſin, are both woof and warp in that ill-ſpun web. O how ſweet and dear are theſe thoughts that are ſtill upon the things which are above! and how happy are they who are longing to have little ſand in their glaſs, and to have time's thread cut, and can cry to Chriſt, Lord Jeſus, Have over, come and fetch the dreary paſſenger? I wiſh our thoughts were more frequently than they are upon our country. O but heaven caſteth a ſweet ſmell afar off, to thoſe who have ſpiritual ſmelling! God hath made many fair flowers, but the faireſt of them all is heaven, and the flower of all flowers is Chriſt. O why do we not flee up to that lovely one? Alas, that there is ſuch a ſcarcity of love, and lovers of Chriſt among us all! Fy, fy upon us, who love fair things, as fair gold, fair houſes, fair lands, fair pleaſures, fair honours, and fair perſons, and do not pine and melt away with love to Chriſt! O would to God I had more love for his ſake! O for as much love as would lie betwixt me and heaven for his ſake! O for as much as would go round about the earth, and over the heaven, yea, the heaven of heavens, and ten thouſand worlds, that I might let all out upon fair, fair, only fair Chriſt! But alas, I have nothing for him, yet he hath much for me.

me. If men would have something to do with their hearts and their thoughts, that are always rolling up and down like men with oars in a boat, after sinful vanities, they may find great and sweet employment to their thoughts upon Christ; if these frothy, fluctuating, and restless hearts of ours would come all about Christ, and look into his love, to bottomless love, to the depth of mercy, to the unsearcheable riches of his grace, to enquire after, and search into the beauty of God in Christ, they would be swallowed up in the depth and heighth, length and breadth of his goodness. Oh if men would draw the curtains, and look into the inner side of the ark, and behold how the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth in him bodily! O who would not say, Let me die, let me die ten times to see a sight of him? Ten thousand deaths were no great price to give for him; I am sure, sick, fainting love would heighten the market, and raise the price to the double for him. But alas, if men and angels were rouped, and sold at the dearest price, they would not all buy a night's love, or a four and twenty hours sight of Christ. O how happy are they who get Christ for nothing! God send me no more for my part of paradise but Christ; and surely I were rich enough, and as well heaven'd as the best of them, if Christ were my heaven. I can write no better thing to you than to desire you, if ever ye laid Christ in a count to take him up, and count over again; and weigh him again and again: and after this, have no other to court your love, and to woo your souls delight, but Christ; he will be found worthy of all your love, howbeit it should swell upon you from the earth to the uppermost circle of the heaven of heavens. To our Lord Jesus and his love I commend you.

*Aberdeen,* 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 90. *To* JANET KENNEDY.

*Mistress,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. Ye are not a little obliged to his rich grace, who hath separate you for himself, and for the promised inheritance, with the saints in light; from this condemned and guilty world. Hold fast Christ, contend for him: it is a lawful plea to go to holding and drawing for Christ; and it is not possible to keep Christ peaceably, having once gotten him, except the devil were dead. It must be your resolution to set your face against Satan's northern tempests and storms for salvation: nature would have heaven come to us while sleeping in our beds. We would all buy Christ, so being we might make the price ourselves; but Christ is worth more

more blood and lives than either you or I have to give him. When we ſhall come home and enter to the poſſeſſion of our brother's fair kingdom, and when our heads ſhall find the weight of the eternal crown of glory, and when we ſhall look back to pains and ſufferings, then ſhall we ſee life, and ſorrow, to be leſs than one ſtep or ſtride from a priſon to glory; and that our little inch of time ſuffering is not worthy of our firſt night's welcome home to heaven. O what then will be the weight of every one of Chriſt's kiſſes! O how weighty, and of what worth ſhall every one of Chriſt's love ſmiles be! Oh when once he ſhall thruſt a wearied traveller's head betwixt his bleſſed breaſts, the poor ſoul ſhall think one kiſs of Chriſt hath fully paid home forty or fifty years wet feet, and all its ſore hearts and light ſufferings, it had in following after Chriſt! O thrice blinded ſouls, whoſe hearts are charmed and bewitched with dreams, ſhadows, feckleſs things, night-vanities and night-fancies of a miſerable life of ſin. Shame on us, who ſit ſtill fettered with the love and liking of the loan of a piece of dead clay. O poor fools, who are beguiled with painted things, and this worlds fair weather and ſmooth promiſes, and rotten worm-eaten hopes! May not the devil laugh to ſee us give out our ſouls, and get in the corrupt and counterfeit pleaſures of ſin? O for a ſight of eternity's glory, and a little taſting of the Lamb's marriage-ſupper! Half a draught or a drop of the wine of conſolations, that is up at our banqueting houſe, out of Chriſt's own hand, would make our ſtomachs loath the brown bread and the ſour drink of a miſerable life. O how far are we bereft of wit to chaſe and hunt and run till our ſouls be out of breath, after a condemned happineſs of our own making! And do we not ſit far in our own light, to make it a matter of bairns-play to ſkin and drink over paradiſe, and the heaven that Chriſt did ſweat for, even for a blaſt of ſmoke, and for Eſau's morning breakfaſt? O that we were out of onrſelves and dead to this world, and this world dead and crucified to us! and when we ſhould be cloſe out of love and conceit of any maſked and fairded lover whatſoever; then Chriſt would win and conquer to himſelf a lodging in the inmoſt yoke of our heart; then Chriſt ſhould be our night-ſong and our morning-ſong; then the very noiſe and din of our Well-beloved's feet when he cometh, and his firſt knock or rap at the door ſhould be as the news of two heavens to us. Oh that our eyes and our ſoul's ſmelling ſhould go after a blaſted and ſun-burnt flower, even this fair plaiſtered out-ſided world; and then we have neither eye nor ſmell for the Flower of Jeſſe, for that Plant of Renown, for Chriſt, the choiceſt, the faireſt, the ſweeteſt Roſe that ever God planted! O let ſome of us die to feel the ſmell of him! and let my part of this rotten world be forfeited and ſold for evermore, providing I may anchor my tottering

ottering ſoul upon Chriſt! I know it is ſometimes at this, Lord, what wilt thou have for Chriſt? but, O Lord, canſt thou be budded or propined with any gift for Chriſt? O Lord, can Chriſt be ſold? or rather, may not a poor ſinner have him for nothing! If I can get no more, O let me be pained to all eternity, with longing for him! the joy of hungering for Chriſt ſhould be my heaven for evermore. Alas, that I cannot draw ſouls and Chriſt together! But I deſire the coming of his kingdom, and that Chriſt (as I aſſuredly hope he ſhall) would come upon withered Scotland, as rain upon the mown graſs. O let the King come! O let his kingdom come! O let their eyes rot in their eye-holes, who will not receive him home again to reign and rule in Scotland! Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

91. *To his reverend and dear brother, Mr.* DAVID DICKSON.

*Reverend and deareſt brother*,

WHAT joy have I out of heaven's gates, but that my Lord Jeſus be glorified in my bonds? Bleſſed be ye of the Lord, who contribute any thing to my obliged and indebted praiſes. Dear brother, help me a poor dyvour to pay the intereſt, for I cannot come nigh to render the principal. It is not jeſt nor ſport which maketh me to ſpeak and write as I do: never before came I to that nick or pitch of communion with Chriſt, that I have now attained unto. For my confirmation, I have been theſe two ſabbaths or three in private, taking inſtruments in the name of God, that my Lord Jeſus and I have kiſſed each other in Aberdeen, the houſe of my pilgrimage. I ſeek not an apple to play me with, he knoweth, whom I ſerve in the Spirit, but a ſeal; I but beg earneſt, and am content to ſuſpend and friſt glory while ſupper-time. I know this world will not laſt with me; for my moon-light is noon-day light, and my four-hours above my feaſts, when I was a preacher; at which times alſo I was embraced very often in his arms. But who can blame Chriſt to take me on behind him (if I may ſay ſo) on his white horſe, or in his chariot paved with love, through a water! Will not a father take his little dawted Davie in his arms, and carry him over a ditch or a mire? My ſhort legs could not ſtep over this laire or ſinking mire; and therefore my Lord Jeſus will bear me through. If a change come and a dark day, ſo being that he will keep my faith without flaw or crack, I dare not blame him, howbeit I get no more while I come to heaven: but ye know, the phyſic behoved to have ſugar; my faith was fallen aſwoon, and Chriſt but held a ſwooning man's head. In-

deed I pray not for a dawted bairn's diet; he knoweth I would have Christ sour or sweet; any way, so being it be Christ indeed: I stand not now upon paired apples, or sugared dishes; but I cannot blame him to give, I must gape and make a wide mouth. Since Christ will not pantry-up joys, he must be welcome, who will not bide away: I seek no other fruit, but that he may be glorified; he knoweth I would take hard fare to have his name set on high. I bless you for your counsel: I hope to live by faith, and swim without a mass or bundle of oyful sense under my chin; at least to venture, albeit I should be ducked. Now for my cause: I think the council should be essayed, and the event referred to God: duties are ours, and events are God's. I shall go through yours upon the covenant at leisure, and write to you my mind there-anent; and anent the Arminian contract betwixt the Father and the Son. I beseech you, set to, to go through scripture. Yours on the Hebrews is in great request with all who would be acquaint with Christ's testament. I purpose (God willing) to set about Hosea, and to try if I can get it to the press here. It refresheth me much, that ye are so kind to my brother; I hope your counsel shall do him good; I recommend him to you, since I am so far from him. I am glad, that the dying servant of God, famous and faithful Mr. Cunningham, sealed your ministry before he fell asleep. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 7. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

92. *To the much honoured* WILLIAM RIGG *of Athernie.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your long-looked-for and short letter; I would ye had spoke more to me, who stand in need. I find Christ, as ye write, ay the longer the better, and therefore cannot rejoice in his salvation, who hath made my chains my wings, and hath made me a king over my crosses, and over my adversaries: glory, glory, glory to his high, high and holy name! not one ounce, not one grain weight more is laid on me, than he hath enabled me to bear; and I am not so much wearied to suffer, as Zion's haters are to persecute. Oh if I could find a way, in any measure, to strive to be even with Christ's love! but that I must give over. Oh who would help a dyvour to pay praises to the king of saints, who triumpheth in his weak servants! I see, if Christ but ride upon a worm or feather, his horse will neither stumble nor fall; the worm Jacob is made by him a new sharp threshing instrument, having teeth, to thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and to make the hills as chaff, and to fan them, so as the

the wind shall carry away, and the whirlwind shall scatter them, Isa. xli. 14, 15, 16. Christ's enemies are but breaking their own heads upon the Rock laid in Zion, and the Stone is not removed out of its place. Faith hath cause to take courage from our very afflictions; the devil is but a whet-stone, to sharpen the faith and patience of the saints: I know he but heweth and polisheth stones all this time, for the new Jerusalem. But in all this, three things have much moved me, since it hath pleased my Lord to turn my moon-light into day-light. First, he hath yoked me to work, to wrestle with Christ's love of longing, wherewith I am sick, pained, fainting, and like to die, because I cannot get himself, which I think a strange sort of desertion; for I have not himself, (whom if I had, my love-sickness would cool, and my fever go away; at least, I should know the heat of the fire of complacency, which would cool the scorching heat of the fire of desire) and yet I have no penury of his love; and so I dwine, I die, and he seemeth not to rue on me. I take instruments in his hand, that I would have him, but I cannot get him; and my best cheer is black hunger: I bless him for that feast. Secondly, Old challenges now and then revive, and cast all down; I go halting and sighing, fearing there be an unseen process yet coming out, and that heavier than I can answer. I cannot read distinctly my surety's act of cautionary for me in particular, and my discharge; and sense, rather than faith, assureth me of what I have; so unable am I to go, but by a hold. I could (with reverence of my Lord) forgive Christ, if he would give me as much faith, as I have hunger for him. I hope, the pardon is now obtained, but the peace is not so sure to me, as I would wish: yet, one thing I know, there is not a way to heaven, but the way he hath graced me to profess and suffer for. Thirdly, Wo, wo is me for the virgin-daughter of Scotland, and for the fearful desolation and wrath appointed for this land; and yet all are sleeping, eating and drinking, laughing and sporting as if all were well. Oh our dim gold! our dumb, blind pastors! the sun is gone down upon them, and our nobles bid Christ fend for himself if he be Christ: it were good, we should learn in time the way to our strong hold. Sir, howbeit not acquainted, remember my love to your wife. I pray God establish you.

*Aberd. March* 9. *Yours in his sweet Lord*
1637. *Jesus*, S. R.

93. *To* JOHN EWART *Bailie of Kirkcudbright.*

*My very worthy and dear friend,*

I Cannot but most kindly thank you, for the expressions of love: and respect to me is a great comfort to me. I bless

his high and glorious name, that the terrors of great men have not affrighted me from open avouching the Son of God; nay, his croſs is the ſweeteſt burden that ever I bare; it is ſuch a burden, as wings are to a bird, or ſails to a ſhip, to carry me forward to my harbour. I have not much cauſe to fall in love with the world; but rather to wiſh, that he who ſitteth upon the floods, would bring my broken ſhip to land, and keep my conſcience ſafe, in theſe dangerous times: for wrath from the Lord is coming on this ſinful land. It were good, that we priſoners of hope knew of our ſtrong hold to run to, before the ſtorm come on; therefore, Sir, I beſeech you by the mercies of God, and comforts of his Spirit, by the blood of your Saviour, and by your compearance before the ſin-revenging Judge of the world, keep your garments clean, and ſtand for the truth of Chriſt, which ye profeſs. When the time ſhall come that your eye-ſtrings ſhall break, your face wax pale, your breath grow cold, and this houſe of clay ſhall totter, and your foot ſhall be over the march, in eternity; it ſhall be your comfort and joy, that ye gave your name to Chriſt. The greateſt part of the world think heaven at the next door, and that Chriſtianity is an eaſy taſk; but they will be beguiled. Worthy Sir, I beſeech you make ſure work of ſalvation: I have found by experience that all I could do hath had much ado in the day of my trial; and therefore lay up a ſure foundation for the time to come. I cannot requite you, for your undeſerved favours to me and my now afflicted brother; but I truſt to remember you to God. Remember me heartily to your kind wife.

*Aberd. March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his only Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 94. *To* WILLIAM FULLERTON *Provoſt of Kirkcudbright.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am obliged to your love in God. I beſeech you, Sir, let nothing be ſo dear to you as Chriſt's truth, for ſalvation is worth all the world; and therefore be not afraid of men, that ſhall die; the Lord ſhall do for you in your ſuffering for him, and ſhall bleſs your houſe and ſeed; and ye have God's promiſe, that ye ſhall have his preſence in fire, water, and in ſeven tribulations. Your day will wear to an end, and your ſun go down. In death it will be your joy, that ye have ventured all ye have for Chriſt; and there is not a promiſe of heaven made, but to ſuch as are willing to ſuffer for it: it is a caſtle taken by force. This earth is but the clay-portion of baſtards; and therefore no wonder the world ſmile on its own; but better things are laid up for his lawfully begotten bairns, whom the world hateth: I have experi-

ence

ence to speak this, for I would not exchange my prison and sad nights, with the court, honour, and ease of my adversaries: my Lord is pleased to make many unknown faces to laugh upon me, and to provide a lodging for me; and he himself visiteth my soul with feasts of spiritual comforts. O how sweet a master is Christ! Blessed are they who lay down all for him. I thank you kindly for your love to my distressed brother. Ye have the blessing and prayers of the prisoner of Christ to you, your wife and children. Remember my love and blessing to William and Samuel: I desire them in their youth to seek the Lord, and fear his great name, to pray twice a-day (at least) to God, and to read God's word; to keep themselves from cursing, lying, and filthy talking. Now the only wise God, and the presence of the Son of God, be with you all.

*Aberdeen, March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

95. *To the worthy and much honoured, Mr.* ALEXANDER COLVILL *of Blair.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. The bearer hereof, M. R. F. is most kind to me; I desire you to thank him: but none is so kind as my only royal King and Master, whose cross is my garland. The King dineth with his prisoner, and his spikenard casteth a smell. He hath led me up to such a pitch and nick of joyful communion with himself, as I never knew before: when I look back to by-gones, I judge myself to have been a child at A, B, C, with Christ. Worthy Sir, pardon me, I dare not conceal it from you, it is as a fire in my bowels, (in his presence who seeth me I speak it) I am pained, pained with the love of Christ; he hath made me sick, and wounded me: hunger for Christ out-runneth faith; I miss faith more than love. O if the three kingdoms would come and see! O if they knew his kindness to my soul! It hath pleased him to bring me to this, that I will not strike sails to this world, nor flatter it, nor adore this clay idol that fools worship; as I am now disposed, I think I will neither borrow nor lend with it; and yet I get my meat from Christ with nurture; for seven times a day I am lifted up and casten down. My dumb sabbaths burden my heart, and make it bleed: I want not fearful challenges and jealousies sometimes of Christ's love, that he hath casten me over the dyke of the vineyard, as a dry tree. But this is my infirmity; by this grace I take myself in these ravings: it is kindly that faith and love both be sick, and fevers are kindly to most joyful communion with Christ. Ye are blessed, who avouch Christ openly before the Prince of his kingdom, whose eyes are upon you: it is your glory to lift him up on his throne,

to

to carry his train, and bear up the hem of his robe royal: he hath an hiding-place for Mr. A. C. againſt the ſtorm; go on, and fear not what man can do. The ſaints ſeem to have the worſt of it, (for apprehenſions can make a lie of Chriſt and of his love) but it is not ſo: providence is not rolled upon unequal and crooked wheels: all things work together for the good of thoſe who love God, and are called according to his purpoſe. Ere it be long, we ſhall ſee the white ſide of God's providence. My brother's caſe hath moved me not a little: he wrote to me your care and kindneſs. Sir, the priſoner's bleſſings and prayers, I truſt, ſhall not go by you. He that is able to keep you, and preſent you before the preſence of his face with joy, eſtabliſh your heart in the love of Chriſt.

*Aberdeen, Feb.* 19. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 96. *To* EARLSTOUN *younger.*

*Honoured and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter, which refreſhed my ſoul. I thank God, the court is cloſed: I think ſhame of my part of it; I paſs now from my unjuſt ſummons of unkindneſs libelled againſt Chriſt my Lord; he is not ſuch a Lord and maſter as I took him to be; verily he is God, and I am duſt and aſhes: I took Chriſt's glooms to be as good as ſcripture ſpeaking wrath; but I have ſeen the other ſide of Chriſt, and the white ſide of his croſs now. I behoved to come to Aberdeen, to learn a new myſtery in Chriſt, that his promiſe is better to be believed, than his looks, and that the devil can cauſe Chriſt's glooms ſpeak a lie to weak man. Nay, verily I was a child before; all bygones are but bairns play: I would I could begin to be a Chriſtian in ſad earneſt. I need not blame Chriſt, if I be not one; for he hath ſhewed me heaven and hell in Aberdeen: but the truth is, for all my ſorrow, Chriſt is nothing in my debt; for comforts have refreſhed my ſoul: I have heard and ſeen him in his ſweetneſs, ſo, as I am almoſt ſaying, it is not he that I was wont to meet with; he laugheth more chearfully, his kiſſes are more ſweet and ſoul-refreſhing, than the kiſſes of the Chriſt I ſaw before, were, (tho' he be the ſame:) or rather, the King hath led me up to a meaſure of joy and communion with my Bridegroom, that I never attained to before; ſo that I often think, I will neither borrow nor lend with this world; I will not ſtrike ſail to croſſes, nor flatter them to be quit of them, as I have done. Come all croſſes, welcome, welcome! ſo I may get my heart full of my Lord Jeſus. I have been ſo near him, as I have ſaid, I take inſtruments, this is the Lord; leave a token behind thee, that I may never forget this. Now, what can Chriſt do more to dawt one of his poor priſon-

ers? therefore Sir, I charge you in the name of my Lord Jeſus, praiſe with me, and ſhew unto others what he hath done unto my ſoul. This is the fruit of my ſufferings, that I deſire Chriſt's name may be ſpread abroad in this kingdom, in my behalf. I hope in God not to ſlander him again; yet in this, I get not my feaſts without ſome mixture of gall; neither am I free of old jealouſies; for he hath removed my lovers and friends far from me; he hath made my congregation deſolate, and taken away my crown: and my dumb ſabbaths are like a ſtone tied to a bird's foot, that wanteth not wings; they ſeem to hinder me to flee, were it not that I dare not ſay one word, but, Well done, Lord Jeſus. We can in our proſperity ſport ourſelves, and be too bold with Chriſt; yea, be that inſolent, as to chide with him: but under the water we dare not ſpeak. I wonder now of my ſometimes boldneſs, to chide and quarrel Chriſt, to nickname providence, when it ſtroaked me againſt the hair: but now ſwimming in the waters, I think my will is fallen to the ground of the water; I have loſt it. I think I would fain ſet Chriſt alone, and give him leave to do with me what he pleaſeth, if he would ſmile upon me. Verily, we know not what an evil it is to ſpill and indulge ourſelves, and to make an idol of our will: I was once, I would not eat, except I had wailed meat; now I dare not complain of crumbs and pairings under his table: I was once that I would make the houſe ado, if I ſaw not the world carved, and ſet in order to my liking; now I am ſilent, when I ſee God hath his ſervants on horſe-back, and is fattening and feeding the children of perdition. I pray God, I never find my will again: Oh if Chriſt would ſubject my will to his, and trample it under his feet, and liberate me from that lawleſs Lord! Now, Sir, in your youth gather faſt; your ſun will mount to the meridian quickly, and thereafter decline: be greedy of grace: ſtudy above any thing, my dear brother, to mortify your luſts. Oh but pride of youth, vanity, luſt, idolizing of the world, and charming pleaſures, take long time to root them out! As far as ye are advanced in the way to heaven, as near as ye are to Chriſt, as much progreſs as ye have made in the way of mortification, ye will find that ye are far behind, and have moſt of your work before you. I never took it to be ſo hard, to be dead to my luſts and to this world: when the day of viſitation cometh, and your old idols come weeping about you, you will have much ado not to break your heart; it is beſt to give up in time with them, ſo as ye could at call quit your part of this world for a drink of water, or a thing of nothing. Verily, I have ſeen the beſt of this world, a moth-eaten threadbare coat: I purpoſe to lay it aſide, being now holey and old. O for my houſe above, not made with hands! Pray for Chriſt's priſoner, and write to me, to make ready for removing; the

Lord's

Lord's tide will not bide her; and to seek an heavenly mind, that her heart may be often there. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Feb.* 20. 1637. *Yours and Christ's prisoner,* S. R.

## 97. *To* ROBERT GLENDINING.

*My dear Friend,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I thank you most kindly for your care of me, and your love and respective kindness to my brother in his distress: I pray the Lord ye may find mercy in the day of Christ; and I intreat you, Sir, to consider the times ye live in, and that your soul is of more worth to you than the whole world, which, in the day of the blowing of the last trumpet, shall ly in white ashes, as an old castle burnt to nothing; and remember that judgment and eternity is before you. My dear and worthy friend, let me intreat you in Christ's name, and by the salvation of your soul, and by your compearance before the dreadful and sin-revenging Judge of the the world, make your accounts ready, read them ere ye come to the water-side; for your afternon will wear short, and your sun fall low and go down: and ye know, that this long time your Lord hath waited on you. O how comfortable a thing it shall be to you, when time shall be no more, and your soul shall depart out of the house of clay, to vast and endless eternity, to have your soul dressed up, and prepared for your Bridegroom! No loss is comparable to the loss of the soul; there is no hope of regaining that loss. O how joyful would my soul be, to hear that ye would start to the gate, and contend for the crown, and leave all vanities, and make Christ your garland! Let your soul put away your old lovers, and let Christ have your whole love: I have some experience to write of this to you. My witness is in heaven, I would not exchange my chains and bonds for Christ, and my sighs for ten worlds glory. I judge this clay idol, that Adam's sons are rouping and selling their souls for, not worth a drink of cold water. O if your soul were in my soul's stead how sick would ye be of love for that fairest one, that fairest among the sons of men! May-flowers, and morning vapour, and summer-mist post not so fast away, as these worm-eaten pleasures that we follow: we build castles in the Air, and night-dreams are our daily idols that we dote on. Salvation, salvation is our only necessary thing. Sir, call home your thoughts to this work, to enquire for your Well-beloved: this earth is the portion of bastards, seek the son's inheritance, and let Christ's truth be dear to you. I pawn my salvation on it, that this is the honour of Christ's kingdom I now suffer for, (and this world, I hope, shall not come between me and my garland) and that this

his is the way to life, when ye and I shall ly lumps of pale clay upon the cold ground, our pleasures, that we now naturally ove, shall be less than nothing in that day. Dear brother, ful- l my joy, and betake you to Christ without further delay; ye will be fain at length to seek to him, or do infinitely worse. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 98. *To* WILLIAM GLENDINING.

*Well-beloved and dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I thank you most kindly for your care and love to me, and in particular to my brother, in his distress in Edinburgh: go on through your waters without wearying; your guide knoweth the way, follow him, and cast your cares and tentations upon him: and let not worms, and sons of men, affright you; they shall die, and the moth shall eat them: keep your garland; there is no less at the stake, in this game betwixt us and the world, than our con- science and salvation: we have need to take heed to the game, and not to yield to them. Let them take other things from us; but here, in matters of conscience, we must hold and draw with kings, and set ourselves in terms of opposition with the shields of the earth. O the sweet communion for evermore, that hath been between Christ and his prisoner! He wearieth not to be kind: he is the fairest sight I see in Aberdeen, or any part that ever my feet were in. Remember my hearty kindness to your wife: I desire her to believe, and lay her cares on God, and make fast work of salvation. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his only Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 99. *To* JEAN BROWN.

*Well-beloved and dear Sister*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I received your let- ter, which I esteem an evidence of your Christian affecti- on to me, and of your love to my honourable Lord and Master. My desire is, that your communion with Christ may grow, and that your reckonings may be put by-hand with your Lord ere ye come to the water side. O who knoweth how sweet Christ's kisses are! who hath been more kindly embraced and kissed than I his banished prisoner? If the comparison could stand, I would not exchange Christ with heaven itself: he hath left a dart and arrow of love in my soul, and it paineth me till he come and take it out. I find pain of these wounds, because I would have possession. I know now, this worm-eaten apple, the plaistered,

rotten world, that the ſilly children of this world are beating and buffeting, and pulling others ears for, is a portion for baſtards good enough; and that is all they have to look for. I offend not, that my adverſaries ſtay at home at their own fire-ſide, with more yearly rent than I; ſhould I be angry that the good man of this houſe of the world caſteth a dog a bone to hurt his teeth? He hath taught me to be content with a borrowed fire-ſide, and an uncouth bed; and I think I have loſt nothing, the income is ſo great. O what telling is in Chriſt! O how weighty is my fair garland, my crown, my fair ſupping-hall in glory, where I ſhall be above the blows and buffetings of prelates! Let this be your deſire, and let your thoughts dwell much upon that bleſſedneſs that abideth you in the other world. The fair ſide of the world will be turned to you quickly, when ye ſhall ſee the crown. I hope ye are near your lodging. O but I would think myſelf bleſſed, for my part, to win the houſe before the ſhower come on! for God hath a quiver full of arrows to ſhoot at, and ſhower down upon Scotland. Ye have the prayers of a priſoner of Chriſt. I deſire Patrick to give Chriſt his young love, even the flower of it, and to put it by all others; it were good to ſtart ſoon to the way; he ſhould thereby have a great advantage in the evil day. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 7. 1637. *Yours in his only Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 100. *To Mr.* JOHN FERGUSHILL.

*Reverend and well-beloved in the Lord,*

I Was refreſhed with your letter: I am ſorry for that lingering and longſome viſitation that is upon your wife; but I know ye take it as a mark of a lawfully begotten child, and not of a baſtard, to be under your Father's rod. Till ye be in heaven it will be but foul weather, one ſhower up and another down. The lintel-ſtone and pillars of the New Jeruſalem ſuffer more knocks of God's hammer and tool, than the common ſide-wall ſtones: and if twenty croſſes be written for you in God's book, they will come to nineteen, and then at laſt to one, and after that to nothing; but your head ſhall ly betwixt Chriſt's breaſts for evermore, and his own ſoft hand ſhall dry your face, and wipe away your tears. As for public ſufferings for his truth, your Maſter alſo will ſee to theſe; let us put him in his own office, to comfort and deliver. The gloom of Chriſt's croſs is worſe than itſelf. I cannot keep up what he hath done for my ſoul. My dear brother, will I not get help of you to praiſe, and to lift up Chriſt on high? He hath pained me with his love, and hath left a love-arrow in my heart, that hath made a wound, and ſwelled me up with deſires, ſo that I am to be pi-

tied

God for want of real possession. Love would have the company of the party loved; and my greatest pain is the want of him, not of his joys and comforts, but of a near union and communion. This is his truth, I am fully persuaded I now suffer for: for Christ hath taken upon him to be witness to it, by his sweet comforts to my soul: and shall I think him a false witness, or that he would subscribe blank paper? I thank his high and dreadful name for what he hath given: I hope to keep his seal and his pawn till he come and loose it himself. I defy hell to put me off it, but he is Christ, and he hath met with his prisoner, and I took instruments in his own hand, that it was he, and none other for him. When the devil feemeth a bastard-court in my Lord's ground, and giveth me forged summons, it will be my shame to misbelieve, after such a fair broad seal: and yet Satan and my apprehension sometimes make a lie of Christ, as if he hated me; but I dare believe no evil of Christ: if he would cool my love-fever for himself with real presence and possession, I would be rich; but I dare not be misearned, and seek more in that kind, howbeit it be no shame to beg at Christ's door. I pity my adversaries; I grudge not that my Lord keepeth them at their own fire-side, and hath given me a borrowed bed, and a borrowed fire-side; let the good-man of the house cast a dog a bone! why should I offend! I rejoice that the broken bark shall come to land, and that Christ will, on the shore, welcome the sea-sick passenger. We have need of a great stock against this day of trial that is coming: neither chaff nor corn in Scotland, but it shall once pass through God's sieve. Praise, praise, and pray for me; for I cannot forget you: I know ye will be friendly to my afflicted brother, who is now embarked in the same cause with me; let him have your counsel and comforts. Remember my love in Christ to your wife; her health is coming, and her salvation sleepeth not. Ye have the prayers and blessings of a prisoner in Christ: sow fast, deal bread plentifully; the pantry-door will be locked on the bairns, in appearance, ere long. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 7. *Yours in his sweet*
1637. *Lord Jesus*, S. R.

101. *To his reverend and dear brother, Mr.* ROBERT DOUGLAS.

*My very reverend and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to see you in paper. I cannot but write to you, that this which I now suffer for is Christ's truth; because he hath been pleased to seal my sufferings with joy unspeakable and glorious: I know he will not put his seal upon blank paper; Christ hath not dumb

ſeals, neither will he be witneſs to a lie. I beſeech you, my dear brother, help me to praiſe, and to lift Chriſt upon his throne, above the ſhields of the earth. I am aſtoniſhed and confounded at the greatneſs of his kindneſs to ſuch a ſinner. I know, Chriſt and I ſhall never be even, I ſhall die in his debt: he hath left an arrow in my heart that paineth me for want of real poſſeſſion; and hell cannot quench this coal of God's kindling. I wiſh no man ſlander Chriſt or his croſs for my cauſe, for I have much cauſe to ſpeak much good of him: he hath brought me to a nick and degree of communion with himſelf that I knew not before. The din and gloom of our Lord's croſs is more fearful and hard than the croſs itſelf. He taketh the bairns in his arms, when they come to a deep water; at leaſt when they loſe ground, and are put to ſwim, then his hand is under their chin. Let me be helped by your prayers, and remember my love to your kind wife. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 7. *Your brother, and Chriſt's*
1637. *priſoner*, S. R.

## 102. *To his loving friend* JOHN HENDERSON.

*Loving Friend,*

CONTINUE in the love of Chriſt, and the doctrine which I taught you faithfully and painfully, according to my meaſure. I am free of your blood. Fear the dreadful name of God. Keep in mind the examinations which I taught you, and love the truth of God. Death, as faſt as time flieth, chaſeth you out of this life; it is poſſible, ye make your reckoning with your Judge before I ſee you; let ſalvation be your care night and day, and ſet aſide hours and times of the day for prayer. I rejoice to hear that there is prayer in your houſe: ſee that your ſervants keep the Lord's day. This dirt and good clay, I mean the vain world, is not worth the ſeeking. An hireling paſtor is to be thruſt in upon you, in the room to which I have Chriſt's warrant and right; ſtand to your liberties, for the word of God alloweth you a vote in chuſing your paſtor. What I write to you I write to your wife; commend me heartily to her. The grace of God be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 14. *Your loving friend and*
1637. *paſtor*, S. R.

## 103. *To Mr.* HUGH HENDERSON.

*My reverend and dear brother,*

I Hear ye bear the marks of Chriſt's dying about with you, and that your brethren have caſt you out for your Maſter's ſake: let us wait on till the evening, and till our reckoning in black and white come before our Maſter. Brother, ſince we

muſt

muſt have a devil to trouble us, I love a raging devil beſt: our Lord knoweth what ſort of a devil we have need of: it is beſt Satan be in his own ſkin, and look like himſelf; Chriſt weeping looking like himſelf, alſo, with whom Scribes and Phariſees were at yea and nay, and ſharp contradiction. Ye have heard of the patience of Job; when he lay in the aſhes God was with him, clawing and curing his ſcabs, and letting out his boils, comforting his ſoul; and he took him up at laſt. That God is not dead; yet he will ſtoop and take up fallen bairns; many broken legs ſince Adam's days hath he ſpelked, and many weary hearts hath he refreſhed, bleſs him for comfort: Why, none cometh down from David's well; let us go among the reſt, and caſt dry our toom buckets into Chriſt's ocean, and ſuck conſolation out of him: we are not ſo ſore ſtricken, but we may fill Chriſt's hall with weeping: we have not gotten our anſwer from him yet; let us lay up our broken pleas to a full ſea, and keep them till the day of Chriſt's coming; we and this world will not be even till then; they would take our garment from us; but let us hold and them draw. Brother, it is a ſtrange world, if we laugh not; I never ſaw the like of it, if there be not paiks the man, for this contempt done to the Son of God? We muſt do as thoſe who keep the bloody napkin to the bailie, and let him ſee blood: we muſt keep our wrongs to our Judge, and let him ſee our blubbered and foul faces: priſoners of hope muſt run to Chriſt, with the gutters that tears have made on their cheeks. Brother, for myſelf, I am Chriſt's dawted one for the preſent; and I live upon no deaf nuts, (as we uſe to ſpeak) he hath opened fountains to me in the wilderneſs. Go, look to my Lord Jeſus; his love to me is ſuch, that I defy the world to find either brim or bottom in it. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 13. 1637. *Your brother in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 104. *To the Lady* ROBERTLAND.

*Miſtreſs*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I ſhall be glad to hear that your ſoul proſpereth, and that fruit groweth upon you, after the Lord's huſbandry and pains in his rod, that hath not been a ſtranger to you from your youth. It is the Lord's kindneſs that he will take the ſcum off us in the fire; who knoweth how needful winnowing is to us, and what droſs we muſt want, ere we enter into the kingdom of God? So narrow is the entry to heaven, that our knots, our bunches, and lumps of pride, and ſelf-love, and idol-love, and world-love muſt be hammered off us, that we may throng in, ſtooping low, and creeping through that narrow and thorny entry. And now, for myſelf, I find it the moſt ſweet and heavenly life, to take

take up houſe and dwell at Chriſt's fire-ſide, and ſet down my tent upon Chriſt, that foundation ſtone, who is ſure and faithful ground, and hard under foot. Oh! if I could win at it, and proclaim myſelf not the world's debtor, nor a lover obliged to it; and that I mind not to hire or bud this world's love any longer; but defy the kindneſs and feud of God's whole creation whatſomever; eſpecially the lower vault and clay part of God's creatures, this vain earth: for what hold I of this world? a borrowed lodging, and ſome years houſe-room, and bread, and water, and fire, and bed, and candle, &c. are all a part of the penſion of my King and Lord, to whom I owe thanks, and not to a creature. I thank God, that God is God, and Chriſt is Chriſt, and the earth the earth, and the devil the devil, and the whole world the world, and that ſin is ſin, and that every thing is what it is: becauſe he hath taught me in my wilderneſs not to ſhuffle my Lord Jeſus, nor to intermix him with creature vanities, nor to ſpin or twine Chriſt or his ſweet love in one web, or in one thread with the world and the things thereof. Oh if I could hold and keep Chriſt all alone, and mix him with nothing! O if I could cry down the price and weight of my curſed ſelf, and cry up the price of Chriſt, and double, and triple, and augment and heighten to millions the price and worth of Chriſt! I am (if I durſt ſpeak ſo, and might lawfully complain) ſo hungeredly tutored by Chriſt Jeſus, my liberal Lord, that his nice love, which my ſoul would be in hands with, flieth me; and yet I am trained on to love him, and luſt, and long, and die for his love, whom I cannot ſee. It is a wonder, to pine away with love for a covered and hid lover, and to be hungered with his love, ſo as a poor ſoul cannot get his fill of hunger for Chriſt: it is hard to be hungered of hunger, whereof ſuch abundance for other things is in the world: but ſure if we were tutors, and ſtewards, and maſters, and lord carvers of Chriſt's love, we ſhould be more lean, and worſe fed than we are: our meat doth us the more good that Chriſt keepeth the keys, and that the wind and the air of Chriſt's ſweet breathing, and of the influence of his Spirit, is locked up in the hands of the good pleaſure of him who bloweth where he liſteth. I ſee there is a ſort of impatient patience required in the want of Chriſt, as to his manifeſtations, and waiting on; they thrive who wait on his love, and the blowing of it, and the turning of his gracious wind; and they thrive who in that on-waiting make haſte, and din, and much ado, for their loſt and hidden Lord Jeſus. However it be, God feed me with him any way, If he would come in, I ſhall not diſpute the matter where he got a hole, or how he opened the lock; I ſhould be content, that Chriſt and I met, ſuppoſe he ſhould ſtand on the other ſide of hell's lake, and cry to me, Either put in your foot and come through, elſe ye ſhall

not

not have me at all. But what fools are we, in the taking up of him and of his dealing! He hath a gait of his own, beyond the thoughts of men, that no foot has ſkill to follow him: but we are ſtill ill ſcholars, and will go in at heaven's gates, wanting the half of our leſſon, and ſhall ſtill be bairns ſo long as we are under time's hands, and till eternity cauſe a ſun to ariſe in our ſouls that ſhall give us wit. We may ſee how we ſpill and mar our own fair heaven and our ſalvation, and how Chriſt is every day putting in one bone or other, in thoſe fallen ſouls of ours, in the right place again; and that in this ſide of the new Jeruſalem we ſhall ſtill have need of forgiving and healing. I find croſſes Chriſt's carved work, that he marketh out for us; and that with croſſes he figureth and pourtrayeth us to his own image, cutting away pieces of our ill and corruption: Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound, Lord do any thing that may perfect the Father's image in us, and make us meet for glory. Pray for me (I forget not you) that our Lord would be pleaſed to lend me houſe-room, to preach his righteouſneſs, and tell what I have heard and ſeen of him. Forget not Zion, that is now in Chriſt's calms and in his forge. God bring her out new work. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Jan.* 4. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

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## 105. *To the Earl of* CASSILS..

*Right honourable and very good Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Lordſhip. I hope your Lordſhip will be pleaſed to pardon my boldneſs, if (upon report of your zealous and forward mind, that I hear our Lord hath given you in this his honourable cauſe, when Chriſt and his goſpel are ſo foully wronged) I ſpeak to your Lordſhip in paper, entreating your Lordſhip to go on in the ſtrength of the Lord, toward, and againſt a ſtorm of Antichriſtian wind, that bloweth upon the face of this your poor mother church, Chriſt's lily amongſt the thorns. It is your Lordſhip's glory and happineſs, when ye ſee ſuch a blow coming upon Chriſt, to caſt up your arms to prevent it: neither is it a cauſe that needeth to bluſh before the ſun, or to flee the ſentence or cenſure of impartial beholders, ſeeing the queſtion indeed (if it were rightly ſtated) is about the prerogative-royal of our princely and royal Lawgiver, our Lord Jeſus, whoſe ancient march-ſtones and land-bounds our baſtard-lords, the earthly generation of tyrannizing prelates, have boldly and ſhamefully removed: and they who have but half an eye, may ſee, that it is the greedy deſires of time-idolizing Demas's, and the itching ſcab of ambitious and climbing Diotrepheſes (who love the goat's life, to climb till they cannot

cannot find a way to ſet their ſoles on ground again) that hath made ſuch a wide breach in our Zion's beautiful walls: and theſe are the men who ſeek no hire for the crucifying of Chriſt, but his coat. Oh how forlorn and deſolate is the Bride of Chriſt made to all paſſers-by! Who ſeeth not Chriſt buried in this land, his prophets hidden in caves, ſilenced, baniſhed and impriſoned; truth weeping in ſackloth before the judges, parliament, and the rulers of the land? But her bill is caſt by them, and holineſs hideth itſelf, fearing the ſtreets, for the reproaches and perſecution of men; juſtice is fallen aſwoon in the gate, and the long ſhadows of the evening are ſtretched out upon us; wo, wo to us, for our day flieth away; what remaineth, but that Antichriſt ſet down his tent in the midſt of us, except your Lordſhip, and others with you, read Chriſt's ſupplication, and give him that which the moſt lewd and ſcandalous wretches in this land may have before a judge, even the poor man's due, law and juſtice for God's ſake? O therefore, my noble and dear Lord, as ye have begun, go on, in the mighty power and ſtrength of the Lord, to cauſe our Lord, in his goſpel and afflicted members, laugh, and cauſe the Chriſtian churches (whoſe eyes are all now upon you) to ſing for joy when Scotland's moon ſhall ſhine like the light of the ſun, and the ſun like the light of ſeven days in one: ye can do no leſs than run, and bear up the head of your dying and ſwooning mother-church, and plead for the production of her ancient charters. They hold out and put out, they hold in, and bring in at their pleaſure, men in God's houſe; they ſtole the keys from Chriſt and his church, and came in like the thief and the robber, not by the door, Chriſt; and now their ſong is, Authority, authority, obedience to church governors. When ſuch a baſtard, and lawleſs pretended ſtep-dame as our prelates is gone mad, it is your place, who are the nobles, to riſe and bind them; at leaſt, law ſhould fetter ſuch wild bulls as they are, who puſh all who oppoſe themſelves to their domination. Alas! what have we loſt, ſince prelates were made maſter-coiners, to change our gold into braſs, and to mix the Lord's wine with their water? Bleſſed for ever ſhall ye be of the Lord, if ye help Chriſt againſt the mighty, and ſhall deliver the flock of God, ſcattered upon the mountains, in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of theſe idol ſhepherds. Fear not men that ſhall be moth-eaten clay, that ſhall be rolled up in a cheſt, and caſten under the earth: let the Holy One of Iſrael be your fear, and be couragious for the Lord and his truth. Remember your accounts are coming upon you with wings, as faſt as time poſteth; remember what peace with God in Chriſt, and the preſence of the Son of God, the revealed and felt ſweetneſs of his love, will be to you, when eternity ſhall put time to the door, and ye ſhall take good-night of time, and this little

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shepherd's tents of clay, this inns of a borrowed earth. I hope your Lordship is now and then sending out thoughts to view this world's naughtiness and vanity, and the hoped-for glory of the life to come; and that ye resolve that Christ shall have yourself, and all yours, at command, for him, his honour and gospel. Thus, trusting your Lordship will pardon my boldness, I pray, that the only wise God, the very God of peace, may preserve, strengthen, and establish you to the end.

*Aberdeen*, 163[illegible]. *Your Lordship's in all commana and obedience in Christ*, S. R.

## 106. *To the Lady* ROWLAND.

*Madam*,

THOUGH not acquainted, I am bold in Christ to speak to your Ladyship in paper. I rejoice in our Lord Jesus on your behalf, that it hath pleased him (whose love to you is as old as himself) to manifest the savour of his love in Christ Jesus to your soul, in the revelation of his will and mind to you, now when so many are shut up in unbelief. O the sweet change ye have made, in leaving the black kingdom of this world and sin, and coming over to our Bridegroom's new kingdom, to know, and to be taken with the love of the beautiful Son of God. I beseech you, Madam, in the Lord, make now sure work, and see that the old house be cast down, and razed from the foundation, and that the new building of your soul be of Christ's own laying; for then wind and storm shall neither loose it, nor shake it asunder. Many now take Christ by guess; be sure that it be he, and only he, whom ye have met with: his sweet smell, his lovely voice, his fair face, his sweet working in the soul, will not lie; they will soon tell if it be Christ indeed; (and I think your love to the saints speaketh that it is he) and therefore I say, be sure that ye take Christ himself, and take him with his Father's blessing: his Father alloweth him well upon you, your lines are well fallen, it could not have been better, nor so well with you, if they had not fallen in these places; in heaven, or out of heaven, there is nothing better, nothing so sweet and excellent as the thing ye have lighted on; and therefore hold you with Christ. Joy, much joy may ye have of him: but take his cross with himself cheerfully: Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, howbeit Christ and his cross part at heaven's door, for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven: one tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, or thought of trouble cannot find lodging there; they are but the marks of our Lord Jesus down in this wide inn, and stormy country, on this side of death: sorrow and the saints are not married together; or, suppose it were so, heaven shall make a divorce

divorce. I find his ſweet preſence eateth out the bitterneſs of ſorrow and ſuffering. I think it a ſweet thing, that Chriſt faith of my croſs, half-mine; and that he divideth theſe ſufferings with me, and taketh the largeſt ſhare to himſelf; nay, that I and my whole croſs are wholly Chriſt's. O what a portion is Chriſt! O that the ſaints would dig deeper in the treaſures of his wiſdom and excellency! Thus recommending your Ladyſhip to the good will and tender mercies of our Lord, I reſt,

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 7. 1637. *Your Ladyſhip's in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 107. *To* ROBERT GORDON *of Knockbrex.*

*My very worthy and dear friend,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Though all Galloway ſhould have forgotten me. I would have expected a letter from you ere now: but I will not expound it to be forgetfulneſs of me. Now, my dear brother, I cannot ſhew you how matters go betwixt Chriſt and me: I find my Lord going and coming ſeven times a day: his viſits are ſhort; but they are both frequent and ſweet. I dare not for my life think of a challenge of my Lord: I hear ill tales, and hard reports of Chriſt, from the tempter and my fleſh; but love believeth no evil: I may ſwear that they are liars, and that apprehenſions make lies of Chriſt's honeſt and unalterable love to me. I dare not ſay, that I am a dry tree, or that I have no room at all in the vineyard; but yet I often think, that the ſparrows are bleſſed, who may reſort to the houſe of God in Anwoth, from which I am baniſhed. Temptations, that I ſuppoſed to be ſtricken dead and laid upon their back, riſe again and revive upon me; yea I ſee, that, while I live, temptations will not die: the devil ſeemeth to brag and boaſt as much, as if he had more court with Chriſt than I have; and as if he had charmed and blaſted my miniſtry, that I ſhall do no more good in public; but his wind ſhaketh no corn. I will not believe Chriſt would have made ſuch a mint to have me to him, and have taken ſo much pains upon me, as he hath done; nay, ſince I came to Aberdeen, I have been taken up to ſee the new land, the fair palace of the Lamb: and will Chriſt let me ſee heaven to break my heart and never give it to me? I ſhall not think my Lord Jeſus giveth a dumb earneſt, or putteth his ſeals to blank paper, or intendeth to put me off with fair and falſe promiſes: I ſee three now, which I never ſaw well before; 1. I ſee faith's neceſſity in a fair day is never known aright; but now I miſs nothing ſo much as faith. Hunger in me runneth to fair and ſweet promiſes; but when I come, I am like a hungry man that wanteth teeth, or a weak ſtomach having a ſharp appetite, that fills

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with the very sight of meat, or like one stupified with cold under the water, that would fain come to land, but cannot gripe any thing casten to him: I can let Christ gripe me, but I cannot gripe him. I love to be kissed, and to sit on Christ's knee, but I cannot set my feet to the ground, for afflictions bring the cramp upon my faith. All I now do, is, to hold out a lame faith to Christ, like a beggar holding out a stump, instead of an arm or leg, and crying, Lord Jesus, work a miracle. O what would I give to have hands and arms, to gripe strongly, and fold heartsomely about Christ's neck, and to have my claim made good with real possession! I think my love to Christ hath feet abundance, and runneth swiftly to be at him, but it wanteth hands and fingers to apprehend him. I think, I would give Christ every morning my blessing, to have as much faith as I have love and hunger; at least, I miss faith more than love and hunger. 2. I see mortification, and to be crucified to the world, is not so highly accounted of by us, as it should be. O how heavenly a thing is it to be dead, dumb, and deaf to this world's sweet music! I confess it pleased his Majesty, to make me laugh at children, who are wooing this world for their match: I see men lying about the world as nobles about a king's court; and I wonder what they are all doing there: as I am at this present, I would scorn to court such a feckless and petty princess, or buy this world's kindness with a bow of my knee. I scarce now either hear or see what it is that this world offereth me; I know it is little it can take from me, and as little it can give me. I reccommend mortification to you above any thing; for alas, we but chase feathers flying in the air, and tire our own spirits, for the froth and over-gilded clay of a dying life: one sight of what my Lord hath let me see within this short time, is worth a world of worlds. 3. I thought courage in the time of trouble for Christ's sake, a thing that I might take up at my foot; I thought the very remembrance of the honesty of the cause would be enough; but I was a fool in so thinking: I have much ado now, to win to one smile; but I see joy groweth up in heaven, and it is above our short arm: Christ will be steward and dispenser himself, and none else but he: therefore, now, I count much of one drahm-weight of spiritual joy; one smile of Christ's face is now to me as a kingdom, and yet he is no niggard to me of comforts: truly, I have no cause to say, that I am pinched with penury, or that the consolations of Christ are dried up; for he hath poured down rivers upon a dry wilderness, the like of me, to my admiration: and in my very swoonings, he holdeth up my head, and stayeth me with flaggons of wine, and comforteth me with apples: my house and bed are strowed with kisses of love. Praise, praise with me. O if ye and I betwixt us could lift up Christ upon his throne, howbeit all

Scotland ſhould caſt him down to the ground! My brother's caſe toucheth me near: I hope ye will be kind to him, and give him your beſt counſel. Remember my love to your brother, to your wife and G. M. deſire him to be faithful, and repent of his hypocriſy; and ſay, that I wrote it to you: I wiſh him ſalvation. Write to me your mind anent C. E. and C. T. and their wives, and I. G. or any others in my pariſh: I fear I am forgotten amongſt them; but I cannot forget them. The priſoner's prayers and bleſſing come upon you. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. Feb.* 9. 1637. *Your brother in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R

## 108. *To my Lord* BALMERINOCH.

*My very noble and truly honourable Lord,*

I Make bold to write news to your Lordſhip from my priſon, though your Lordſhip have experience more than I can have. At my firſt entry here, I was not a little caſten down with challenges, for old unrepented of ſins: and Satan and my own apprehenſions made a lie of Chriſt, that he had caſten a dry withered tree over the dyke of the vineyard; but it was my folly; bleſſed be his great name, the fire cannot burn the dry tree: he is pleaſed now to feaſt the exiled priſoner with his lovely preſence; for it ſuiteth Chriſt well to be kind, and he dineth and ſuppeth with ſuch a ſinner as I am. I am in Chriſt's tutoring here; he hath made me content with a borrowed fire-ſide, and it caſteth as much heat as my own: I want nothing at all, but real poſſeſſion of Chriſt; and he hath given me a pawn of that alſo, which I hope to keep till he come himſelf to looſe the pawn. I cannot get help to praiſe his high name: he hath made me a king over my loſſes, impriſonment, baniſhment, and only my dumb ſabbaths ſtick in my throat; but I forgive Chriſt's wiſdom in that; I dare not ſay one word, he hath done it, and I will lay my hand upon my mouth; if any other had done it to me, I could not have borne it. Now, my Lord, I muſt tell your Lordſhip, that I would not give a drink of cold water for this clay-idol, this plaiſtered world. I teſtify, and give it under mine own hand, that Chriſt is moſt worthy to be ſuffered for. Our lazy fleſh (which would have Chriſt to cry down croſſes by open proclamation) hath but raiſed a ſlander upon the croſs of Chriſt. My Lord, I hope ye will not forget what he hath done for your ſoul: I think ye are in Chriſt's count-book, as his obliged debtor. Grace, grace be with your ſpirit.

*Aberd. March* 13. 1637. *Your Lordſhip's obliged ſervant*, S. R.

## 109. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Knockgray.*

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your ſoul proſpereth: I expected letters from you ere now. As for myſelf, I am here in good caſe, well feaſted with a great King: at my firſt coming here, I was that bold, as to take up a jealouſy of Chriſt's love; I ſaid I was caſt over the dyke of the Lord's vineyard, as a dry tree; but I ſee, if I had been a withered branch, the fire would have burnt me long ere now: bleſſed be his high name, who hath kept ſap in the dry tree; and now, as if Chriſt had done the wrong, he hath made the amends, and hath miſkent my ravings; (for a man under the water cannot well command his wit, far leſs his faith and love) becauſe it was a fever, my Lord Jeſus forgave me that, amongſt the reſt: he knoweth, in our afflictions, we can find a ſpot in the faireſt face that ever was, even in Chriſt's face. I would not have believed that a gloom ſhould have made me to miſken my old Maſter; but we muſt be whiles ſick: ſickneſs is but kindly to both faith and love. But O how exceedingly is a poor dawted priſoner obliged to ſweet Jeſus! My tears are ſweeter to me, than the laughter of the fourteen prelates to them; the worſt of Chriſt, even his chaff, is better than the world's corn. Dear brother, I beſeech you, I charge you, in the name and authority of the Son of God, help me to praiſe his highneſs; and I charge you alſo, to tell all your acquaintance, that my Maſter may get many thanks. O if my hairs, all my members, and all my bones, were well-tuned tongues, to ſing the high praiſes of my great and glorious King! Help me to lift Chriſt up upon his throne, and to lift him up above all the thrones of the clay-kings, the dying ſcepter-bearers of this world. The priſoner's bleſſing, the bleſſing of him that was ſeparated from his brethren, be upon them all, who will lend me a lift in this work. Shew this to that people with you to whom ſometimes I preached. Brother, my Lord hath brought me to this, that I will not flatter the world for a drink of water. I am no debtor to clay; Chriſt hath made me dead to that: I now wonder that ever I was ſuch a child long ſince, as to beg at ſuch beggars! fy upon us, who woo ſuch a black ſkinned harlot, when we may get ſuch a fair, fair match in heaven. Oh that I could give up with this clay-idol, this maſked, painted, dirt, that Adam's ſons adore! we make an idol of our will; as many luſts in us, as many gods, we are all god-makers: we are like to loſe Chriſt, the true God, in the throng of theſe new and falſe gods. Scot-hath caſt her crown off her head; the virgin daughter hath loſt her garland: wo, wo to our harlot mother: our day is coming, a time when women ſhall wiſh they had been childleſs, and fathers ſhall bleſs miſcarrying wombs and dry breaſts: many hou-

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ſes great and fair ſhall be deſolate. This kirk ſhall ſit on the ground all night, and the tears ſhall run down her cheeks: the ſun hath gone down upon her prophets; bleſſed are the priſoners of hope, who can run into their ſtrong hold, and hide themſelves for a little till the indignation be overpaſt. Commend me to your wife, your daughters, your ſon-in-law, and to A. T. Write to me the caſe of your kirk. Grace be with you. I am much moved for my brother; I intreat for your kindneſs and counſel to him.

*Aberdeen, Feb.* 23. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

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## 110. *To my Lady* MARR *younger.*

*My very noble and dear Lady,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your Ladyſhip's letter, which hath comforted my ſoul. God give you to find mercy in the day of Chriſt. I am in as good terms and court with Chriſt, as an exiled oppreſſed priſoner of Chriſt can be; I am ſtill welcome to his houſe; he knoweth my knock, and letteth in a poor friend. Under this black rough tree of the croſs of Chriſt, he hath raviſhed me with his love, and taken my heart to heaven with him; well and long may he bruik it. I would not niffer Chriſt with all the joys that men or angels can deviſe beſide him. Who hath ſuch cauſe to ſpeak honourably of Chriſt as I have? Chriſt is king of all croſſes, and he hath made his ſaints little kings under him, and he can ride and triumph upon weaker bodies than I am, (if any can be weaker) and his horſe will neither fall nor ſtumble. Madam, your Ladyſhip hath made much ado with Chriſt, for your ſoul, huſband, children, and houſe; let him find much employment for his calling with you; for he is ſuch a friend as delighteth to be burdened with ſuits and employments; and the more ye lay on him, and the more homely ye be with him, the more welcome. O the depth of Chriſt's love! It hath neither brim nor bottom. O if this blind world ſaw his beauty! When I count with him for his mercies to me, I muſt ſtand ſtill and wonder, and go away as a poor dyvour who hath nothing to pay; free forgiveneſs is my payment. I would I could get him ſet on high; for his love hath made me ſick, and I die except I get real poſſeſſion. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. March* 13. 1637. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

111. *To*

## 111. *To* JAMES MACADAM.

*My very dear and worthy friend,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear of your growing in grace, and of your advancing in your journey to heaven: It will be the joy of my heart, to hear that you hold your face up the brae, and wade through tentations, without fearing what man can do. Christ shall, when he ariseth, mow down his enemies, and lay bulks (as they use to speak) on the green, and fill the pits with dead bodies, Psal. cx. 6. they shall ly like handfuls of withered hay, when he ariseth to the prey. Salvation, salvation, is the only necessary thing: this clay-idol, the world, is not to be sought; it is a morsel not for you, but for hunger-bitten bastards. Contend for salvation: your master Christ won heaven with strokes; it is a besieged castle, it must be taken with violence. Oh, this world thinketh heaven but at the next door, and that godliness may sleep in a bed of down, till it come to heaven, but that will not do it. For myself, I am as well as Christ's prisoner can be; for by him I am master and king of all my crosses; I am above the prison, and the lash of mens tongues: Christ triumpheth in me. I have been casten down, and heavy with fears, and hunted with challenges; I was swiming in the depths, but Christ had his hand under my chin all the time, and took good heed that I should not lose breath: and now I have gotten my feet again, and there are love-feasts of joy, and spring-tides of consolation betwixt Christ and me; we agree well; I have court with him, I am still welcome to his house. O my short arms cannot fathom his love! I beseech you, I charge you, help me to praise. Ye have a prisoner's prayers, therefore forget me not. I desire Sibilla to remember me dearly to all in that parish who know Christ, as if I had named them. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 112. *To my very dear brother* WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

*My very dear brother,*

I Rejoice to hear that Christ hath run away with your young love, and that ye are so early in the morning matched with such a Lord; for a young man is often a dressed lodging for the devil to dwell in. Be humble and thankful for grace, and weigh it not so much by weight, as if it be true; Christ will not cast water on your smoaking coal, he never yet put out a dim candle, that was lighted at the sun of righteousness. I recommend to you prayer and watching over the sins of your youth; for I know missive letters go between the devil and young blood: Satan hath a friend at court in the heart of youth; and their

their pride, luxury, luſt, revenge, forgetfulneſs of God, are hired as his agents. Happy is your ſoul, if Chriſt man the houſe, and take the keys himſelf, and command all! (as it ſuiteth him full well, to rule all wherever he is :) keep him, and entertain Chriſt well, cheriſh his grace, blow upon your own coal, and let him tutor you. Now, for myſelf, know, I am fully agreed with my Lord: Chriſt hath put the Father and me in others arms; many a ſweet bargain he made before, and he hath made this among the reſt. I reign as king over my croſſes; I will not flatter a temptation, nor give the devil a good word; I defy hell's iron gates: God hath paſt over my quarelling of him at my entry here, and now he feedeth and feaſteth with me: praiſe, praiſe with me; and let us exalt his name together.

*Aberd. March* 13. 1637. *Your brother in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 113. *To* WILLIAM GORDON *of White-park.*

*Worthy Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I long to hear from you. I am here the Lord's priſoner and patient, handled as ſoftly by my Phyſician, as if I were a ſick man under cure. I was at hard terms with my Lord, and pleaded with him; but I had the worſt ſide: it is a wonder he ſhould have ſuffered the like of me to have nicknamed the Son of his love, Chriſt, and to call him a changed Lord who had forſaken me; but miſbelief hath never a good word to ſpeak of Chriſt. The droſs of my croſs gathered a ſcum of fears in the fire, doubtings, impatience, unbelief, challenging of providence as ſleeping, aud not regarding my ſorrow; but my goldſmith, Chriſt, was pleaſed to take off the ſcum, and burn it in the fire. And, bleſſed be my finer, he hath made the metal better, and furniſhed new ſupply of grace to cauſe me hold out weight; and I hope he hath not loſt one grain weight, by burning his ſervant. Now his love in my heart caſteth a mighty heat: he knoweth, that the deſire I have to be at himſelf paineth me. I have ſick nights, and frequent fits of love-fevers for my Well-beloved; nothing paineth me now but want of preſence: I think it long till day; I challenge time, as too ſlow in its pace, that holdeth my only, only fair One, my love, my Well-beloved, from me: O if we were together once! I am like an old crazed ſhip that hath endured many ſtorms, and that would fain be in the lot of the ſhore, and feareth new ſtorms: I would be that nigh heaven, that the ſhadow of it might break the force of the ſtorm, and the crazed ſhip might win to land. My Lord's ſun caſteth a heat of love and beam of light on my ſoul. My bleſſing thrice every day upon the ſweet croſs of Chriſt: I am not aſhamed of my

my garland, the baniſhed miniſter, (which is the term of Aberdeen:) love, love defieth reprobates; the love of Chriſt hath a corſlet of proof on it, and arrows will not draw blood of it: we are more than conquerors, through the blood of him that loved us, Rom. viii. the devil and the world cannot wound the love of Chriſt. I am further from yielding to the courſe of defection, than when I came hither: ſufferings blunt not the fiery edge of love; caſt love in the floods of hell, it will ſwim above: it careth not for the world's buſked and plaiſtered offers. It hath pleaſed my Lord, ſo to line my heart with the love of my Lord Jeſus, that, as if the field were already won, and I on the other ſide of time, I laugh at the world's golden pleaſures, and at this dirty idol, the ſons of Adam worſhip: this worm-eaten god is that which my ſoul hath fallen out of love with. Sir, ye were once my hearer: I deſire now to hear from you and your wife; I ſalute her and your children with bleſſings: I am glad, that ye are ſtill hand-feaſted with Chriſt: go on in your journey, and take the city by violence; keep your garments clean, be clean virgins to your huſband the Lamb: the world ſhall follow you to heaven's gates; and ye would not wiſh it to go in with you. Keep faſt Chriſt's love: pray for me, as I do for you; the Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Aberd. March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 114. *To Mr.* GEORGE GILLESPIE.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Received your letter. As for my caſe brother, I bleſs his glorious name, my loſſes are my gain, my priſon a palace, and my ſadneſs joyfulneſs. At my firſt entry, my apprehenſions wrought ſo upon my croſs, that I became jealous of the love of Chriſt, as being by him thruſt out of the vineyard, and I was under great challenges (as ordinarily melted gold caſteth forth a droſſy ſcum, and Satan and our corruption form the firſt words that the heavy croſs ſpeaketh, and ſay, God is angry, he loveth you not) but our apprehenſions are not canonical; they dite lies of God and Chriſt's love. But ſince my ſpirit was ſettled, and the clay fallen to the bottom of the well, I ſee better what Chriſt was doing; and now my Lord is returned with ſalvation under his wings; now I want little of half a heaven, and I find Chriſt every day ſo ſweet, comfortable, lovely, and kind, as three things only trouble me: 1. I ſee not how to be thankful, or how to get help to praiſe that royal King, who raiſeth up thoſe that are bowed down. 2. His love paineth me, and woundeth my ſoul, ſo as I am in a fever for want of real preſence. 3. An exceſſive deſire to take inſtruments in

their pride, luxury, luſt, revenge, forgetfulneſs of God, are hired as his agents. Happy is your ſoul, if Chriſt man the houſe, and take the keys himſelf, and command all! (as it ſuiteth him full well, to rule all wherever he is:) keep him, and entertain Chriſt well, cheriſh his grace, blow upon your own coal, and let him tutor you. Now, for myſelf, know, I am fully agreed with my Lord: Chriſt hath put the Father and me in others arms; many a ſweet bargain he made before, and he hath made this among the reſt. I reign as king over my croſſes; I will not flatter a temptation, nor give the devil a good word; I defy hell's iron gates: God hath paſt over my quarelling of him at my entry here, and now he feedeth and feaſteth with me: praiſe, praiſe with me; and let us exalt his name together.

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God's name, that this is Chriſt and his truth I now ſuffer for, yea, the apple of the eye of Chriſt's honour, even the ſovereignty and royal privileges of our King and Law-giver: and therefore let no man ſcar at Chriſt's croſs, or raiſe an ill report upon him, or it; for he beareth the ſufferer and it both. I am here troubled with the diſputes of the great doctors (eſpecially with D. B. in ceremonial and Arminian controverſies, for all are corrupt here) but, I thank God, with no detriment to the truth, or diſcredit to my profeſſion. So then, I ſee that Chriſt can triumph in a weaker man than I; and who can be more weak? but his grace is ſufficient for me. Brother, remember our old covenant, and pray for me, and write to me your caſe. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Aberdeen, March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 115. *To* JOHN MEINE.

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I wonder ye ſent me not an anſwer to my laſt letter, for I ſtand in need of it: I am in ſome piece of court with our great King, whoſe love would cauſe a dead man ſpeak and live: whether my court will continue or not, I cannot well ſay; but I have his ear frequently, and (to his glory only I ſpeak it) no penury of the love-kiſſes of the Son of God. He thinketh good to caſt apples to me in my priſon to play withal, leſt I ſhould think long and faint; I muſt give over all attempts to fathom the depth of his love: all I can do is, but to ſtand beſide his great love, and look and wonder. My debts of thankfulneſs affright me; I fear my creditor get a dyvour bill and ragged account. I would be much the better of help; O for help! and that ye would take notice of my caſe. Your not writing to me maketh me think, ye ſuppoſe that I am not to be bemoaned, becauſe he is comfortable; but I have pain in my unthankfulneſs, and pain in the feeling of his love, while I am ſick again for real preſence, and real poſſeſſion of Chriſt; yet there is no gouked (if I may ſo ſpeak) nor fond love in Chriſt: he caſteth me down ſometimes for old faults: and I know he knoweth well, that ſweet comforts are ſwelling; and therefore ſorrow muſt make a vent to the wind. My dumb Sabbaths are undercoating wounds. The condition of this oppreſſed kirk and my brother's caſe (I thank you and your wife for your kindneſs to him) hold my ſore ſmarting, and keep my wounds bleeding: but the ground-work ſtandeth ſure. Pray for me. Grace be with you. Remember me to your wife.

*Aberdeen, March* 14. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 116. *To Mr.* THOMAS GARVEN.

*Reverend dear brother,*

I Bleſs you for your letter: it was a ſhower to the new mown graſs. The Lord hath given you the tongue of the learned, be fruitful and humble. It is poſſible ye come to my caſe, or the like; but the water is neither ſo deep, nor the ſtream ſo ſtrong, as it is called. I think my fire is not ſo hot, my water dry land, my loſs rich loſs. O but the walls of my priſon be high, wide and large, and the place ſweet! no man knoweth it, no man, I ſay, knoweth it, (my dear brother) ſo well as he and I: no man can put it down in black and white as my Lord hath ſealed it in my heart. My poor ſtock is grown ſince I came to Aberdeen: and if any had known the wrong I did, in being jealous of ſuch an honeſt love as Chriſt, who with-held not his love from me, they would think the more of it; but I ſee, he muſt be above me in mercy: I will never ſtrive with him: to think to recompenſe him is folly. If I had as many angels tongues, as there have fallen drops of rain ſince the creation, or as there are leaves of trees in all the foreſts of the earth, or ſtars in the heaven, to praiſe; yet my Lord Jeſus would ever be behind with me: we will never get our accompts fitted; a pardon muſt cloſe the reckoning: for his comforts to me in this honourable cauſe have almoſt put me beyond the bounds of modeſty; howbeit I will not let every one know what is betwixt us. Love, love (I mean Chriſt's love) is the hotteſt coal that ever I felt: O but the ſmoke of it be hot! Caſt all the ſalt ſea on it, it will flame; hell cannot quench it: many, many waters will not quench love. Chriſt is turned over to his poor priſoner in a maſs and globe of love: I wonder he ſhould waſte ſo much love upon ſuch a waſter as I am: but he is no waſter, but abundant in mercy; he hath no niggard's alms, when he is pleaſed to give. O that I could invite all the nation to love him! Free grace is an unknown thing: this world hath heard but a bare name of Chriſt, and no more: there are infinite plyes in his love, that the ſaints will never win to unfold; I would it were better known, and that Chriſt got more of his own due than he doth. Brother, ye have choſen the good part, who have taken part with Chriſt: ye will ſee him win the field, and ye ſhall get part of the ſpoil when he divideth it. They are but fools who laugh at us: for they ſee but the backſide of the moon; yet our moon light is better than their twelve hours ſun: we have gotten the new heavens, and as a pledge of that, the Bridegroom's love-ring: the children of the wedding-chamber have cauſe to ſkip, and leap for joy, for the marriage-ſupper is drawing nigh, and we find the four hours ſweet and comfortable. O time be not ſlow? O ſun, move ſpeedily and haſten our banquet! O Bridegroom, be like a roe, or a young hart upon the moun

tains! O Well-Beloved, run fast, that we may once meet! Brother, I contain myself, for want of time. Pray for me: I hope to remember you. The good will of him who dwelt in the bush, the tender mercies of God in Christ, enrich you. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 14. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R

## 117. *To* BETHAIA AIRD.

*Worthy sister,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I know ye desire news from my prison, and I shall shew you news. At my first entry hither, Christ and I agreed not well upon it: the devil made a plea in the house, and I laid the blame upon Christ; for my heart was fraught with challenges, and I feared that I was an outcast, and that I was but a withered tree in the vineyard, and but held the sun off the good plants, with my idle shadow, and therefore my Master hath given the evil servant the fields to fend him. Old guiltiness (as witness) said, all is true: my apprehensions were with child of faithless fears, and unbelief put a seal and amen to all. I thought myself in a hard case: some said, I had cause to rejoice, that Christ had honoured me to be a witness for him; and I said in my heart, These words of men, who see but mine out-side, and cannot tell if I be a false witness or not. If Christ had in this matter been as wilful and short as I was, my faith had gone over the brae, and broken its neck; but we were well met, a hasty fool, and a wise, patient and meek Saviour: he took no law-advantage of my folly, but waited on till my ill blood was fallen, and my drumbled and troubled well began to clear; he was never a whit angry at the fever-ravings of a poor tempted sinner: but he mercifully forgave, and came (as it well becometh him) with grace and new comfort, to a sinner who deserveth the contrary. And now he is content to kiss my black mouth, to put his hand in mine, and to feed me with as many consolations, as would feed ten hungry souls! yet I dare not say he is a waster of comforts, for no less would have borne me up; one grain-weight would have casten the balance. Now, who is like to that royal King, crowned in Zion! Where will I get a seat for royal Majesty, to set him on? If I could set him as far above the heaven as thousand thousands of heights devised by men and angels, I would think him but too low. I pray you for God's sake, my dear sister, help me to praise: his love hath neither brim nor bottom; his love is like himself, it passeth all natural understanding: I go to fathom it with my arms, but it is as if a child would take the globe of sea and land in his two short arms; blessed and holy is his name! This must be his truth I now suffer for:

for he would not laugh upon a lie, nor be witneſs with his comforts to a night dream. I intreat for your prayers; and the prayer and bleſſing of a priſoner of a Chriſt be upon you. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 14. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

118. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Knockgray.*

*Dear brother,*

I Have not leiſure to write to you: Chriſt's ways were known to you, long before I (who am but a child) knew any thing of him. What wrong and violence the prelates may, by God's permiſſion, do unto you, for your trial, I know not; but this I know, that your ten days tribulation will end: contend to the laſt breath for Chriſt. Baniſhment out of theſe kingdoms is determined againſt me, as I hear; this land dow not bear me: I pray you, recommend my caſe and bonds to my brethren and ſiſters, with you; and I intruſt more of my ſpiritual comfort to you and them that way, my dear brother, than to many in this kingdom beſides. I hope ye will not be wanting to Chriſt's priſoner. Fear nothing, for I aſſure you, Alexander Gordon of Knockgray ſhall win away, and get his ſoul for a prey: and what can he then want that is worth the having? Your friends are cold (as ye write) and ſo are theſe, in whom I truſted much: our huſband doth well in breaking our idols in pieces: dry wells ſend us to the fountain. My life is not dear to me, ſo being I may fulfill my courſe with joy. I fear you muſt remove, if your new hireling will not bear your diſcountenancing of him; for the prelate is afraid Chriſt get you, aud that he hath no will of. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1647. *Yours in his ſweet Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

119. *To* JOHN FLEMING, *Bailie of Leith.*

*Worthy and dearly beloved in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I received your letter: I wiſh I could ſatisfy your deſires, in drawing up, and framing for you a chriſtian direction: but the learned have done it before me, more judiciouſly than I can; eſpecially Mr. Rodgers, Greenham, and Perkins: notwithſtanding I ſhall ſhew you what I would have been at myſelf (howbeit I came always ſhort of my purpoſe.) 1. That hours of the day, leſs or more time, for the word and prayer, be given to God, not ſparing the twelfth hour or mid-day, howbeit it ſhould then be the ſhorter time. 2. In the midſt of worldly employments, there ſhould be ſome thoughts of ſin, judgment, death, and eterni y

ternity, with a word or two of ejaculatory prayer (at leaſt) to God. 3. To beware of wandering of heart, in private prayers. 4. Not to grudge, howbeit ye come from prayer without ſenſe of joy: down-caſting, ſenſe of guiltineſs, and hunger is beſt for us. 5. That the Lord's day, from morning to night, be ſpent always, either in private or public worſhip. 6. That words be obſerved, wandering and idle thoughts be avoided, ſudden anger and deſire of revenge, even of ſuch as perſecute the truth, be guarded againſt; for we often mix our zeal with our wild fire. 7. That known, diſcovered and revealed ſins, that are againſt the conſcience be iſſued, as moſt dangerous preparatives to hardneſs of heart. 8. That in dealing with men, faith and truth in covenants and trafficking be regarded, that we deal with all men in ſincerity, that conſcience be made of idle and lying words; and that our carriage be ſuch, as that they who ſee it may ſpeak honourably of our ſweet Maſter and profeſſion. 9. I have been much challenged, 1. For not referring all to God, as the laſt end; that I do not eat, ſleep, journey, ſpeak and think for God. 2. That I have not benefited by good company; and that I left not ſome word of conviction, even upon natural and wicked men, as by reproving ſwearing in them, or becauſe of being a ſilent witneſs to their looſe carriage, and becauſe I intended not in all companies to do good. 3. That the woes and calamities of the kirk, and particular profeſſors, have not moved me. 4. That at the reading of the life of David, Paul, and the like, when it humbled me, I (coming ſo far ſhort of their holineſs) laboured not to imitate them, afar off at leaſt, according to the meaſure of God's grace. 5. That unrepented ſins of youth were not looked to, and lamented for. 6. That ſudden ſtirrings of pride, luſt, revenge, love of honours, were not reſiſted and mourned for. 7. That my charity was cold. 8. That the experiences I had, of God's hearing me in this and the other particular, being gathered, yet in a new trouble I had always (once at leaſt) my faith to ſeek, as if I were to begin at A, B, C. again. 9. That I have not more boldly contradicted the enemies, ſpeaking againſt the truth, either in public church-meetings, or at tables, or ordinary conference. 10. That in great troubles, I have received falſe reports of Chriſt's love, and miſbelieved him in his chaſtening; whereas the event hath ſaid, All was in mercy. 11. Nothing more moveth me, and weighteth my ſoul, than that I could never for my heart, in my proſperity, ſo wreſtle in prayer with God, nor be dead to the world, ſo hungry and ſick of love for Chriſt, ſo heavenly-minded, as when ten ſtone weight of a heavy croſs was upon me. 12. That the croſs extorted vows of new obedience, which eaſe hath blown away, as chaff before the wind. 13. That practice was ſo ſhort and narrow, and light ſo long

and

nd broad. 14. That death hath not been often meditated u-
on. 15. That I have not been careful of gaining others to
Chriſt. 16. That my grace and gifts bring forth little or no
thankfulneſs. There are ſome things alſo, whereby I have been
ed: as, 1. I have benefited by riding a long journey, in
giving that time to prayer. 2. By abſtinence, and giving days
o God. 3. By praying for others; for, by making an errand
o God for them, I have gotten ſomething for myſelf. 4. I
ave been really confirmed, in many particulars, that God
heareth prayers; and therefore I uſed to pray for any thing, of
how little importance ſoever. 5. He enabled me to make no
queſtion, that this mocked way which is nicknamed, is the on-
y way to heaven. Sir, theſe and many more occurrences in my
ife, would be looked unto: and, 1. Thoughts of atheiſm would
e watched over, as, if there be a God in heaven: which will
trouble and aſſault the beſt, at ſometimes. 2. Growth in grace
would be cared for, above all things; and falling from our firſt
love mourned for. 3. Conſcience made of praying for the ene-
mies, who are blinded. Sir, I thank you moſt kindly for your
care of my brother, and me alſo: I hope it is laid up for you,
and remembered in heaven. I am ſtill aſhamed with Chriſt's
kindneſs to ſuch a ſinner as I am: he hath left a fire in my heart,
that hell cannot caſt water on, to quench or extinguiſh it. Help
me to praiſe, and pray for me; for ye have a priſoner's bleſſ-
ing and prayers. Remember my love to your wife. Grace be
with you.

*Aberd. March* 15. 1637. *Yours in Chriſt Jeſus*, S. R.

## 120. *To* ROBERT GORDON *of Knockbrex.*

*My very dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I thought to have anſwered your two letters upon this occaſion, though I cannot ſay all that I would. Your timeous word (not to delight in the croſs, but in him who ſweeteneth it) came to me in due time: I find the conſolations and off-fallings, that follow the croſs of Chriſt, ſo ſweet, that I almoſt forget myſelf: my deſire and purpoſe is, when Chriſt's honey-comb drops, neither to refuſe to receive and feed upon his comforts, nor yet to make joy my baſtard-god, or my new-found-heaven. But what ſhall I ſay? Chriſt very often, in his ſweet comforts, cometh unſent for, and it were a ſin to cloſe the door upon him: it is not unlawful to love and delight in Chriſt's apples, when I am not doatingly wooing, nor eagerly begging kiſſes; but when they come clean from the timber (like kindneſs itſelf, that cometh of its own accord) then I cannot but laugh upon him, who laugheth

laugheth upon me: if *joy* and *comforts* came ſingle and alone, without Chriſt himſelf, I think, I would ſend them back again the gait they came, and not make them welcome; but when the king's train cometh, and the King in the midſt of the company, O how am I overjoy'd with floods of love! I fear not, that too great ſpeats of love waſh away the growing corn, and looſe my plants at the roots: Chriſt doth no ſkaith where he cometh; but certainly, I would wiſh ſuch ſpiritual wiſdom, as to love the Bridegroom better than his gifts, his *propine or drink money*. I would be further in upon Chriſt, than at his joys; they but ſtand in the outer ſide of Chriſt: I would wiſh to be in, as a ſeal on his heart; in, where his love and mercy lodgeth, beſide his heart. My Well-beloved hath raviſhed me; but it is done with conſent of parties, and its allowable enough: but, my dear brother, ere I part with this ſubject, I muſt tell you (that ye may lift up my King in praiſes with me) Chriſt hath been keeping ſomething theſe fourteen years for me, that I have now gotten in my heavy days, that I am in for his name's ſake; even an opened coffer of perfumed comforts, and freſh joys, coming new, and green, and powerful, from the faireſt, faireſt face of Chriſt, my Lord. Let the ſour law, let croſſes, let hell be cried down: love, love hath ſhamed me from my old ways. Whether I have a race to run, or ſome work to do, I ſee not; but I think Chriſt ſeemeth to leave heaven (to ſay ſo) and his court, and come down to laugh, and play, and ſport with a daft bairn. I am not thus plain with many I write to: it is poſſible I be miſconſtructed, and deemed to ſeek a name: but my Witneſs above knoweth, I ſeek to have a good name raiſed upon Chriſt. I obſerve it to be our folly, to ſeek little from Chriſt; becauſe our four-hours may not be our ſupper; nor our propine ſent by the Bridegroom our tocher-good; nor our earneſt our principal ſum. But I trow, few of us know, how much may be had of Chriſt for a four-hours, and propine, and earneſt. We are like the young heir, who knoweth not the whole bounds of his own lordſhip. Certainly it is more than my part to ſay, *O ſweeteſt Lord Jeſus, what, howbeit I were ſplit and broken in five thouſand ſheards or bits of clay, ſo being every ſheard had a heart to love thee, and every one as many tongues as there are in heaven, to ſing praiſes to thee, before men and angels for evermore?* Therefore, if my ſufferings cry goodneſs, and praiſe, and honour upon Chriſt, my ſtipend is well paid. Each one knoweth not what a life Chriſt's love is. Fear not at ſuffering for Chriſt, for Chriſt hath a chair, and a cuſhion, and ſweet peace for a ſufferer: Chriſt's trencher from the firſt meſs of the high table, is for a ſinful witneſs. O then, brother, who but Chriſt! who but Chriſt! hold your tongue of lovers, where he cometh out! O all fleſh, O duſt and aſhes, O angels, O

glorified

glorified ſpirits, O all the ſhields of the world, be ſilent before him, come hither and behold our Bridegroom, ſtand ſtill and wonder for evermore at him! Why ceaſe we to love and wonder, to kiſs and adore him? it is a hard matter, that days ly betwixt me and him, and hold us aſunder. O how long, how long! O how many miles are there to my Bridegroom's dwelling houſe! it is a pain to friſt Chriſt's love any longer. But, it may be, a drunken man loſe his feet, and miſs a ſtep. Ye write to me, hall-blinks are ſlippery: I do not think my dawting world will ſtill laſt, and that feaſts will be my ordinary food; I would have humility, patience and faith, to ſet down both my feet, when I come to the north ſide of the cold and thorny hill. It is ill my common, to be ſwier to go an errand for Chriſt, and to take the wind upon my face for him. Lord, let me never be a falſe witneſs, to deny that I ſaw Chriſt take the pen in his hand, and ſubſcribe my writs. Me dear brother, ye complain to me, ye cannot hold ſight of me: but were I a footman, I ſhould go at leiſure; but ſometimes the king taketh me into his coach and draweth me; and then I outrun myſelf: but, alas, I am ſtill a forlorn tranſgreſſor! O how thankful! I will not put you off your ſenſe of darkneſs; but let me ſay this, Who gave you proctor fee, to ſpeak for the law, that can ſpeak for itſelf, better than ye can do? I would not have you to bring your dittay in your own boſom with you to Chriſt: let the old man and the new man be ſummoned before Chriſt's white throne, and let them be confronted before Chriſt, and let each of them ſpeak for themſelves: I hope, howbeit the new man complain of his lying among the pots, which maketh the believer look black; yet he can ſay alſo, *I am comely as tents of Kedar*: ye ſhall not have my advice, not to bemoan your deadneſs: but I find by ſome experience (which ye knew before I knew Chriſt) that ſuiteth not a ranſomed man of Chriſt's buying, to go and plea for the four law, our old forecaſten huſband; for we are now not under the law (as a covenant) but under grace. Ye are in no man's common but Chriſts: I know, he bemoaneth you more than you do yourſelf; I ſay this, becauſe I am wearied of complaining. I thought it had been humility, to imagine that Chriſt was angry with me, both becauſe of my dumb ſabbaths, and my hard heart; but I feel now nothing but aking wounds: my grief, whether I will or not, ſwelleth upon me; but let us lie in grace's hall-floor, pleading before Chriſt. I deny nothing that the Mediator will challenge me of; but I turn it all back upon himſelf: let him look his own old counts, if he be angry, for he will get no more of me: when Chriſt ſaith, *I want repentance*: I meet him with this, *True, Lord; but thou art made a King and Prince to give me repentance*, Acts v. 31. When Chriſt bindeth a challenge upon us, we muſt bind a promiſe

back upon him: be low, and lay yourself in the dust before God (which is suitable) but withal let Christ take the payment in his own hand, and pay himself off the first end of his own merits; else he will come behind, for any thing we can do. I am every way in your case, as hard hearted and dead as any man; but yet I speak to Christ through my sleep. Let us then proclaim a free market for Christ, and swear ourselves bare, and cry on him, to come without money and buy us, and take us home to our ransom-payer's fire side, and let us be Christ's free boarders; because we do not pay the old, we may not refuse to take on Christ's new debt of mercy: let us do our best, Christ will still be behind with us, and many terms will run together. For my part, let me stand for evermore in his book, for a forlorn dyvour; I must desire to be thus far in his common of new, as to desire to kiss his feet: I know not how to win to a heartsome fill and feast of Christ's love; for I do neither buy, nor beg, nor borrow; and yet I cannot want it: I dow not want it. O if I could praise him! Yea, I would rest content with a heart submissive and dying of love for him; and howbeit I win never personally in at heaven's gates, O would to God, I could send in my praises to my incomparable Well-beloved, or cast my love-songs of that matchless Lord Jesus over the walls, that they might light in his lap, before men and angels! Now, grace, grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife, and daughter, and brother John.

*Aberdeen, June* 11. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 121. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Earlstoun.*

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. I long to hear from you: I received few letters since I came hither; I am in need of a word; a dry plant would have some watering. My case betwixt Christ my Lord and me, standeth between love and jealousy, faith and suspicion of his love; it is a marvel he keepeth house with me. I make many pleas with Christ, but he maketh as many agreements with me: I think his unchangeable love hath said, I defy thee to break me and change me; if Christ had such changeable and new thoughts of my salvation, as I have of it, I think I should then be at a sad loss; he honoureth not a fool like me in my unbelief, but rebuketh me, and fathereth kindness upon me; Christ is rather like the poor friend and needy prisoner (begging love) than I am: I cannot for shame get Christ said nay of my whole love; for he will not want his errand for the seeking. God be thanked, my Bridegroom tireth not of wooing: honour to him, he is a wilful suitor

or of my soul; but as love is his, pain is mine, that I have nothing to give him; his count-book is full of my debts of mercy, kindness, and free love towards me; Oh that I might read with watery eyes! O that he would give me the interest to pay back! or rather my soul's desire is, that he would comprise my person, soul, and body, love, joy, confidence, fear, sorrow and desire, and drive the pund, and let me be rouped and sold to Christ, and taken home to my creditor's house and his fire-side. The Lord knoweth, if I could, I would sell myself without reversion to Christ. O sweet Lord Jesus, make a market, and over-bid all my buyers! I dare swear there is a mystery in Christ, which I never saw; a mystery of love. O if he would lay by the lap of the covering that is over it, and let my greining soul see it: I would break the door, and be in upon him, to get a wombful of love; for I am an hungered and famished soul. Oh, Sir, if you, or any other would tell him, how sick my soul is, dying for want of a hearty draught of Christ's love! Oh if I could dote (if I may make use of that word, in this case) as much upon himself as I do upon his love! It is a pity that Christ himself should not rather be my heart's choice, than Christ's manifested love. It would satisfy me, in some measure, if I had any bud to give for his love: shall I offer him my praises? Alas, he is more than praises! I give it over to get him exalted according to his worth, which is above what can be known. Yet all this time I am tempting him, to see if there be both love and anger in him against me. I am plucked from his flock (dear to me) and from feeding his Lambs; I go therefore in sackloth as one who hath lost the wife of his youth. Grief and sorrow are suspicious, and spue out against him the smoke of jealousies; and I say often, Shew me wherefore thou contendest with me, tell me, Lord, read the process against me. But I know, I cannot answer his allegiance; I will lose the cause, when it cometh to open pleading. Oh if I could force my heart to believe dreams to be dreams! Yet when Christ giveth my fears the lie, and saith to me, Thou art a liar, then I am glad. I resolve to hope to be quiet, and to ly on the brink upon my side, till the water fall, and the foord be rideable: and howbeit there be pain upon me in longing for deliverance, that I may speak of him in the great congregation; yet I think there is joy in that pain and on-waiting: and I even rejoice, that he putteth me off for a time, and shifteth me. Oh if I could wait on for all eternity, howbeit I should never get my soul's desire, so being he were glorified! I would wish, my pain and my ministry could live long to serve him; for, I know, I am a clay-vessel, and made for his use. O if my very broken sheards could serve to glorify him! I desire Christ's grace to be willingly content, that my hell (excepting his hatred and displeasure, which I put

of all play, for submission to this is not called for) were a preaching of his glory to men and angels, for ever and ever! When all is done, what can I add to him? or what can such a clay shadow as I do? I know he needeth not me. I have cause to be grieved, and to melt away in tears; if I had grace to do it, Lord grant it me! to see my Well-beloved's fair face spitted upon by dogs, to see lowns pulling the crown off my royal King's head, to see my harlot mother, and my sweet Father agree so ill, that they are going to skaih, and give up house; my Lord's palace is now a nest of unclean birds. Oh if harlot, harlot Scotland, would rue upon her provoked Lord; and pity her good Husband, who is broken with her whorish heart? but these things are hid from her eyes. I have heard of late of your new trial by the bishop of Galloway, Fear not clay, worms meat; let truth and Christ get no wrong in your hand: it is your gain, if Christ be glorified; and your glory to be Christ's witness: I persuade you, your sufferings are Christ's advantage and victory; for he is pleased to reckon them so. Let me hear from you; Christ is but wining a clean kirk out of the fire: he will win this play; he will not be in your common for any charges ye are at in his service; he is not poor to sit in your debt; he will repay an hundred fold more, it may be, even this life. The prayers and blessing of Christ's prisoner be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Your brother in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

122. *To his reverend and loving brother*, *Mr.* JOHN NEVAY.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received yours of April 11th, as I did another of March 25th, and a letter for Mr. Andrew Cant. I am not a little grieved, that our mother-church is running so quickly to the brothel-house, and that we are hiring lovers, and giving gifts to the great mother of fornications: alas, that our Husband is like to quit us so shortly! It were my part (if I were able) when our Husband is departing, to stir up myself to take hold of him, and keep him in this land; for I know him to be a sweet second, and a lovely companion to a poor prisoner. I find my extremity hath sharpened the edge of his love and kindness, so as he seemeth to devise new ways of expressing the sweetness of his love to my soul. Suffering for Christ is the very element, wherein Christ's love liveth, and exerciseth itself, in casting out flames of fire and sparks of heat, to warm such a frozen heart as I have: and if Christ weeping in sackcloth be so sweet, I cannot find any imaginable thoughts to think what he will be, when we clay bodies (having put off mortality) shall come up to the marriage

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hall and the great palace, and behold the King cloathed in his robes royal, sitting on his throne. I would desire no more for my heaven, beneath the moon, while I am sighing in this house of clay, but daily renewed feasts of love with Christ, and liberty now and then to feed my hunger with a kiss of that fairest face, that is like the sun in his strength at noon-day. I would willingly subscribe an ample resignation to Christ of the fourteen prelacies of this land, and of all the most delightful pleasures on earth, and forfeit my part of this clay-god, this earth, which Adam's foolish children worship, to have no other exercise, but to ly in a love-bed with Christ, and fill this hungered and famished soul with kissing, embracing, and real enjoying of the Son of God: and I think, then I might write to my friends, That I had found the golden world, and look out, and laugh at the poor bodies, who are slaying one another for feathers; for verily, brother, since I came to this prison, I have conceived a new and extraordinary opinion of Christ, which I had not before; for I perceive, we frist all our joys of Christ, till he and we be in our own house above, as married parties; thinking that there is nothing of it here to be sought or found, but only hope and fair promises; and that Christ will give us nothing here but tears, sadness, crosses; and that we shall never feel the smell of the flowers of that high garden of paradise above, till we come there. Nay, but I find it is possible to find young glory, and a young green paradise of joy, even here. I know, Christ's kisses will cast a more strong and refreshful smell of incomparable glory and joy in heaven, than they do here; because a drink of the well of life, up at the well's head, is more sweet and fresh by far, than that which we get in our borrowed, old, running out vessels, and our wooden dishes, here: yet I am now persuaded, it is our folly to frist all till the term-day, seeing abundance of earnest will not diminish any thing of our principal sum. We dream of hunger in Christ's house, while we are here, although he alloweth feasts upon all the bairns within God's household: it were good then to store ourselves with more borrowed kisses of Christ, and with more borrowed visits, till we enter heirs to our new inheritance, and our Tutor puts us in possession of our own, when we are past minority. Oh that all the young heirs would seek more, and a greater and a nearer communion with my Lord Tutor, the prime Heir of all, Christ! I wish, for my part, I could send you, and that gentleman who wrote his commendations to me, into the King's innermost cellar and house of wine, to be filled with love; a drink of this love is worth the having indeed: we carry ourselves but too nicely with Christ our Lord; and our Lord loveth not niceness and dryness, and uncouthness in friends. Since need force we must be in Christ's common, then let us be in his common; for

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it will be no otherwise. Now, for my present case in my imprisonment, deliverance (for any appearance I see) looketh cold-like: my hope, if it looked to, or leaned upon men, should wither soon at the root, like a May-flower; yet I resolve to ease myself with on-waiting on my Lord, and to let my faith swim where it loseth ground. I am under a necessity either of fainting (which I hope my Master of whom I boast all the day shall avert) or then to lay my faith upon omnipotency, and to wink and to stick by my gripe; and I hope my ship shall ride it out, seeing Christ is willing to blow his sweet wind in my sails, and mendeth and closeth the laeks in my ship, and ruleth all: it will be strange, if a believing passenger be casten over-board. As for your master, my Lord and my Lady, I will be loth to forget them: I think my prayers (such as they are) are due debt to him, and I shall be far more engaged to his Lordship, if he be fast for Christ (as I hope he will) now when so many of his coat and quality slip from Christ's back, and leave him to fend for himself. I entreat you, remember my love to that worthy gentleman A. C. who saluted me in your letter: I have heard, that he is one of my Master's friends, for the which cause I am tied to him: I wish he may more and more fall in love with Christ Now, for your question, as far as I rawly conceive, I think God is praised two ways; *1st*, By a conscional profession of his highness before men, such as is the very hearing of the word, and receiving of either of the sacraments; in which acts by profession, we give out to men, that he is our God, with whom we are in covenant, and our law-giver: thus eating and drinking in the Lord's supper, is an annunciation and profession before men, that Christ is our slain Redeemer: here, because God speaketh to us, not we to him, it is not a formal thanksgiving, but an annunciation or predication of Christ's death, conscional, not adorative, neither hath it God for the immediate object, and therefore no kneeling can be here. *2dly*, There is another praising of God, formal, when we are either formally blessing God, and speaking his praises. And thus I take to be two fold, 1. When we directly and formally direct praises and thanksgiving to God: this may well be done kneeling, in token of our recognizance of his highness; yet not so, but it may be standing or sitting, especially seeing joyful elevation (which should be in praising) is not formally signified by kneeling. 2. When we speak good of God, and declare his glorious nature and attributes, extolling him before men, to excite men to conceive highly of him. The former I hold to be worship every way immediate, else I know not any immediate worship at all: the latter hath God for the subject, not properly the object, seeing the predication is directed to men immediately, rather than to God, for here we speak of God by way of praising, ra-

ther than to God. And for my own part, as I am for the pre-ent minded, I see not how this can be done kneeling, seeing it s *prædicatio Dei et Christi, non laudatio aut benedictio Dei:* but bserve, that it is formal praising of God, and not merely consci-al, as I distinguished in the first member; for, in the first member, any speaking of God, or of his works of creation, providence and redemption, is indirect and conscional praising of him, and formally preaching, or an act of teaching, not an act of predication of his praises; for there is a difference betwixt the simple relation of the virtues of a thing which is formally teaching, and the extolling of the worth of a thing by way of commendation, to cause others to praise with us. Thus recommending you to God's grace, I rest

*Aberd. June* 15. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 123. *To Mr.* J. R.

*Dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. Upon the report I hear of you (without any further acquaintance, except our straitest bonds in our Lord Jesus) I thought good to write unto you, hearing of your danger to be thrust out of the Lord's house, for his name's sake: therefore my earnest and humble desire to God is, that ye may be strengthened in the grace of God, and by the power of his might, to go on for Christ, not standing in awe of a worm that shall die. I hope ye will not put your hand to the ark, to give it a wrong touch; and to o-verturn it, as many now do, when the *archers are shooting sore at Joseph, whose bow shall abide in its strength.* We owe to our royal King and princely Master a testimony. O how blessed are they, who can ward a blow off Christ, and his born-downe truth! men think Christ a gone man now, and that he shall never get up his head again: and they believe his court is failed, because he suffereth men to break their spears and swords upon him, and the enemies to plow Zion, and make long and deep their furrows on her back; but it would not be so, if the Lord had not a sowing for his plowing: what can he do, but melt an old drosse kirk, that he may bring out a new bride out of the fire again! I think Christ is just now repairing his house, and exchanging his old vessels with new vessels, and is going through this land, and taking up an inventory and a roll of so many of Levi's sons, and good professors, that he may make them new work for the second temple, and whatsoever shall be found, not to be for the work, shall be casten over the wall: when the house shall be builded, he shall lay by his hammers, as having no more to do with them. It is possible, he do worse to them than lay them by; and I think, *the vengeance of the Lord and the vengeance of his temple shall be upon them.* I desire no more, but

to

to keep weight when I am paſt the fire: and I can now, in ſome weak meaſure, give Chriſt a teſtimonial of a lovely and loving companion, under ſuffering for him. I ſaw him before but afar off, his beauty to my eye-ſight groweth: a fig, a ſtraw for ten world's plaiſtered glory, and for childiſh ſhadows, the idol of clay (this god, the world) that fools fight for. If I had a leaſe of Chriſt of my owing dating (for whoever once cometh nigh hand, and taketh a hearty look of Chriſt's inner ſide, ſhall never wring nor wreſtle themſelves out of his love-gripes again) I would reſt contented in my priſon; yea, in a priſon without light of ſun or candle, providing Chriſt and I had a love-bed, not of mine, but of Chriſt his own making; that we might *ly together among the lilies, till the day break and the ſhadows fly away.* Who knoweth how ſweet a drink of Chriſt's love is? O but to live on Chriſt's love is a king's life! The worſt things of Chriſt, even that which ſeemeth to be the refuſe of Chriſt, his hard croſs, his black croſs is white and fair: and the croſs receiveth a beautiful luſtre, and a perfumed ſmell from Jeſus. My dear brother, ſcar not at it. While ye have time to ſtand upon the watch tower, and to ſpeak, contend with this land, plead with your harlot-mother, who hath been a treacherous half-marrow to her huſband Jeſus: for I would think liberty to preach one day, the root and top of my deſires; and would ſeek no more of the bleſſings that are to be had on this ſide of time, till I be over the water, but to ſpend this my crazed clay-houſe in his ſervice and ſaving of ſouls: but I hold my peace, becauſe he hath done it. My ſhallow and ebb thoughts are not the compaſs Chriſt ſaileth by; I leave his ways to himſelf, for they are far, far above me: only I would contend with Chriſt for his love, and be bold to make a plea with Jeſus my Lord, for a heart-fill of his love; for there is no more left to me. What ſtandeth beyond the far end of my ſufferings, and what ſhall be the event, he knoweth; and I hope, to my joy, ſhall make me know, when God ſhall unfold his decrees concerning me; for there are windings, and to's and fro's in his ways, which blind bodies like us cannot ſee. Thus much for further acquaintance: ſo, recommending you, and what is before you, to the grace of God, I reſt

*Aberd. June* 16. 1637. *Your very loving brother in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 124. *To Mr.* WILLIAM DALGLEISH.

*Reverend and well-beloved brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: I have heard ſomewhat of your trials in Galloway; I bleſs the Lord who hath begun firſt in that corner, to make you a new kirk to himſelf:

ſelf: Chriſt hath the leſs ado behind, when he hath refined you. Let me entreat you, my dearly beloved, to be faſt to Chriſt: my witneſs is above, my deareſt brother, that ye have added much joy to me in my bonds, when I hear that ye grow in the grace and zeal of God for your Maſter. Our miniſtry whether by preaching or ſuffering, will caſt a ſmell through the world both of heaven and hell, 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. I perſuade you, my dear brother, there is nothing out of heaven, next to Chriſt, dearer to me, than my miniſtry; and the worth of it, in my eſtimation, is ſwelled, and paineth me exceedingly: yet I am content, for the honour of my Lord, to ſurrender it back to the Lord of the vineyard; let him do with it and me both, what he thinketh good: I think myſelf too little for him. And let me ſpeak to you, how kind a fellow-priſoner is Chriſt to me! Believe me, this kind of croſs (that would not go by my door, but would needs viſit me) is ſtill the longer the more welcome to me. It is true, my ſilent ſabbaths have been and are ſtill glaſſy ice, whereon my faith can ſcarce hold its feet, and I am often blown on my back, and off my feet, with a ſtorm of doubting; yet truly, my bonds all this time caſt a mighty and rank ſmell of high and deep love in Chriſt: I cannot indeed ſee through my croſs to the far end; yet I believe, I am in Chriſt's books, and in his decree (not yet unfolded to me) a man triumphing, dancing and ſinging on the other ſide of the Red-ſea, and laughing and praiſing the Lamb, over beyond time, ſorrow, deprivation, prelates indignation, loſſes, want of friends and death: heaven is not a fowl flying in the air (as men uſe to ſpeak of things that are uncertain;) nay, it is well paid for, Chriſt's comprizement lieth on glory, for all the mourners in Zion, and ſhall never be looſed: let us be glad and rejoice, that we have blood, loſſes and wounds to ſhow our Maſter and Captain, at his appearance, and what we ſuffered for his cauſe. Wo is me, my dear brother, that I ſay often, I am but dry bones, which my Lord will not bring out of the grave again; and that my faithleſs fears can ſay, 'Oh I am a dry tree, that can bear no fruit; I am an uſeleſs body, who can beget no children to the Lord in his houſe!' Hopes of deliverance look cold and uncertain, and afar off, as if I had done with it: it is much for Chriſt (if I may ſay ſo) to get law-borrows of my ſorrow, and of my quarrellous heart: Chriſt's love playeth me fair play, I am not wronged at all; but there is a tricking and falſe heart within me, that ſtill playeth Chriſt foul play. I am a cumberſome neighbour to Chriſt: it is a wonder, that he dwelleth beſide the like of me: yet I am often getting the advantage of the hill, above my temptations; and then I deſpiſe temptation, even hell itſelf, and the ſtink of it, and the inſtruments of it, and am proud of my honourable Maſter; and I reſolve, whether contrary winds will or not, to fetch Chriſt's harbour; and

I think a wilful and ſtiff contention with my Lord Jeſus for his love very lawful. It is ſometimes hard to me, to win my meat upon Chriſt's love, becauſe my faith is ſick, and my hope withereth, and my eyes wax dim; and unkind and comfort-eclipſing clouds go over the fair and bright Sun, Jeſus: and then, when I and temptation tryſt the matter together, we ſpill all, through unbelief. Sweet, ſweet for evermore would my life be, if I could keep faith in exerciſe! but I ſee, my fire cannot always caſt light, I have even a poor man's hard world, when he goeth away; but ſurely, ſince my entry hither, many a time hath my fair ſun ſhined without a cloud; hot and burning hath Chriſt's love been to me; I have no vent to the expreſſion of it, I muſt be content with ſtolen and ſmothered deſires of Chriſt's glory; O how far is his love behind the hand with me! I am juſt like a man, who hath nothing to pay his thouſands of debt; all that can be gotten of him, is to ſeize upon his perſon: except Chriſt would ſeize upon myſelf, and make the readieſt payment that can be of my heart and love to himſelf, I have no other thing to give him: if my ſufferings could do beholders good, and edify his kirk, and proclaim the incomparable worth of Chriſt's love to the world, O then would my ſoul be overjoyed, and my ſad heart cheered and calmed! Dear brother, I cannot tell what is become of my labours among that people; if all that my Lord builded by me be caſten down, and the bottom fallen out of the profeſſion of the pariſh, and none ſtand by Chriſt, whoſe love I once preached as clearly and plainly as I could (though far below its worth and excellency) to that people; if ſo, how can I bear it! and if another make a foul harveſt, where I have made a painful and honeſt ſowing, it will not ſoon digeſt with me: but I know his ways paſs finding out. Yet my witneſs both within me and above me knoweth, and my pained breaſt upon the Lord's day at night, my deſire to have had Chriſt awful and amiable, and ſweet to that people, is now my joy; and it was my deſire and aim, to make Chriſt and them one: if I ſee my hopes die in the bud, ere they bloom a little, and come to no fruit, I die with grief. O my God, ſeek not an account of the violence done to me by my brethren, whoſe ſalvation I love and deſire: I pray that they and I be not heard as contrary parties, in the day of our compearance before our Judge, in that proceſs, led by them againſt my miniſtry, which I received from Chriſt: I know, a little inch, and leſs than the third part of this ſpan-length and hand-breadth of time, which is poſting away, will put me without the ſtroke, and above the reach of either brethren or foes; and it is a ſhort laſting injury done to me, and to my pains, in that part of my Lord's vineyard. O how fully an advantage is my deprivation to men, ſeeing my Lord Jeſus hath many ways to recover his own loſſes,

and

and is irresistible to compass his own glorious ends, that his lily may grow amongst thorns, and his little kingdom exalt itself, even under the swords and spears of contrary powers! But, my dear brother, go on in the strength of his rich grace, whom ye serve: stand fast for Christ; deliver the gospel off your hand, and your ministry, to your Master, with a clean and undefiled conscience: loose not a pin of Christ's tabernacle: do not so much as pick with your nail at one board or border of the ark: have no part or dealing upon any terms, in a hoof, in a closed window, or in a bowing of your knee, in casting down of the temple: but be a mourning and speaking witness against them, who now ruin Zion. Our Master will be on us all, in a clap, ere ever we wit; that day will discover all our whites and our blacks, concerning this controversy of poor oppressed Zion: let us make our part of it good, that it may be able to abide the fire, when hay and stubble shall be burnt to ashes. Nothing, nothing (I say nothing) but sound sanctification can abide the Lord's fan. I stand to my testimony, that I preached often of Scotland: Lamentation, mourning, and wo abideth thee, O Scotland! O Scotland, the fearful quarrel of a broken covenant standeth good with thy Lord! Now, remember my love to all my friends, and to my parishioners, as if I named each of them particularly: I recommend you, and God's people, committed by Christ to your trust, to the rich grace of our all sufficient Lord. Remember my bonds: praise my Lord, who beareth me up in my sufferings: as ye find occasion (according to the wisdom given you) shew our acquaintance what the Lord hath done to my soul. This I seek not, verily, to hunt my own praise, but that my sweetest and dearest Master may be magnified in my sufferings. I rest

*Aberdeen, June* 17. 1637. *Your brother in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 125. *To* MARION MACNAUGHT.

*Dearly beloved in our Lord Jesus Christ,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Few know the heart of a stranger and prisoner: I am in the hands of mine enemies: I would, honest and lawful means were essayed, for bringing me home to my charge, now when Mr. A. R. and Mr. H. R. are restored. It concerneth you of Galloway most, to use supplications and addresses for this purpose, and try if by fair means I can be brought back again. As for liberty, without I be restored to my flock, it is little to me; for my silence is my greatest prison: however it be, I wait for the Lord, I hope not to rot in my sufferings; Lord give me submission to wait on: my heart is sad, that my days flee away, and I do no service to

my Lord in his houſe, now when his harveſt, and the ſouls of periſhing people require it: but his ways are not like my ways, neither can I find him out. O that he would ſhine upon my darkneſs, and bring forth my morning light from under the thick cloud, that men have ſpread over me! O that the Almighty would lay my cauſe in a balance, and weigh me, if my ſoul was not taken up, when others were ſleeping, how to have Chriſt betrothed with a bride, in that part of the land! But that day that my mouth was moſt unjuſtly and cruelly cloied, the bloom fell off my branches, and my joy did caſt the flower. Howbeit, I have been caſting myſelf under God's feet, and wreſtling to believe under a hidden and covered Lord, yet my fainting cometh before I eat, and my faith hath bowed with the ſore caſt, and under this almoſt inſupportable weight: O that it break not! I dare not ſay, that the Lord hath put out my candle, and hath caſten water upon my poor coal, and broken the ſtakes of my tabernacle; but I have taſted bitterneſs, and eaten gall and wormwood, ſince that day, my Maſter laid bonds upon me to ſpeak no more. I ſpeak not this, becauſe the Lord is uncouth to me; but becauſe beholders, that ſtand on dry land, ſee not my ſea-ſtorm: the witneſſes of my droſs are but ſtrangers to my ſad days and nights. O that Chriſt would let me alone, and ſpeak love to me, and come home to me, and bring ſummer with him! O that I might preach his beauty and glory, as once I did, before my clay-tent be removed to darkneſs; and that I might light Chriſt off the ground, and my branches might be watered with the dew of God, and my joy in his work might grow green again, and bud, and ſend out a flower! But I am but a ſhort-ſighted creature, and my candle caſteth not light afar off: he knoweth all that is done to me how that when I had but one joy, and no more, and one green flower, that I eſteemed to be my garland, he came in one hour and dried up my flower at the root, and took away mine only eye, and mine only one crown and garland. What can I ſay? ſurely my guiltineſs hath been remembered before him, and he was ſeeking to take down my ſails, and to land the flower of my delights, and to let it ly on the coaſt, like an old broken ſhip that is no more for the ſea: but I praiſe him for this wailed ſtroke, I welcome this furnace, God's wiſdom made choice of it for me, and it muſt be beſt becauſe it was his choice. O that I may wait for him till the morning of this benighted kirk break out! This poor afflicted kirk had a fair morning; but her night came upon her before her noon-day, and ſhe was like a traveller, forced to take houſe in the morning of his journey: and now her adverſaries are the chief men of the land; her ways mourn, her gates languiſh, her children ſigh for bread; and there is none to be inſtant with the Lord, that he would come again

again to his house, and dry the face of his weeping spouse, and comfort Zion's mourners, who are waiting for him: I know he shall make corn to grow upon the top of his withered mount Zion again. Remember my bonds, and forget me not. Oh that my Lord would bring me again amongst you, with abundance of the gospel of Christ! But O that I may set down my desires, where my Lord biddeth me! Remember my love in the Lord to your husband; God make him faithful to Christ: and my blessing to your three children. Faint not in prayer for this kirk: desire my people not to receive a stranger, and intruder upon my ministry: let me stand in that right and station that my Lord Jesus gave me. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord and Master*, S. R.

## 126. *To* JOHN GORDON *at Rusco.*

*Dear brother*,

I Earnestly desire to know the case of your soul, and to understand that ye have made sure work of heaven and salvation. 1. Remember, salvation is one of Christ's dainties he giveth but to a few. 2. That it is violent sweating and striving that taketh heaven. 3. That it cost Christ's blood to purchase that house to sinners, and to set mankind down as the King's free-tenants and free-holders. 4. That many make a start towards heaven, who fall on their back, and win not up to the mount; it plucketh heart and legs from them, and they sit down and give it over, because the devil setteth a sweet-smelled flower to their nose (this fair busked world) wherewith they are bewitched, and so forget or refuse to go forward. 5. Remember, many go far on, and reform many things, and can find tears, as Esau did; and suffer hunger for truth, as Judas did; and wish and desire the end of the righteous, as Balaam did; and profess fair, and fight for the Lord, as Saul did; and desire the saints of God to pray for them, as Pharoah and Simon Magus did; and prophesy and speak of Christ, as Caiphas did; and walk softly and mourn for fear of judgments, as Ahab did; and put away gross sins and idolatry, as Jehu did, and hear the word of God gladly and reform their life in many things according to the word, as Herod did; and say, Master, to Christ, I will follow thee whither thou goest, as the man who offered to be Christ's servant, Matth. viii. and may taste of the virtues of the life to come, and be partaker of the wonderful gifts of the Holy Spirit, and taste of the good word of God, as the apostates, who sin against the Holy Ghost, Heb. vi. And yet all these are but like gold in clink and colour, and watered brass and base metal. These are written, that we should try ourselves,

and

and not rest till we be a step nearer Christ than sun-burnt and withering professors can come. 6. Consider that it is impossible that your idol-sins and ye can go to heaven together; and that they, who will not part with these, cannot indeed love Christ at the bottom, but only in word and shew, which will not do the business. Remember how swiftly God's post, time, flieth away; and that your forenoon is already spent, your afternoon will come, and then your evening, and at last night, when ye cannot see to work: let your heart be set upon finishing of your journey, and summing and laying your accounts with your Lord. O how blessed shall ye be, to have a joyful welcome of your Lord at night! How blessed are they, who in time take sure course with their souls! Bless his great name, for what ye possess in goods and children, ease and worldly contentment, that he hath given you; and seek to be like Christ in humility and lowness of mind; and be not great and intire with the world; make it not your god, nor your lover, that ye trust unto, for it will deceive you. I recommend Christ and his love to you, in all things; let him have the flower of your heart and your love; set a low price upon all things but Christ, and cry down in your thoughts clay and dirt, that will not comfort you, when ye get summons to remove, and compear before your Judge, to answer for all the deeds done in the body. The Lord give you wisdom in all things: I beseech you sanctify God in your speaking, for holy and reverend is his name; and be temperate and sober: companionry (as it is called) is a sin that holdeth men out of heaven. I will not believe that ye will receive the ministry of a stranger, who will preach a new and uncouth doctrine to you: let my salvation stand for it, if I delivered not the plain and whole counsel of God to you in his word. Read this letter to your wife, and remember my love to her, and request her to take heed to dō what I write to you: I pray for you and yours. Remember me in your prayers to our Lord, that he would be pleased to send me amongst you again. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Your lawful and loving Pastor*, S. R.

## 127. *To Mr.* HUGH HENDERSON.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

WHO knoweth, but the wind may turn into the West again, upon Christ and his desolate bride in this land; and that Christ may get his summer by course again? for he hath had ill weather this long time, and could not find law or justice for himself and his truth these many years. I am sure, the wheels of this crazed and broken kirk run all upon no other axle-

axle-tree, nor is there any other to roll them, and cogg them, and drive them, but the wisdom and good pleasure of our Lord: and it were a just trick, and glorious, and never-sleeping providence, to bring our brethrens darts, they have shot at us, back upon their own heads; suppose they have two strings to their bow, and can take one or another as another faileth them, yet there are more than three strings upon our Lord's bow; and besides, he cannot miss the white that he shooteth at. I know, he shuffleth up and down in his hand the great body of heaven and earth, and that kirk and commonwealth are in his hand, like a stock of cards, and that he dealeth the play to the mourners of Zion, and those that say, Ly down that we may go over you, at his own sovereign pleasure: and I am sure, Zion's adversaries, in this play, shall not take up their own stakes again. O how sweet a thing it is to trust in him! When Christ hath sleeped out his sleep (if I may speak so of him, who is the watchman of Israel, that neither slumbereth nor sleepeth) and his own are tried, he will arise as a strong man after wine, and make bare his holy arm, and put on vengeance as a cloak, and deal vengeance thick and double amongst the haters of Zion. It may be, we see him sow, and send down malediction and vengeances, as thick as drops of rain or hail upon his enemies; for our Lord oweth them a black day, and he useth duly to pay his debts: neither his friends and followers, nor his foes and adversaries shall have it to say, That he is not faithful and exact in keeping his word. I know no bar in God's way, but Scotland's guiltiness; and he can come over that impediment, and break that bar also, and then say to guilty Scotland, as he said, Ezek. xxxvi. *Not for your sakes*, &c. Oh waiting had ever yet a blessed issue; and to keep the word of God's patience, keepeth still the saints dry in the water, cold in the fire, and breathing and blood-hot in the grave. What are the prisons of iron-walls, and gates of brass to Christ? Not so good as seal-dykes, fortifications of straw, or old tottering walls; if he give the word, then chains will fall off the arm and legs of his prisoner. God be thanked, that our Lord Jesus hath the tutoring of king, and court, and nobles, and that he can dry the gutters and the mires in Zion, and lay causeways to the temple with the carcases of bastard and idol shepherds; the corn on the house-tops got never the husbandman's prayers, and so is seen on it, for it filleth not the hand of mowers. Christ, and truth, and innocency worketh even under the earth; and verily there is hope for the righteous: we see not what conclusions pass in heaven anent all the affairs of God's house; we need not give hire to God to take vengeance of his enemies, for justice worketh without hire. O that the seed of hope would grow again, and come to maturity! and that we could importune Christ,

and

and double our knocks at his gate, and caſt our cries and ſhouts over the wall, that he might come out, and make our Jeruſalem the praiſe of the whole earth, and give us ſalvation for walls and bulwarks! If Chriſt bud, and grow green, and bloom, and bear ſeed again in Scotland, and his Father ſend him two ſummers in one year, and bleſs his crop; O what cauſe have we to rejoice in the free ſalvation of our Lord, and to ſet up our banners in the name of our God! O that he would haſten the confuſion of the leprous ſtrumpet, the mother and miſtreſs of abominations in the earth, and take graven images out of the way, and come in with the Jews in troops, and agree with his old outcaſt and forſaken wife, and take them again to his bed of love! Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in our Maſter and Lord*, S. R.

## 128. *To the Lady* LARGIRIE.

*Miſtreſs*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I exhort you in the Lord, to go on in your journey to heaven; and to be content of ſuch fare by the way, as Chriſt and his followers have had before you; for they had always the wind on their faces; and our Lord hath not changed the way to us for our eaſe, but will have us following our ſweet Guide. Alas, how doth ſin clog us on our journey, and retard us! What fools are we, to have a by-good, or any other love, or match to our ſouls, beſide Chriſt! It were beſt for us, like ill bairns (who are beſt at home) to ſeek our own home, and to ſell our hopes of this little clay-inns and idol of the earth, where we are neither well ſummered nor well wintered. Oh that our ſouls would ſo fall at odds with the love of this world, as to think of it as a traveller doth of a drink of water, which is not any part of his treaſure, but goeth away with the uſing! for ten miles journey maketh that drink to him as nothing. O that we had as ſoon done with this world, and could as quickly diſpatch the love of it! But as a child cannot hold two apples in his little hand, but the one putteth the other out of its room; ſo neither can we be maſters and lords of two loves: bleſſed were we, if we could make ourſelves maſter of that invaluable trerſure, the love of Chaiſt; or rather, ſuffer ourſelves to be maſtered and ſubdued to Chriſt's love, ſo as Chriſt were our all things, and all other things our nothings, and the refuſe of our delights. O let us be ready for ſhipping againſt the time of our Lord's wind and tide calls for us! Death is the laſt thief, that ſhall come without the leaſt din or noiſe of feet, and take our ſouls away, and we ſhall take our leave of time, and face eternity; and our Lord ſhall lay together the two ſides of this earthly tabernacle, and fold us and lay

lay us by, as a man layeth by clothes at night, and put the one half of us in a house of clay, the dark grave, and the other half of us in heaven or hell. Seek to be found of your Lord in peace, and gather in your flitting, and put your soul in order; for Christ will not give a nail-breadth of time to our little sand-glass. Pray for Zion, and for me his prisoner, that he would be pleased to bring me amongst you again, full of Christ, and freighted and loaden with the blessing of his gospel. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his only Lord and Master*, S. R.

## 129. *To* EARLSTOUN *younger.*

*Worthy and dearly beloved in the Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear from you: I remain still a prisoner of hope, and do think it service to the Lord, to wait on still with submission, till the Lord's morning-sky break, and his summer day dawn: for I am persuaded, it is a piece of the chief errand of our life, that God sent us, for some years, down to this earth, among devils and men, the fire-brands of the devil, and temptations, that we might suffer for a time here amongst our enemies; otherwise he might have made heaven to wait on us, at our coming out of the womb, and have carried us home to our country, without letting us set down our feet in this knotty and thorny life: but seeing a piece of suffering is carried to every one of us, less or more, as infinite wisdom hath thought good, our part is to harden and habituate our soft and thin-skinned nature, to endure fire and water, devils, lions, men, losses, wae hearts, as these that are looked upon by God, angels, men and devils. O what folly is it, to sit down and weep upon a decree of God, that is both dumb and deaf at our tears, and must stand still as unmoveable as God who made it! for who can come behind our Lord, to alter and better what he hath decreed and done? It were better to make windows in our prison, and to look out to God and our country heaven, and to cry like fettered men, who long for the King's free air, 'Lord let thy kingdom come! O let the Bridegroom come! And, O day, O fair day, O everlasting summer-day, down and shine out, break out from under the black sky, and shine!' I am persuaded, if every day a stone in the prison-walls were broken, and thereby assurance given to the chained prisoner, lying under twenty stone of irons upon legs and arms, that at length his chain should wear in two pieces, and a hole should be made at length, as wide as he might come safely out to his long-desired liberty; he would in patience wait on, till time should hole the prison-wall and break

his chains. The Lord's hopeful priſoners, under their trials, are in that caſe: years and months will take out now one little ſtone, then another, of this houſe of clay, and at length time ſhall win out the breadth of a fair door, and ſend out the impriſoned ſoul to the free air in heaven; and time ſhall file off, by little and little, our iron-bolts, which are now on legs and arms, and out-date, and wear out trouble thread-bare and holey, and then wear them to nothing: for what I ſuffered yeſterday, I know, ſhall never come again to trouble me. O that we could breathe out new hope and new ſubmiſſion, every day, in Chriſt's lap! For certainly, a weight of glory well weighed (yea, encreaſing to a far more exceeding and eternal weight) ſhall recompenſe both weight and length of light and clipped and ſhort-dated croſſes: our waters are but ebb, and come neither to our chin, nor to the ſtopping of our breath. I may ſee (if I would borrow eyes from Chriſt) dry land, and that near: why then ſhould we not laugh at adverſity, and ſcorn our ſhort-borne, and ſoon-dying temptations! I rejoice in the hope of that glory to be revealed, for it is no uncertain glory we look for; our hope is not hung upon ſuch an untwiſted thread, as, I imagine ſo, or, it is likely; but the cable, the ſtrong tow of our faſtened anchor, is the oath and promiſe of him who is eternal verity; our ſalvation is faſtened with God's own hand, and with Chriſt's own ſtrength, to the ſtrong ſtoup of God's unchangeable nature, Mal. iii. 6. *I am the Lord, I change not; and therefore ye ſons of Jacob are not conſumed.* We may play, and dance, and leap upon our worthy and immoveable Rock: the ground is ſure and good, and will bide hell's brangling, and devils brangling, and the world's aſſaults. Oh if our faith could ride it out, againſt the high and proud winds and waves, when our ſea ſeemeth all to be on fire! O how oft do I let my gripes go! I am put to ſwiming and half ſinking. I find the devil hath the advantage of the ground, in this battle; for he fighteth in known ground, in our corrupt nature: alas! that is a friend near of kin and blood to himſelf, and will not fail to fall upon us: and hence it is, that he, who ſaveth to the uttermoſt, and leadeth many ſons to glory, is ſtill righting my ſalvation, and twenty times a day I ravel my heaven, and then I muſt come with my ill ravelled work to Chriſt, to cumber him (as it were) to right it, and to ſeek again the right end of the thread, and to fold up again my eternal glory with his own hand, and to give a right caſt of his holy and gracious hand, to my marred and ſpilt ſalvation. Certainly, it is a cumberſome thing, to keep a fooliſh child from falls and broken brows, and weeping for this and that toy, and raſh running, and ſickneſs and bairns diſeaſes, ere he win through them all, and win out of the mires, he coſteth meikle black cumber and faſhrie to his keepers

keepers: and ſo is a believer a cumberſome piece of work, and an ill ravelled heſp (as we uſe to ſay) to Chriſt: but God be thanked, for many ſpilt ſalvations, and many ill ravelled heſps hath Chriſt mended, ſince firſt he entered tutor to loſt mankind. O what could we, bairns, do without him? how ſoon would we mar all? But the leſs of our weight be upon our own feeble legs, and the more that we be on Chriſt, the ſtrong rock, the better for us: it is good for us, that ever Chriſt took the cumber of us; it is our heaven, to lay many weights and burdens upon Chriſt, and to make him all we have, root and top, beginning and ending of our ſalvation: Lord, hold us here. now to this tutor and rich Lord, I recommend you: hold faſt till he come, and remember his priſoner. Grace, grace be with you.

*Averdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his and your Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 130. *To Mr.* WILLIAM DALGLEISH.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter: I bleſs our high and only wiſe Lord, who hath broken the ſnare that men had laid for you; and I hope, that now he ſhall keep you in his houſe, in deſpite of the powers of hell. Who knoweth, but the ſtreets of our Jeruſalem ſhall yet be filled with young men, and with old men and boys, and women with child: and that they ſhall plant vines in the mountains of Samaria? I am ſure, the wheels, paces and motions of this poor church, are tempered and ruled not as men would, but according to the good pleaſure and infinite wiſdom of our only wiſe Lord. I am here waiting in hope, that my innocency in this honourable cauſe, ſhall melt this cloud that men have caſten over me. I know, my Lord had his own quarrels againſt me, and that my droſs ſtood in need of this hot furnace; but I rejoice in this, that fair truth, beautiful truth (whoſe glory my Lord cleareth to me more and more) beareth me company; and that my weak aims to honour my Maſter in bringing gueſts to his houſe, now ſwell upon me in comforts; and that I am not afraid to want a witneſs in heaven that it was my joy to have a crown put upon Chriſt's head in that country. O what joy would I have, to ſee the wind turn upon the enemies of the croſs of Chriſt, and to ſee my Lord Jeſus reſtored with the voice of praiſe to his own free throne again; and to be brought amongſt you, to ſee the beauty of the Lord's houſe! I hope that my country will not be ſo ſilly, as to ſuffer men to pluck you away from them, and that ye will uſe means to keep my place empty, and to bring me back again to the people, to

whom I have Chriſt's right and his church's lawful calling. Dear brother, let Chriſt be dearer and dearer to you; let the conqueſt of ſouls be top and root, flower and bloom of your joys and deſires, in this ſide of ſun and moon: and in the day, when the Lord ſhall pull up the four ſtakes of this clay tent of the earth, and the laſt pickle of ſand ſhall be at the nick of falling down in your watch-glaſs, and the maſter ſhall call his ſervants of the vineyard to give them their hire; ye will eſteem the bloom of this world's glory like the colours of the rainbow, that no man can put in his purſe and treaſure: your labour and pains ſhall then ſmile upon you. My Lord now hath given me experience (howbeit weak and ſmall) that our beſt fare is hunger; we are but at God's bye-board, in this lower houſe; we have cauſe to long for ſupper-time, and the high table, up in the high palace: this world deſerveth nothing but the outer court of our ſoul. Lord, haſten the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb. I find it ſtill peace to give up with this preſent world, as with an old decourted and caſt-off lover: my bread and drink in it, is not ſo much worth, that I ſhould not loath the inns, and pack up my deſires for Chriſt, that I have ſent out to the feckleſs creatures in it. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your affectionate brother and Chriſt's priſoner*, S. R.

## 131. *To the Laird of* CALLY.

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your ſoul proſpereth: I have that confidence, that your ſoul mindeth Chriſt and ſalvation: I beſeech you in the Lord give more pains and diligence to fetch heaven, than the country ſort of lazy profeſſors, who think their own faith and their own godlineſs, becauſe it is their own, beſt; and content themſelves with a coldrife cuſtom and courſe, with a reſolution to ſummer and winter in that ſort of profeſſion that the multitude and the times favour moſt; and are ſtill ſhaping and clipping and carving their faith, according as it may beſt ſtand with their ſummer ſun and a whole ſkin; and ſo breathe out hot and cold in God's matters, according to the courſe of the times: this is their compaſs they ſail toward heaven by, inſtead of a better. Worthy and dear Sir, ſeparate yourſelf from ſuch, and bend yourſelf to the utmoſt of your ſtrength and breath, in running faſt for ſalvation; and in taking Chriſt's kingdom, uſe violence. It coſt Chriſt and all his followers ſharp ſhowers and hot ſweats ere they won to the top of the mountain: but ſtill our ſoft nature would have heaven coming to our bed-ſide, when we are ſleeping, and lying down with us, that we might go to heave-

in warm clothes; but all that came there found wet feet by the way, and ſharp ſtorms, that did take the hide off their face, and found to's and fro's, and up's and down's, and many by the way. It is impoſſible a man can take his luſts to heaven with him; ſuch wares as theſe will not be welcome there. O how loth are we to forgo our packalds and burdens, that hinder us to run our race with patience! It is no ſmall matter to diſpleaſe and anger nature, that we may pleaſe God. O if it be hard to win one foot or half an inch, out of our own will, our own wit, out of our own eaſe, and worldly luſts; and ſo to deny our ſelf and to ſay, It is not I but Chriſt, not I but grace, not I but God's glory, not I but God's love conſtraining me, not I but the Lord's word, not I but Chriſt's commanding power as King in me! O what pains; and what a death is it to nature, to turn me, myſelf, my luſt, my eaſe, my credit, over into my Lord, my Saviour, my King and my God, my Lord's will, my Lord's grace! But alas, that idol, that whoriſh creature, myſelf, is the maſter-idol we all bow to. What made Evah miſcarry? And what hurried her headlong upon the forbidden fruit but that wretched thing, herſelf? what drew that brother murderer to kill Abel? that wild himſelf. What drove the old world on to corrupt their ways? who but themſelves, and their own pleaſure? What was the cauſe of Solomon's falling into idolatry, and multiplying of ſtrange wives? what but himſelf, whom he would rather pleaſe than God? What was the hook that took David and ſnared him firſt in adultery, but his ſelf-luſt; and then in murder, but his ſelf-credit and ſelf-honour? What led Peter on to deny his Lord? was it not a piece of himſelf, and ſelf-love to a whole ſkin? What made Judas ſell his Maſter for thirty pieces of money, but a piece of ſelf-love, idolizing of avaricious ſelf? What made Demas to go off the way of the goſpel, to embrace this preſent world? even ſelf-love and love of gain for himſelf. Every man blameth the devil for his ſins; but the great devil, the houſe-devil of every man, the houſe-devil that eateth and lyeth in every man's boſom, is that idol that killeth all, himſelf. O bleſſed are they, who can deny themſelves, and put Chriſt in the room of themſelves! O would to the Lord, I had, not a myſelf, but Chriſt; not a my luſt, but Chriſt; not a my eaſe, but Chriſt; not a my honour, but Chriſt! O ſweet word! Gal. ii. 20. *I live no more, but Chriſt liveth in me!* O if every one would put away himſelf, his own ſelf, his own eaſe, his own pleaſure, his own credit, and his own twenty things, his own hundred things, that he ſetteth up as idols above Chriſt! Dear Sir, I know ye will be lookiug back to your old ſelf, and to your ſelf-luſt and ſelf-idol, that ye ſet up in the luſts of youth, above Chriſt. Worthy Sir, pardon this my freedom of love. God is my witneſs,

that

that it is out of an earneſt deſire after your ſoul's eternal welfare, that I uſe this freedom of ſpeech: your ſun, I know, is lower, and your evening ſky and ſun-ſetting nearer than when I ſaw you laſt: ſtrive to end your taſk before night, and to make Chriſt yourſelf, and to acquaint your love and your heart with the Lord. Stand now by Chriſt and his truth, when ſo many fall foully, and are falſe to him. I hope, ye love him and his truth, let me have power with you to confirm you in him. I think more of my Lord's ſweet croſs, than of a crown of gold, and a free kingdom lying to it. Sir, I remember you in my prayers to the Lord, according to my promiſe: help me with your prayers, that our Lord would be pleaſed to bring me amongſt you again, with the goſpel of Chriſt. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his ſweeteſt Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

## 132. *To* JOHN GORDON *of Cardoneſs, younger.*

*Dearly beloved in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long exceedingly to hear of the caſe of your ſoul, which hath a large ſhare both of my prayers and careful thoughts. Sir, remember that a precious treaſure and prize is upon this ſhort play that ye are now upon; even the eternity of well or wo to your ſoul ſtandeth upon the little point of your ill or well employed ſhort and ſwift poſting ſand-glaſs: ſeek the Lord while he may be found; the Lord waiteth upon you. Your ſoul is of no little price; gold nor ſilver, of as much bounds as would cover the higheſt heavens round about, cannot buy it. To live as others do, and to be free of open ſins, that the world crieth ſhame upon, will not bring you to heaven; as much civility and country-diſcretion as would ly between you and heaven, will not lead you one foot or one inch above condemned nature: and therefore take pains upon ſeeking of ſalvation, and give your will, wit, humour, the green deſires of youth's pleaſures, off your hand to Chriſt. It is not poſſible for you to know, till experience teach you, how dangerous a time youth is: it is like green and wet timber; when Chriſt caſteth fire on it, it taketh not fire. There is need here of more than ordinary pains; for corrupt nature hath a good back friend of youth; and ſinning againſt light will put out your candle and ſtupify your conſcience, and bring upon it more coverings and ſkin, and leſs feeling and ſenſe of guiltineſs; and when that is done, the devil is like a mad horſe, that hath broken the bridle, and runneth away with his rider whither he liſteth. Learn to know that which the apoſtle knew, the deceitfulneſs of ſin: ſtrive to make prayer, and reading, and holy company, and holy conference your delight; and when delight cometh in, ye ſhall by little and little ſmell the ſweetneſs of Chriſt, till at length your ſoul be over head and ears in Chriſt's ſweetneſs:

then

then ſhall ye be taken up to the top of the mountain with the Lord, to know the raviſhments of ſpiritual love, and the glory and excellency of a ſeen, revealed, felt and embraced Chriſt; and then ye ſhall not be able to looſe yourſelf off Chriſt, and to bind your ſoul to old lovers: then, and never till then, are all the paces, motions, walkings and wheels of your ſoul in a right tune, and in a ſpiritual temper. But if this world and the luſts thereof be your delight, I know not what Chriſt can make of you; ye cannot be metal to be a veſſel of glory and mercy. As the Lord liveth, thouſand thouſands are beguiled with ſecurity, becauſe God, and wrath, and judgment are not terrible to them. Stand in awe of God, and of the warnings of a checking and rebuking conſcience: make others to ſee Chriſt in you, moving, doing, ſpeaking and thinking; your actions will ſmell of him, if he be in you: there is an inſtinct in the new-born babes of Chriſt like the inſtinct of nature, that leads birds to build their neſts, and bring up their young, and love ſuch and ſuch places, as woods, foreſts and wilderneſſes, better than other places: the inſtinct of nature maketh a man love his mother-country, above all countries; the inſtinct of renewed nature, and ſupernatural grace, will lead you to ſuch and ſuch works, as to love your country above, to ſigh to be clothed with your houſe not made with hands, and to call your borrowed priſon here below, a borrowed priſon; and to look upon it ſervant-like and pilgrim-like: and the pilgrim's eye and look is a diſdainful-like diſcontented-caſt of his eye; his heart crying after his eye, Fy, fy, this is not like my country. I recommend to you the mending of a hole, and reforming of a failing, one or other, every week; and put off a ſin for a piece of it, as of anger, wrath, luſt, intemperance, every day, that ye may more eaſily maſter the remnant of your corruption. God hath given you a wife; love her, and let her breaſts ſatisfy you: and for the Lord's ſake, drink no waters but out of your own ciſtern; ſtrange wells are poiſon. Strive to learn ſome new way againſt your corruption, from the man of God, M. W. D. or other ſervants of God: ſleep not ſound, till ye find yourſelf in that caſe, that ye dare look death in the face, and durſt hazard your ſoul upon eternity: I am ſure many ells and inches of the ſhort thread of your life are by hand, ſince I ſaw you: and that thread hath an end, and ye have no hands to caſt a knot, and add one day or a finger-breadth to the end of it: when hearing, and ſeeing, and the outer-walls of the clay-houſe ſhall fall down, and life ſhall render the beſieged caſtle of clay to death and judgment, and ye find your time worn ebb and run out, what thoughts then will ye have of idol pleaſures, that poſſibly are now ſweet? What bud or hire would ye then give for the Lord's favour? and what a price would ye then give for pardon? It were not amiſs to think,

think, 'What if I were to receive a doom, and to enter into a furnace of fire and brimſtone? what if it come to this, that I ſhall have no portion but utter darkneſs? and what if I be brought to this, to be baniſhed from the preſence of God, and and to be given over to God's ſerjeants, the devil, and the power of the ſecond death?' Put your ſoul by ſuppoſition, in ſuch a caſe, and conſider what horror would take hold of you, and what then ye would eſteem of pleaſing yourſelf in the courſe of ſin! O dear Sir, for the Lord's ſake awake to live righteouſly, and love your poor ſoul! and after ye have ſeen this my letter, ſay with yourſelf, The Lord will ſeek an account of this warning I have received. Lodge Chriſt in your family. Receive no ſtranger hireling as your paſtor. I bleſs your children. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your lawful and loving paſtor*, S. R.

## 133. *To my Lord* BOYD.

*My very honourable and good Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Lordſhip. Out of the worthy report that I hear of your Lordſhip's zeal for this borne-down and oppreſſed goſpel, I am bold to write to your Lordſhip, beſeeching you by the mercies of God, by the honour of your royal and princely King Jeſus, by the ſorrows, tears and deſolation of your afflicted mother-church, and by the peace of your conſcience, and your joy in the day of Chriſt, that your Lordſhip would go on, in the ſtrength of your Lord, and in the power of his might, to beſtir yourſelf, for the vindicating of the fallen honour of your Lord Jeſus. O bleſſed hands for evermore, that ſhall help to put the crown upon the head of Chriſt again, in Scotland. I dare promiſe in the name of our Lord, that this ſhall faſten and fix the pillars and the ſtakes of your own honourable houſe upon the earth, if you lend, and lay in pledge in Chriſt's hand (upon ſpiritual hazard) life, eſtate, houſe, honour, credit, moyen, friends, the favour of men (ſuppoſe kings with three crowns) ſo being ye may bear witneſs, and acquit yourſelf as a man of valour and courage, to the Prince of your ſalvation, for the purging of his temple, and ſweeping out the lordly Diotrephes's, time-courting Demas's, corrupt Hymeneus's, and Philetus's, and other ſuch oxen, that with their dung defile the temple of the Lord. Is not Chriſt now crying, who will help me? who will come out with me, to take part with me, and ſhare in the honour of my victory over theſe mine enemies, who have ſaid, We will not have this man to rule over us? My very honourable and dear Lord, join, join (as ye do) with Chriſt; he is more worth to you, and your poſterity, than this world's May-flowers, and withering riches and honour,

our, that ſhall go away as ſmoke, and evaniſh in a night viſion, and ſhall in one half hour, after the blaſt of the archangel's trumpet, ly in white aſhes. Let me beſeech your Lordſhip to draw by the lap of time's curtain, and look in through that window to great and endleſs eternity, and conſider, if a worldly price (ſuppoſe this little round clay-globe of this aſhy and dirty earth, the dying idol of the fools of this world, were all your own) can be given for one ſmile of Chriſt's God-like and ſoul-raviſhing countenance, in that day, when ſo many joints and knees of thouſands wailing ſhall ſtand before Chriſt, trembling, ſhouting, and making their prayers to hills and mountains, to fall upon them, and hide them from the face of the Lamb. O how many would ſell lordſhips and kingdoms that day, and buy Chriſt! But, oh, the market ſhall be cloſed and ended ere then! Your Lordſhip hath now a bleſſed venture, of winning court with the Prince of the kings of the earth: he himſelf weeping, truth borne down and fallen in the ſtreets, and an oppreſſed goſpel, Chriſt's bride, with watery eyes, and ſpoiled of her veil, her hair hanging about her eyes, forced to go in ragged apparel, the baniſhed, ſilenced and impriſoned prophets of God, who have not the favour of liberty to propheſy in ſackcloth; all theſe, I ſay, call for your help. Fear not worms of clay, the moth ſhall eat them as a garment; let the Lord be your fear, he is with you, and ſhall fight for you: thus ſhall ye cauſe the bleſſing of thoſe, who are ready to periſh, come upon you; and ye ſhall make the heart of your mother-church to ſing for joy. The Lamb and his armies are with you, and the kingdoms of the earth are the Lord's. I am perſuaded, there is not another goſpel, nor another ſaving-truth, than that which ye contend for. I dare hazard my heaven and ſalvation upon it, that this is the only ſaving way to glory. Grace, grace be with your Lordſhip.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Your Lordſhip's at all reſpective obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

134. *To* ROBERT GORDON, *Baillie of Air.*

*Worthy Sir*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear from you: our Lord is with his afflicted kirk, ſo that this burning buſh is not conſumed to aſhes. I know, ſubmiſſive on-waiting for the Lord, ſhall at length ripen the joy and deliverance of his own, who are truly bleſſed on-waiters: what is the dry and miſcarrying hope of all them, who are not in Chriſt, but confuſion and wind? O how pitifully and miſerably are the children of this world beguiled, whoſe wine cometh home to them water, and their gold braſs and tin! and what wonder, that hopes builded upon ſand ſhould fall and ſink? It were good for us all to abandon the forlorn, and blaſted, and withered

hope, we have had in the creature; and let us henceforth come and drink water out of our own well, even the fountain of living waters, and build ourselves and our hope upon Christ our rock. But, alas, that natural love, that we have to this borrowed home, that we were born in; and that this clay city, the vain earth, should have the largest share of our heart! Our poor, lean and empty dreams of confidence in something beside God, are no further travelled than up and down the naughty and feckless creatures. God may say of us, as he said, Amos vi. 13. *Ye rejoice in a thing of nought.* Surely we spin our spider's web with pain, and build our rotten and tottering house upon a lie, and falshood, and vanity. O when will we learn to have thoughts higher than the sun and moon; and learn our joy, hope, confidence, and our soul's desires, to look up to our best country, and to look down on clay-tents set up for a night's lodging or two in this uncouth land, and laugh at our childish conceptions and imaginations, that suck our joy out of creatures, wo, sorrow, losses, and grief! 'O sweetest Lord Jesus! O fairest Godhead! O flower of men and angels! why are we such strangers to, and far-off beholders of thy glory?' O it were our happiness for evermore, that God would cast a pest, a botch, a leprosy, upon our part of this great whore, a fair and well busked world, that clay might no longer deceive us! But O that God may burn and blast our hope hereaway, rather than our hope should live to burn us! Alas, the wrong side of Christ (to speak so) his black side, his suffering side, his wounds, his bare coat, his wants, his wrongs, the oppressions of men done to him, are turned towards men's eyes; and they see not the best and fairest side of Christ, nor see they his amiable face and his beauty, that men and angels wonder at. Sir, lend your thoughts to these things, and learn to contemn this world, and to turn your eyes and heart away from beholding the masked beauty of all things under time's law and doom. See him who is invisible, and his invisible things; draw by the curtain, and look in with liking and longing to a kingdom undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved for you in heaven: this is worthy of our pains, and worthy of your soul's sweating, and labouring, and seeking after, night and day. 'Fire will fly over the earth, and all that is in it, even destruction from the Almighty. Fy, fy upon that hope, that shall be dried up by the root! Fy upon drunken night-bargains, and the drunken and mad covenants, that sinners make with death and hell after cups. And when mens souls are mad and drunken with the love of this lawless life, they think to make a nest for their hopes, and take quarters and conditions of hell and death, that they shall have ease, long life, peace; and in the morning, when the last trumpet shall awake them, then they rue the block. It is time, and high time for you

you to think upon death and your accounts, and to remember what ye are, where ye will be before the year of our Lord 1700: I hope ye are thinking upon this. Pull at your soul, and draw it aside from the company that it is with, and whisper into it news of eternity, death, judgment, heaven and hell. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

135. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Earlstoun.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. It is like, if ye, the gentry and nobility of this nation, be men in the streets (as the word speaketh) for the Lord, that he will now deliver his flock, and gather in his scattered sheep, from the hands of cruel and rigorous lords, that have ruled over them with force. O that mine eyes might see the moon light turn to the light of the sun! But I still fear, the quarrel of a broken covenant in Scotland standeth before the Lord; however it be, I avouch it before the world, that the tabernacle of the Lord shall again be in the midst of Scotland, and the glory of the Lord shall dwell in beauty, as the light of many days in one, in this land. O what could my soul desire more, next to my Lord Jesus, while I am in this flesh, but that Christ and his kingdom might be great amongst Jews and Gentiles; and that the isles (and amongst them, overclouded and darkned Britain) might have the glory of a noon-day's sun! O that I had any thing (I will not except my part in Christ) to wadset or lay in pledge, to redeem and buy such glory to my highest and royal Prince, my sweet Lord Jesus! My poor little heaven were well bestowed, if it could stand a pawn for ever, to set on high the glory of my Lord; but I know, he needeth not wages nor hire at my hand; yea, I know, if my eternal glory could weigh down in weight, its alone, all the eternal glory of the blessed angels, and of all the spirits of just and perfect men, glorified and to be glorified; oh, alas! how far I am engaged to forego it for, and give it over to Christ, so being he might thereby be set on high above ten thousand thousand of millions of heavens, in the conquest of many, many nations to his kingdom! O that his kingdom would come? O that all the world would stoop before him! O blessed hands that shall put the crown upon Christ's head in Scotland! But alas! I can scarce get leave to ware my love on him: I can find no ways to out my heart upon Christ; and my love, that I think it no bairn's play to be hungered with Christ's love: to love him and to want him, wanteth little of hell. I am sure, he knoweth, how my joy would swell upon me, from a little well to a great sea, to have as much of his love, and as wide a soul answerable to comprehend it, till I cried, Hold Lord, no

more. But I find, he will not have me to be mine own steward, nor mine own carver: Christ keepeth the keys of Christ (to speak so) and of his own love, and he is a wiser distributer than I can take up: I know, there is more in him than would make me run-over like a coast-full sea. I were happy for evermore, to get leave to stand but beside Christ and his love, and to look in, suppose I were interdicted of God to come near, touch or embrace, kiss or set to my sinful head, and drink myself drunken with that lovely thing. God send me that which I would have; for I now verily see, more clearly than before, our folly in drinking dead waters, and in playing the whore with our soul's love upon running-out wells, and broken sheards of creatures of yesterday, whom time will unlaw, with the penalty of losing their being and natural ornaments. O! when a soul's love is itching (to speak so) for God, and when Christ in his boundless and bottomless love, beauty and excellency, cometh and rubbeth up and exciteth that love, what can be heaven, if this be not heaven? I am sure, this bit fickless narrow and short love of regenerated sinners, was born for no other end, but to breathe, and live, and love, and dwell in the bosom and betwixt the breasts of Christ. Where is there a bed or a lodging for the saints love, but Christ? O that he would take ourselves off our hand? for neither we nor the creatures can be either due conquest, or lawful heritage to love: Christ, and none but Christ, is Lord and proprietor of it. Oh, alas, how pitiful is it, that so much of our love goeth by him! O but we be wretched wasters of our soul's love! I know, it is the depth of bottomless and unsearchable providence, that the saints are suffered to play the whore from God, and that their love goeth a hunting, when God knoweth, it shall cost nothing of that at supper-time. The renewed would have it otherwise; and why is it so, seeing our Lord can keep us without nodding, tottering or reeling, or any fall at all? Our desires, I hope, shall meet with perfection; but God will have our sins an office-house for God's grace, and hath made sin a matter of an unlaw and penalty, for the Son of God's blood: and howbeit our sin should be our sorrow, yet there is a sort of acquiescing and resting upon God's dispensation required of us, that there is such a thing in us as sin, whereupon mercy, forgiveness, healing, curing, in our sweet Physician, may find a field to work upon. O what a deep is here, that created wit cannot take up! However matters go, it is our happiness to win new ground daily in Christ's love, and to purchase a new piece of it daily, and to add conquest to conquest, till our Lord Jesus and we be so near other, that Satan shall not draw a straw or a thread betwixt us. And for myself, I have no greater joy, in my well-favoured bonds for Christ, than that I know, time shall put him and me together; and that my love

and

and longing hath room and liberty amidst my bonds and foes (whereof there are not a few here of all ranks) to go visit the borders, and outer coasts of my Lord Jesus's country! and see, at least afar off and darkly, the country which shall be mine inheritance, which is my Lord Jesus's due, both through birth and conquest. I dare avouch to all that know God, that the saints know not the length and largeness of the sweet earnest, and of the sweet green sheaves before the harvest, that might be had on this side of the water, if we would take more pains; and that we all go to heaven with less earnest, and lighter purses of the hoped-for summer, than otherwise we might do, if we took more pains to win further in upon Christ, in this pilgrimage of our absence from him. Grace, grace and glory be your portion.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 136. *To* JOHN LAWRIE.

*Dear brother*,

I Am sorry that ye, or so many in this kingdom, should expect so much of me, an empty reed: verily I am a naughty and poor body; but if the tinkling of my Lord Jesus's iron chains on legs and arms could sound the high praises of my royal King, whose prisoner I am, O how would my joy run over! if my Lord would bring edification to one soul by my bonds, I am satisfied: but I know not what I can do to such a princely and beautiful Well-beloved; he is far behind with me. Little thanks to me, to say to others, his wind bloweth on me, who am but withered and dry bones: but since ye desire me to write to you, either help me to set Christ on high, for his running over love, in that the heat of his sweet breath hath melted a frozen heart, else I think ye do nothing for a prisoner. I am fully confirmed, that it is the honour of our Law-giver I suffer for now: I am not ashamed to give out letters of recommendation of Christ's love, to as many as will extol the Lord Jesus and his cross. If I had not sailed this sea-way to heaven, but had taken the land-way, as many do, I should not have known Christ's sweetness in such a measure: but the truth is, let no man thank me; for I caused not Christ's wind to blow upon me: his love came upon a withered creature, whether I would or not (and yet by coming it procured from me a welcome.) A heart of iron, and iron-doors, will not hold Christ out; I give him leave to break iron-locks and come in, and that is all: and now I know not, whether pain of love for want of possession, or sorrow that I dow not thank him, paineth me most: but both work upon me. For the *1st*, O that he would come, and satisfy

satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry with these good things! I know indeed, my guiltiness may be a bar in his way: but he is God, and ready to forgive. And for the other, wo, wo is me, that I cannot find a heart to give back again my unworthy little love, for his great sea-full of love to me: O that he would learn me this piece of gratitude! O that I could have leave to look in, through the hole of the door, to see his face, and sing his praises! or could break up one of his chamber-windows, to look in upon his delighting beauty, till my Lord send more! Any little communion with him, one of his love-looks should be my begun heaven. I know, he is not lordly, neither is the Bridegroom's love proud, though I be black and unlovely and unworthy of him. I would seek but leave, and withal grace, to spend my love upon him. I counsel you to think highly of Christ, and of free, free grace, more than ye did before; for I know that Christ is not known amongst us. I think I see more of Christ than ever I saw: and yet I see but little of what may be seen; O that he would draw by the curtains, and that the King would come out of his gallery and palace, that I might see him! Christ's love is young glory and young heaven: It would soften hell's pain to be filled with it. What would I refuse to suffer, if I could but get a draught of love at my heart's desire? O what price can be given for him! Angels cannot weigh him; O his weight, his worth, his sweetness, his overpassing beauty! If men and angels would come, and look to that great and princely One, their ebbness would never take up his depth, their narrowness would never comprehend his breadth, heighth and length: if ten thousand thousand worlds of angels were created, then might all tire themselves in wondering at his beauty, and begin again to wonder of new. O that I could win nigh him, to kiss his feet, to hear his voice, to find the smell of his ointments! But, oh, alas, I have little, little of him! yet I long for more. Remember my bonds, and help me with your prayers; for I would not niffer or exchange my sad hours, with the joy of my velvet adversaries. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, June* 10. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 137. *To Mr.* JAMES FLEMING.

*Reverend and well-beloved in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter, which hath refreshed me in my bonds. I cannot but testify unto you, my dear brother, what sweetness I find in our Master's cross; but, alas, what can I either do or suffer for him? if I my alone had as many lives, as there have been drops of rain since the creation, I would think them too little for that

lovely

lovely One, our Well-beloved; but my pain and my sorrow is above my sufferings, that I find not ways to set out the praises of his love to others: I am not able, by tongue, pen, or sufferings, to provoke many to fall in love with him; but he knoweth, whom I love to serve in the Spirit, what I would do, and suffer by his own strength, so being I might make my Lord Jesus lovely and sweet to many thousands in this land. I think it amongst God's wonders, that he will take any praise or glory, or any testimony to his honourable cause, from such a forlorn sinner as I am: but when Christ worketh, he needeth not ask the question, by whom he will be glorious; I know, seeing his glory at the beginning did shine out of poor nothing, to set up such a fair house for men and angels, and so many glorious creatures to proclaim his goodness, power and wisdom, if I were burnt to ashes, out of the smoke and powder of my dissolved body, he could raise glory to himself: his glory is his end; oh that I could join with him, to make it my end! I would think that fellowship with him sweet and glorious. But alas! few know the guiltiness that is on my part; it is a wonder, that this good cause hath not been marred and spilt, in my foul hands: but I rejoice in this, that my sweet Lord Jesus hath found something ado, even a ready market for his free grace, and incomparable and matchless mercy, in my wants: only my lothsome wretchedness and my wants have qualified me for Christ, and the riches of his glorious grace; he behoved to take me for nothing, or else to want me: few know the unseen and private reckonings betwixt Christ and me; yet his love, his boundless love would not bide away, nor stay at home with himself! and yet I dow not make it welcome, as I ought, when it is come unsent-for and without hire. How joyful is my heart, that ye write, ye are desirous to join with me in praising; for it is charity to help a dyvour to pay his debts; but when all have helped me, my name shall stand in his count-book under ten thousand thousands of sums unpaid; but it easeth my heart, that his dear servants will but speak of my debts to such a sweet Creditor. I desire, he may lay me in his own balance and weigh me, if I would not fain have a feast of his boundless love made to my own soul, and to many others. One thing I know, we shall not all be able to come near his excellency with eye, heart or tongue; for he is above all created thoughts; all nations before him are as nothing, and less than nothing; he sitteth in the circuit of heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth are as grashoppers before him! O that men would praise him! Ye complain of your private case: alas, I am not the man, who can speak to such an one as ye are: any sweet presence I have had in this town, is (I know) for this cause, that I might express and make it known to others; but I never find myself nearer

Christ,

Chriſt, that royal and princely One, than after a great weight and ſenſe of deadneſs, and graceleſſneſs: I think, the ſenſe of our wants, when withal we have a reſtleſſneſs, and a ſort of ſpiritual impatience under them, and can make a din, becauſe we want him whom our ſoul loveth, is that which maketh an open door to Chriſt; and when we think, we are going backward, becauſe we feel deadneſs, we are going forward: for the more ſenſe, the more life, and no ſenſe argueth no life. There is no ſweeter fellowſhip with Chriſt, than to bring our wounds and our ſores to him. But for myſelf, I am aſhamed of Chriſt's goodneſs and love, ſince the time of my bonds; for he hath been pleaſed to open up new treaſures of love and felt ſweetneſs, and given viſitations of love, and acceſs to himſelf, in this ſtrange land. I would think a fill of his love, young and green heaven; and when he is pleaſed to come, and the tide is in, and the ſea full, and the King and a poor priſoner together in the houſe of wine, the black tree of the croſs is not ſo heavy as a feather. I cannot, I dow not, but give Chriſt an honourable teſtimony: I ſee, the Lord can ride through his enemies bands, and triumph in the ſufferings of his own; and that this blind world ſeeth not, that ſuffering is Chriſt's armour, wherein he is victorious: and they that contend with Zion ſee not what he is doing, when they are ſet to work, as under-ſmiths and ſervants, to the work of refining of the ſaints, (Satan's hand alſo by them is at the melting of our Lord's veſſels of mercy) and their office in God's houſe, it is to ſcour and cleanſe veſſels for the King's table. I marvel not to ſee them triumph, and ſit at eaſe in Zion; our Father muſt lay up his rods, and keep them carefully for his own uſe; our Lord cannot want fire in his houſe; his furnace is in Zion, and his fire in Jeruſalem: but little know the adverſaries the counſel and thoughts of the Lord. And for your complaints of your miniſtry, I now think all I did too little: plainneſs, freedom, watchfulneſs, fidelity, ſhall ſwell upon you, in exceeding large comforts, in your ſufferings: the feeding of Chriſt's lambs in private viſitations, and catechiſing, in painful preaching, and fair, honeſt and free warning of the flock, is a ſufferer's garland. O ten thouſand times bleſſed are they, who are honoured of Chriſt to be faithful and painful, in wooing a bride to Chriſt! My dear brother, I know, ye think more on this, than I can; and I rejoice that your purpoſe is, in the Lord's ſtrength, to back your wronged Maſter, and to come out, and call yourſelf Chriſt's man, when ſo many are now denying him, as fearing that Chriſt cannot do for himſelf and them. I am a loſt man for ever, or this, this is the way to ſalvation, even this way that they call hereſy, that men do now mock and ſcoff at. I am confirmed now, that Chriſt will accept of his ſervants ſufferings as good ſervice to him

him, at the day of his appearance; and that ere it be long he will be upon us all, and men in all their blacks and whites shall be brought out before God, angels and men. Our master is not far off: Oh if we could wait on, and be faithful! The good will of him who dwelt in the bush, the tender favour and love, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Help me with your prayers; and desire, from me, other brethren, to take courage for their Master.

*Aberdeen, Aug.* 15. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 138. *To Mr.* JOHN MEINE.

*Worthy and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long in answering your letter, but other business took me up. I am here waiting, if the fair wind will turn upon Christ's sails in Scotland; and if deliverance be breaking out to this over-clouded and benighted kirk. Oh that we could contend by prayers and supplications with our Lord for that effect! I know, he hath not given out his last doom against this land. I have little of Christ in this prison, but groanings, and longings, and desires: all my stock of Christ is some hunger for him, (and yet I cannot say, but I am rich in that) my faith, and hope, and holy practice of new obedience, are scarce worth the speaking of: but blessed be my Lord, who taketh me, light, and clipped, and naughty, and feckless, as I am. I see Christ will not prig with me, nor stand upon stepping-stones, but cometh in at the broad-side without ceremonies, or making it nice, to make a poor ransomed one his own. O that I could feed upon his breathing, and kissing, and embracing, and upon the hopes of my meeting and his, when love-letters shall not go betwixt us, but he shall be messenger himself: but there is required patience on our part, till the summer fruit in heaven be ripe for us; it is in the bud, but there be many things to do before our harvest come: and we take ill with it, and can hardly endure to set our paper-face to one of Christ's storms, and to go to heaven with wet feet, and pain, and sorrow. We love to carry heaven to heaven with us, and would have two summers in one year, and no less than two heavens; but this will not be for us: one, and such an one, may suffice us well enough; the man Christ got but one only, and shall we have two? Remember my love in Christ to your father, and help me with your prayers. If ye would be a deep divine, I recommend to you sanctification: fear him, and he shall reveal his covenant to you. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Jan.* 5. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 239. *To* CARDONESS *elder.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I have longed to hear from you, and to know the eſtate of your ſoul, and the eſtate of that people with you. I beſeech you, Sir, by the ſalvation of your precious ſoul, and the mercies of God, make good and ſure work of your ſalvation, and try upon what ground-ſtone ye have builded. Worthy and dear Sir, if ye be upon ſinking-ſand, a ſtorm of death, and a blaſt will looſe Chriſt and you, and waſh you cloſe of the rock; O for the Lord's ſake, look narrowly to the work. Read over your life, with the light of God's day-light and ſun; for ſalvation is not caſten down at every man's door: it is good to look to your compaſs, and all ye have need of, ere ye take ſhipping; for no wind can blow you back again. Remember, when the race is ended, and the play either won or loſt, and ye are in the utmoſt circle and border of time, and ſhall put your foot within the march of eternity, and all the good things of your ſhort night-dream ſhall ſeem to you like aſhes of a blaze of thorns or ſtraw, and your poor ſoul ſhall be crying, Lodging, lodging, for God's ſake; then ſhall your ſoul be more glad at one of your Lord's lovely and homely ſmiles, than if ye had the charters of three worlds for all eternity. Let pleaſures and gain, will and deſires of this world, be put over in God's hands, as arreſted and fenced goods, that ye cannot intromit with. Now when ye are drinking the grounds of your cup, and ye are upon the utmoſt ends of the laſt link of time, and old age, like death's long ſhadow, is caſting a covering upon your days; it is no time to court this vain life, and to ſet love and heart upon it: it is near after ſupper; ſeek reſt and eaſe for your ſoul, in God through Chriſt. Believe me, I find it hard wreſtling, to play fair with Chriſt, and to keep good quarters with him, and keep love to him in integrity and life, and to keep a conſtant courſe of ſound and ſolid daily communion with Chriſt: temptations are daily breaking the thread of that courſe, and it is not eaſy to caſt a knot again, and many knots make evil work. O how fair have many ſhips been playing before the wind, that, in an hour's ſpace, have been lying in the ſea bottom! How many profeſſors caſt a golden luſtre, as if they were pure gold, and yet are, under that ſkin and cover, but baſe and reprobate metal! And how many keep breath in their race many miles, and yet come ſhort of the prize and the garland! Dear Sir, my ſoul would mourn in ſecret for you, if I knew your caſe with God to be but falſe work: love to have you anchored upon Chriſt, maketh me fear your tottering and ſlips: falſe under-water not ſeen, in the ground of an enlightened conſcience, is dangerous; ſo

ſo is often falling and ſinning againſt light: know this, that thoſe who never had ſick nights or days in conſcience for ſin, cannot have but ſuch a peace with God, as will undercoat, and break the fleſh again, and end in a ſad war at death. O how fearfully are thouſands beguiled with falſe hide grown over old ſins, as if the ſoul were cured and healed! Dear Sir, I ſaw ever nature mighty, lofty, heady and ſtrong in you; and it was more for you to be mortified and dead to the world, than another common man: ye will take a low ebb, and a deep cut, and a long lance, to go to the bottom of your wounds, in ſaving humiliation, to make you a won prey for Chriſt. Be humbled, walk ſoftly; down, down, for God's ſake, my dear and worthy brother, with your top-ſail: ſtoop, ſtoop; it is a low entry to go in at heaven's gates: there is infinite juſtice in the party ye have to do with; it is not his nature to acquit the guilty and the ſinner: the law of God will not want one farthing of the ſinner: God forgetteth not both the cautioner and the ſinner; and every man muſt pay, either in his own perſon, (O Lord, ſave you from that payment!) or in his cautioner, Chriſt. It is violence to corrupt nature, for a man to be holy, to ly down under Chriſt's feet, to quit will, pleaſure, worldly love, earthly hope, and an itching of heart after this fairded and over-gilded world, and to be content that Chriſt trample upon all. Come in, come into Chriſt, and ſee what ye want, and find it in him: he is the ſhort cut (as we uſe to ſay) and the neareſt way to an outgate of all your burdens. I dare avouch, ye ſhall be dearly welcome to him; my ſoul would be glad to take part of the joy ye ſhould have in him. I dare ſay, angels pens, angels tongues, nay as many worlds of angels, as there are drops of water in all the ſeas, and fountains, and rivers of the earth, cannot paint him out to you: I think, his ſweetneſs, ſince I was a priſoner, hath ſwelled upon me to the greatneſs of two heavens: O for a ſoul as wide as the utmoſt circle of the higheſt heaven that containeth all, to contain his love! And yet I could hold little of it. O world's wonder! O if my ſoul might but ly within the ſmell of his love, ſuppoſe I could get no more but the ſmell of it! O but it is long to that day when I ſhall have a free world of Chriſt's love! O what a ſight to be up in heaven, in that fair orchard of the new paradiſe; and to ſee, and ſmell, and touch, and kiſs that fair field flower, that ever-green tree of life! His bare ſhadow were enough for me; a ſight of him would be the earneſt of heaven to me. Fy, fy upon us that we have love lying ruſting beſide us, or which is worſe, waſted upon lothſome objects, and Chriſt ſhould ly his alone. Wo, wo is me, that ſin hath made ſo many mad-men, ſeeking the fool's paradiſe, here under ice, and ſome good and deſireable thing, without and apart from Chriſt. Chriſt, Chriſt, nothing but Chriſt can cool

our love's burning langour! O thirſty love! wilt thou ſet Chriſt, the well of life, to thy head, and drink thy fill, drink and ſpare not, drink love, and be drunken with Chriſt? Nay, alas, the diſtance betwixt us and Chriſt is death: O if we were claſped in other's arms! We ſhould never twin again, except heaven twin'd and ſunder'd us; and that cannot be. I deſire your children to ſeek this Lord; deſire them from me to be requeſted, for Chriſt's ſake, to be bleſſed and happy, and come and take Chriſt, and all things with him: let them beware of glaſſy and ſlippery youth, of fooliſh young motions, of worldly luſts, of deceivable gain, of wicked company, of curſing, lying, blaſpheming, and fooliſh talking: let them be filled with the Spirit, acquaint themſelves with daily praying, and with the ſtore-houſe of wiſdom and comfort, the good word of God. Help the ſouls of the poor people: O that my Lord would bring me again among them, that I might tell uncouth and great tales of Chriſt to them! Receive not a ſtranger to preach any other doctrine to them. Pray for me, his priſoner of hope. I pray for you without ceaſing: I write my bleſſing, earneſt prayers, the love of God and the ſweet preſence of Chriſt to you, and yours and them. Grace, grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your lawful and loving paſtor*, S. R.

## 140. *To the Earl of* LOTHIAN.

*Right honourable and my very worthy and noble Lord,*

OUT of the honourable and good report that I hear of your Lordſhip's good-will and kindneſs, in taking to heart the honourable cauſe of Chriſt, and his afflicted church and wronged truth, in this land; I make bold to ſpeak a word in paper to your Lordſhip at this diſtance, which I truſt your Lordſhip will take in good part. It is your Lordſhip's honour and credit, to put to your hand (as ye do, all honour to God!) to the falling and tottering tabernacle of Chriſt, in this your mother-church, and to own Chriſt's wrongs, as your own wrongs. O bleſſed hand, which ſhall wipe and dry the watery eyes of our weeping Lord Jeſus, now going mourning in ſackcloth in his members, in his ſpouſe, in his truth, and in the prerogative-royal of his kingly power! he needeth not ſervice and help from men; but it pleaſeth his wiſdom to make the wants and loſſes, ſores and wounds of his ſpouſe, a field and an office-houſe for the zeal of his ſervants to exerciſe themſelves in: therefore my noble and dear Lord, go on, go on in the ſtrength of the Lord, againſt all oppoſition, to ſide with wronged Chriſt. The defending and warding of ſtrokes off Chriſt, his bride, the King's daughter, like a piece of the reſt of the way to heaven, knotty, rough, ſtormy, and full of thorns; many would follow Chriſt, but with

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reſervation, that by open proclamation Chriſt would cry down croſſes, and cry up fair-weather, and a ſummer-ſky and ſun, till we were all fairly landed at heaven. I know your Lordſhip hath not ſo learned Chriſt, but that ye intend to fetch heaven, ſuppoſe your father were ſtanding in your way; and to take it with the wind on your face; for ſo both ſtorm and wind was on the fair face of your lovely Fore-runner, Chriſt, all his way. It is poſſible, the ſucceſs anſwer not your deſire, in this worthy cauſe: what then? Duties are ours, but events are the Lord's: and I hope, if you, Lordſhip and others with you ſhall go on to dive to the loweſt ground and bottom of the knavery and perfidious treachery to Chriſt, of the curſed and wretched prelates, the Antichriſt's firſt-born, and the firſt fruit of his foul womb, and ſhall deal with our Sovereign (law going before you) for the reaſonable and impartial hearing of Chriſt's bill of complaints, and ſet yourſelves ſingly to ſeek the Lord and his face, your righteouſneſs ſhall break thro' the clouds, that prejudice hath drawn over it; and ye ſhall, in the ſtrength of the Lord, bring our baniſhed and departing Lord Jeſus home again to his ſanctuary. Neither muſt your Lordſhip adviſe with fleſh and blood in this; but wink, and in the dark reach your hand to Chriſt, and follow him. Let not men's fainting diſcourage you, neither be afraid of mens canny wiſdom, who in this ſtorm take the neareſt ſhore, and go to the lee and calm ſide of the goſpel, and hide Chriſt (if ever they had him) in their cabinets, as if they were aſhamed of him, or as if Chriſt were ſtolen wares, and would bluſh before the ſun. My very dear and noble Lord, ye have rejoiced the hearts of many, that ye have made choice of Chriſt and his goſpel, whereas ſuch great temptations do ſtand in your way: but I love your profeſſion the better, that it endureth winds; if we knew ourſelves well, to want temptations is the greateſt temptation of all: neither, is father nor mother, nor court, nor honour, in this overluſtered world, with all its paintry and fairding, any thing elſe, when they are laid in the balance with Chriſt, but feathers, ſhadows, night-dreams and ſtraws. O if this world knew the excellency, ſweetneſs and beauty of that high and lofty One, that faireſt among the ſons of men! Verily they ſhould ſee, if their love were bigger than ten heavens, all in circles without other, that it were all too little for Chriſt our Lord. I hope your choice ſhall not repent you, when life ſhall come to that twilight betwixt time and eternity, and ye ſhall ſee the utmoſt border of time, and ſhall draw the curtain, and look into eternity, and ſhall one day ſee God take the heavens in his hands, and fold them together, like an old holey garment, and ſet on fire this clay part of the creation of God, and conſume away in ſmoke and aſhes the idol-hope of poor fools, who think there is not a better country, than this low country of dying-clay.

Children

Children cannot make compariſon aright betwixt this life and that to come; and therefore the babes of this world, who ſee no better, mould in their own brain a heaven of their own coining, becauſe they ſee no further than the neareſt ſide of time. I dare lay in pawn my hope of heaven, that this reproached way is the only way of peace; I find it is the way that the Lord hath ſealed with his comforts, now in my bonds for Chriſt; and I verily eſteem and find chains and fetters for that lovely One, Chriſt, to be watered over with ſweet conſolations, and the love ſmiles of that lovely Bridegroom, for whoſe coming we wait; and when he cometh, then ſhall the blacks and whites of all men come before the ſun, then ſhall the Lord put a final deciſion upon the pleas that Zion hath with her adverſaries: and as faſt as time poſteth away (which neither ſitteth, nor ſtandeth, nor ſleepeth) as faſt is our hand-breadth of this ſhort winter-night flying away, and the ſky of our long laſting day drawing near its breaking. Except your Lordſhip be pleaſed to plead for me, againſt the tyranny of prelates, I ſhall be forgotten in this priſon; for they did ſhape my doom according to their new lawleſs canons, which is, that a deprived miniſter ſhall be utterly ſilenced, and not preach at all; which is a cruelty contrary to their own former practices. Now, the only wiſe God, the very God of peace, confirm, ſtrengthen and eſtabliſh your Lordſhip, upon the Stone laid in Zion, and be with you for ever.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your Lordſhip's at all reſpective obedience in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 141. *To* JEAN BROWN.

*Miſtreſs*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your ſoul proſpereth. I earneſtly deſire your on going toward your country: I know, ye ſee your day melteth away by little and little, and that in a ſhort time ye will be put beyond time's bounds; for life is a poſt that ſtandeth not ſtill, and our joys here are born weeping, rather than laughing, and they die weeping. Sin, ſin, this body of ſin and corruption imbittereth and poiſoneth all our enjoyments. O that I were where I ſhall ſin no more! O to be freed of theſe chains and iron fetters, that we carry about with us! Lord, looſe the ſad priſoners. Who of the children of God have not cauſe to ſay, that they have their fill of this vain life, and like a full and ſick ſtomach, to wiſh at mid-ſupper, that the ſupper were ended, and the table drawn, that the ſick man might win to bed and enjoy reſt? We have cauſe to tire of a mid-ſupper of the beſt meſſes that this world can dreſs up for us; and to cry to God, that he would remove the table, and put the ſin-ſick ſouls to reſt with himſelf. O for a long play-day with Chriſt, and our long laſting

vacance

acance of reſt! Glad may their ſouls be, that are ſafe over firth, Chriſt having payed the fraught: happy are they, who have aſt their hard and weariſome time of apprenticeſhip, and are ow freemen and citizens in that joyful high city, the new Jeuſalem. Alas! that we ſhould be glad of, and rejoice in our etters, and our priſon houſe, and this dear inns, a life of ſin, here we are abſent from our Lord, and ſo far from our home. O that we could get bonds and law-ſuretiſhip of our love, that faſten not itſelf on theſe clay-dreams, theſe clay-ſhadows and worldly vanities! We might be oftener ſeeing what they are doing in heaven, and our heart more frequently upon our ſweet treaſure above. We ſmell of the ſmoke of this lower houſe of the earth, becauſe our hearts and our thoughts are here: if we would haunt up with God, we ſhould ſmell of heaven, and of our country above, and we ſhould look like our country, and like ſtrangers or people not born or brought up hereaway: our croſſes would not bite upon us, if we were heavenly-minded. I know no obligation the ſaints have to this world, ſeeing we fare but upon the ſmoke of it; and if there be any ſmoke in the houſe, it bloweth upon our eyes: all our part of the table is ſcarce worth a drink of water; and when we are ſtricken, we dare not weep, but ſteal our grief away betwixt our Lord and us, and content ourſelves with ſtolen ſorrow behind backs. God be thanked, we have many things that ſo ſtroak us againſt the hair, as we may pray, God keep our better home, God bleſs our Father's houſe, and not this ſmoke, that bloweth us to ſeek our beſt lodging. I am ſure, this is beſt fruit of the croſs, when we, from the hard fare of the dear inns, cry the more, that God would ſend a fair wind to land us, hungered and oppreſſed ſtrangers, at the door of our Father's houſe, which now is made in Chriſt our kindly heritage. O then let us pull up the ſtakes and ſtoops of our tent, and take our tent on our back, and go with our flitting to our beſt home; for here we have no continuing city. I am waiting in hope here, to ſee what my Lord will do with me: let him make of me what he pleaſeth; providing he make glory to himſelf out of me, I care not. I hope, yea I am now ſure, that I am for Chriſt, and all that I can or may make is for him: I am his everlaſting debtor or dyvour, and ſtill ſhall be; for, alas, I have nothing for him, and he getteth little ſervice of me! Pray for me, that our Lord would be pleaſed to give me houſe-room, that I may ſerve him in the calling he hath called me unto. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord*
*Jeſus*, S. R.

142. *To*

## 142. *To* ROBERT STEWART.

*My very dear brother*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: ye are heartily welcome to my world of ſuffering, and heartily welcome to my Maſter's houſe: God give you much joy of your new Maſter. If I have been in the houſe before you, I were not faithful to give the houſe an ill name, or to ſpeak evil of the Lord of the family: I rather wiſh God's holy Spirit (O Lord, breathe upon me with that Spirit) to tell you the faſhions of the houſe. One thing I can ſay, by on-waiting ye will grow a great man with the Lord of the houſe: hang on, till ye get ſome good from Chriſt; lay all your loads and your weights by faith upon Chriſt, eaſe yourſelf, and let him bear all: he can, he dow, he will bear you, howbeit hell were upon your back. I rejoice that he is come, and hath choſen you in the furnace; it was even there where ye and he ſet tryſt; that is an old gate of Chriſt's, he keepeth the good old faſhion with you, that was in Hoſea's days, Hoſ. ii. 14. *There behold I will allure her, and bring her to the wilderneſs, and ſpeak to her heart*: there was no talking to her heart, while he and ſhe were in the fair and flouriſhing city, and at eaſe: but out in the cold, hungry, waſte wilderneſs, he allureth her; he whiſpered news into her ear there, and ſaid, Thou art mine. What would ye think of ſuch a bode? ye may ſoon do worſe than ſay, 'Lord, hold all; Lord Jeſus, a bargain be it, it ſhall not go back in my ſide. Ye have gotten a great advantage in the way to heaven, that ye have ſtarted to the gate in the morning: like a fool as I was, I ſuffered my ſun to be high in the heaven, and near afternoon, before ever I took the gate by the end: I pray you now keep the advantage ye have. My heart, be not lazy; ſet quickly up the brae on hands and feet, as if the laſt pickle of ſand were running out of your glaſs, and death were coming to turn the glaſs: and be very careful to take heed to your feet, in that ſlippery and dangerous way of youth, that ye are walking in: the devil and temptations now have the advantage of the brae of you, and are upon your wand-hand and your working hand; dry timber will ſoon take fire: be covetous and greedy of the grace of God, and beware that it be not holineſs that cometh only from the croſs; for too many are that way diſpoſed, Pſalm lxxviii. 34. *When he ſlew them, then they ſought him, and they returned and enquired early after God.* Ver. 36. *Neverthelefs, they did flatter him with their mouth, and they lied unto him with their tongues.* It is a part of hypocriſy, to give God fair white words, when he hath us in his gripes (if I may ſpeak ſo) and to flatter him till we win to the fair fields again. Try well green godlineſs, and examine what it is ye love in Chriſt: if ye love but Chriſt's ſun-ſide, and would have only ſummer-weather and a land-gate, not a ſea-way to heaven;

heaven; your profeſſion will play you a ſlip, and the winter-well will go dry again in ſummer. Make no ſports nor bairn's-play of Chriſt; but labour for a ſound and lively ſight of ſin, that ye may judge yourſelf an undone man, a damned ſlave of hell and ſin, one dying in your own blood, except Chriſt come and rue upon you, and take you up; and therefore make ſure and faſt work of converſion: caſt the earth deep; and down, down with the old work, the building of confuſion, that was there before; and let Chriſt lay new work, and make a new creation upon you. Look if Chriſt's rain goeth down to the root of your withered plants, and if his love wound your heart while it bleeds with ſorrow for ſin, and if ye can pant, and fall a-ſwoon, and be like to die for that lovely One, Jeſus: I know, Chriſt will not be hid where he is; grace will ever ſpeak for itſelf, and be fruitful in well-doing: the ſanctified croſs is a fruitful tree, it bringeth forth many apples. If I ſhould tell you by ſome weak experience, what I have found in Chriſt, ye or others could hardly believe me; I thought not the hundredth part of Chriſt long ſince, that I do now; though, alas! my thoughts are ſtill infinitely below his worth. I have a dwining ſickly and pained life, for a real poſſeſſion of him; and am troubled with love-braſhes and love-fevers; but it is a ſweet pain. I would refuſe no conditions, not hell excepted (reſerving always God's hatred) to buy poſſeſſion of Jeſus: but, alas! I am not a merchant, who have any money to give for him; I muſt either come to a good cheap market, where wares are had for nothing, elſe I go home empty: but I have caſten this work upon Chriſt, to get me himſelf; I have his faith, and truth, and promiſe (as a pawn of his) all engaged that I ſhall obtain that which my hungry deſires would be at, and I eſteem that the choice of my happineſs: and for Chriſt's croſs, eſpecially the garland and flower of all croſſes, to ſuffer for his name, I eſteem it more than I can write or ſpeak to you: and I write it under mine own hand to you, it is one of the ſteps of the ladder up to our country, and Chriſt (whoever be one) is ſtill at the heavy end of this black tree, and ſo it is but as a feather to me: I need not run at leiſure, becauſe of a burden on my back; my back never bare the like of it: the more heavily croſſed for Chriſt the ſoul is, it is ſtill the lighter for the journey. Now, would to God, all cold-blooded, faint-hearted ſoldiers of Chriſt would look again to Jeſus, and to his love; and when they look, I would have them to look again and again, and fill themſelves with beholding Chriſt's beauty; and I dare ſay then, that Chriſt would come in great court and requeſt with many: the virgins would flock faſt about the Bridegroom, they would embrace and take hold of him, and not let him go: but when I have ſpoken of him, till my head rive, I have ſaid juſt nothing, I may begin again. A

God-head, a God-head is a world's wonder: set ten thousand thousand new made worlds of angels and elect men, and double them in number, ten thousand, thousand, thousand times; let their heart and tongues be ten thousand, thousand times more agile and large, than the heart and tongues of the seraphims, that stand with six wings before him, Isa. vi. 2. when they have said all for the glorifying and praising of the Lord Jesus, they have but spoken little or nothing: his love will abide all possible creatures to praise. Oh if I could wear this tongue to the stump, in extolling his highness! But it is my daily growing sorrow, that I am confounded with his incomparable love, and he doth so great things for my soul, and he got never yet any thing of me worth the speaking of. Sir, I charge you, help me to praise him: it is a shame to speak of what he hath done for me, and what I do to him again. I am sure, Christ hath many drowned dyvours in heaven beside him; and when we are convened, man and angel, at the great day, in that fair last meeting, we are all but his drowned dyvours: it is hard to say, who oweth him most. If men could do no more, I would have them to wonder: If we cannot be filled with Christ's love, we may be filled with wondering. Sir, I would I could persuade you to grow sick for Christ, and to long after him, and be pained with love for himself; but his tongue is in heaven, who can do it? To him and his rich grace I recommend you. I pray you, pray for me, and forget not to praise.

*Aberdeen, June* 17, 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 143. *To the Lady* GAITGIRTH.

*Mistress*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to know how matters stand betwixt Christ and your soul. I know ye find him still the longer the better, time cannot change him in his love: ye may yourself ebb and flow, rise and fall, wax and wane; but your Lord is this day as he was yesterday; and it is your comfort, that your salvation is not rolled upon wheels of your own making, neither have ye to do with a Christ of your own shaping: God hath singled out a Mediator, strong and mighty; if ye and your burdens were as heavy as ten hills of hells, he is able to bear you, and save you to the uttermost. Your often seeking to him, cannot make you a burden to him. I know Christ compassionateth you, and maketh a moan for you in all your dumps, and under your down castings: but it is good for you, that he hideth himself sometimes: it is not niceness, dryness, nor coldness of love, that causeth Christ withdraw, and slip in under a curtain and a vail, that ye cannot see him; but he knoweth, ye could not bear with up-sails, a fair gale, a full moon

moon and a high spring-tide of his felt love, and always a fair summer-day and a summer-sun of a felt and possessed and embracing Lord Jesus. His kisses and his visits to his dearest ones are thin sown: he could not let out his rivers of love upon his own, but these rivers would be in hazard to loose a young plant at the root: and he knoweth this of you: ye should therefore frist Christ's kindness, as to its sensible and full manifestations, till ye and he be above sun and moon; that is the country where ye will be enlarged for that love which ye dow not contain. Cast the burden of your sweet babes upon Christ, and lighten your heart, by laying your all upon him; he will be their God. I hope to see you upon the mountain yet, and glad in the salvation of God: frame yourself for Christ, and gloom not upon his cross. I find him so sweet, that my love, suppose I would charge it to remove from Christ, would not obey me: his love hath stronger fingers than to let go its gripes of us, bairns, who cannot go but by such a hold as Christ. It is good that we want legs of our own, since we may borrow from Christ; and it is our happiness that Christ is under an act of cautionry for heaven, and that Christ is booked in heaven as the principal debtor, for such poor bodies as we are. I request you give the Laird your husband thanks for his care of me, that he hath appeared in public for a prisoner of Christ: I pray and write mercy, and peace, and blessings to him and his. Grace, grace be with you for ever.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 144. *To Mr.* JOHN FERGUSHILL.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: my longings and desires for a sight of the new-builded tabernacle of Christ again in Scotland, that tabernacle that came down from heaven, hath now taken some life again, when I see Christ making a mint to sow vengeance among his enemies. I care not, if this land be ripe for such a great wonderful mercy; but I know, he must do, whenever it is done, without hire. I find the grief of my silence, and my fear to be holden at the door of Christ's house, swelling upon me; and the truth is, were it not that I am dawted now and then with pieces of Christ's sweet love and comforts, I fear I should have made an ill brow't of this honourable cross, that I know such a soft and silly-minded body as I am, is not worthy of: for I have little in me but softness, and superlative and excessive apprehensions of fear, and sadness and sorrow; and often God's terrors do surround me, because Christ looketh not so favourably upon me, as a poor witness would

have him: and I wonder, how I have past a year and a quarter's imprisonment, without shaming my sweet Lord, to whom I desire to be faithful; and I think I shall die but even minting and aiming to serve and honour my Lord Jesus. Few know how toom and empty I am at home; but it is a part of marriage-love and husband-love, that my Lord Jesus goeth not to the streets with his chiding against me: it is but stolen and concealed anger that I find and feel, and his glooms to me are kept under roof, that he will not have mine enemies hearing what is betwixt me and Christ: and believe me, I say the truth in Christ, the only gall and wormwood in my cup, and that which hath filled me with fear, hath been, lest my sins, that sun and moon and the Lord's children were never witness to, should have moved my Lord to strike me with dumb sabbaths: Lord pardon my soft and weak jealousies, if I be here in an error. My very dear brother, I would have looked for more large and more particular letters from you, for my comfort in this; for your words before have strengthened me: I pray you, mend this, and be thankful and painful, while ye have a piece or corner of the Lord's vineyard to dress. O would to God I could have leave to follow you to break the clods! But I wish I could command my soul silence, and wait upon the Lord! I am sure, while Christ lives, I am well enough friend-stead: I hope he will extend his kindness and power for me; but God be thanked it is not worse with me, than a cross for Christ and his truth. I know he might have pitched upon many more choice and worthy witnesses, if he had pleased; but I seek no more (be what timber I will, suppose I were made of a piece of hell) than that my Lord, in his infinite heart, new glory to his name, and enlargement to Christ's kingdom, out of me. Oh that I could attain to this, to desire that my part of Christ might be laid in pledge for the heightening of Christ's throne in Britain! Let my Lord redeem the pledge, or, if he please, let it sink and drown unredeemed. But what can I add to him? or what way can a smothered and borne-down prisoner set out Christ in open market, as a lovely and desireable Lord, to many souls? I know he seeth to his own glory, better than my ebb thoughts can dream of; and that the wheels and paces of this poor distempered kirk are in his hands, and that things shall roll as Christ will have them: only, Lord tryst the matter so, as Christ may be made a housholder and lord again in Scotland, and wet faces for his departure may be dried at his sweet and much desired welcome-home. I see, in all our trials our Lord will not mix our wares and his grace over-head thro' other: but he will have each man to know his own, that the like of me may say, in my [illegible], This is Christ's grace, and this is but my coarse stuff; this is free grace, and this is but my coarse stuff; this is free

grace

grace, and this but nature and reason. We know what our legs would play us, if they should carry us through all our waters; and the least thing our Lord can have of us, is, to know we are grace's debtors, or grace's dyvours, and that nature is of a base house and blood, and grace is better born, and of kin and blood to Christ, and of a better house. Oh that I were free of that idol, that they call myself; and that Christ were for myself, and myself a decourted cypher, and a denied and foresworn thing! But that proud thing, myself, will not play, except it ride up side for side with Christ, or rather have place before him. O myself, another devil, as evil as the prince of devils; if thou could give Christ the way, and take thine own room, which is to sit as low as nothing or corruption! O but we have much need to be ransomed and redeemed by Christ, from that master-tyrant, that cruel and lawless lord ourself. Nay, when I am seeking Christ, and am out of myself, I have the third part of a squint-eye upon that vain, vain thing, myself, myself, and something of mine own: but I must hold here. I desire you to contribute your help, to see if I can be restored to my wasted and lost flock. I see not how it can be, except the lords would procure me a liberty to preach; and they have reason, 1. Because the opposers and my adversaries have practised their new cannons upon me, whereof one is, That no deprived minister preach, under the pain of excommunication. 2. Because my opposing of these canons, was a special thing that incensed Sydserf against me. 3. Because I was judicially accused for my book against the Arminians, and commanded by the chancellor, to acknowledge I had done a fault in writing against Dr. Jackson, a wicked Arminian. Pray for a room in the house to me. Grace, grace be (as it is) your portion.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

145. *To* JOHN STEWART *Provost of Air.*

*Worthy Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long for the time, when I shall see the beauty of the Lord in his house; and would be as glad of it, as of any sight on earth. to see the halt, the blind, and the lame, come back to Zion with supplications, Jer. xxxi. 8, 9. *Going and weeping, and seeking the Lord, asking the way to Zion with their faces thitherward*, Jer. l. 5, 6. *And to see the woman travailing in birth, delivered of the man child of a blessed reformation.* If this land were humbled, I would look that our skies should clear, and our day dawn again; and ye should then bless Christ, who is content to save your travel, and to give himself to you, in pure ordinances on this side of the sea. I know, the mercy of Christ is engaged by promise to Scotland, notwithstanding he bring wrath, as I fear he shall,

upon

upon this land. I am waiting on for enlargement, and half-content that my faith bow, if Christ, while he bow it, keep it unbroken; for who goeth through a fire without a mark or a scald? I see the Lord making use of this fire, to scour his vessels from their rust. Oh that my will were silent, and *as a child weaned from the breasts!* Psalm cxxxi. But alas, who hath an heart that will give Christ the last word in flyting, and will hear and not speak again? Oh, contestations and quarrelous replies (as a soon-saddled spirit, *I do well to be angry, even to the death*, Jonah iv. 9.) smell of the stink of strong corruption. O blessed soul, that could sacrifice his will, and go to heaven, having lost his will, and made resignation of it to Christ! I would seek no more, but that Christ were absolute king over my will, and that my will were a sufferer in all crosses, without meeting Christ with such a word, Why is it thus? I wish still, that my love had but leave to stand beside beautiful Jesus, and to get the mercy of looking to him, and burning for him, suppose possession of him were suspended and fristed, till my Lord fold together the leaves and two sides of the little shepherd's tents of clay. O what pain is in longing for Christ, under an over-clouded and eclipsed assurance! What is harder than to burn, and dwine with longing and deaths of love, and then to have blanks and uninked paper, for assurance of Christ in real fruition or possession? Oh how sweet were one line or half a letter of a written assurance under Christ's own hand! But this is our exercise daily, that guiltiness shall overmist and darken assurance; it is a miracle to believe, but for a sinner to believe is two miracles. But O what obligations of love are we under to Christ, who beareth with our wild apprehensions, in suffering them to nickname sweet Jesus, and to put a lie upon his good name! If he had not been God, and if long-suffering in Christ were not like Christ himself, we should long ago have broken Christ's mercies in two pieces, and put an iron-bar upon our own salvation, that mercy should not have been able to break or over-leap; but long-suffering in God, is God himself, and that is our salvation, and the stability of our heaven is in God: he knew (who said, *Christ in you the hope of glory*, Col. i. 27. for our hope and the bottom and pillars of it is Christ,) sinners are anchor-fast and made stable in God; so that if God do not change (which is impossible) then my hope shall not fluctuate. O sweet stability of sure-bottomed salvation! Who could win heaven, if this were not? and who could be saved, if God were not God, and if he were not such a God as he is? *O God be thanked that our salvation is coasted, and landed, and shored upon Christ, who is master of winds and storms!* And what sea-winds can blow the coast or the land out of its place? Bulwarks are often casten down, but coasts are not removed: but suppose that

were

were or might be, yet God cannot reel or remove. Oh that we go from this strong and unmoveable Lord, and that we loose ourselves (if it were in our power) from him! Alas, our green and young love hath not taken with Christ, being unacquainted with him: he is such a wide, and broad, and deep, and high, and surpassing sweetness, that our love is too little for him; but O if our love, little as it is, could take hand with his great and huge sweetness, and transcendent excellency! O thrice blessed, and eternally blessed are they, who are out of themselves, and above themselves, that they may be in love united to him! I am often rolling up and down the thoughts of my faint and sick desires, of expressing Christ's glory before his people; but I see not thro' the throng of impediments, and cannot find eyes to look higher, and so I put many things in Christ's way to hinder him, that I know he would but laugh at, and with one stride set his foot over them all. I know not, if my Lord will bring me to his sanctuary or not; but I know, he hath the placing of me, either within or without the house, and and that nothing will be done without him: but I am often thinking and saying, within myself that my days flee away, and I see no good, neither yet Christ's work thriving; and it is like, the grave shall present the answer of my desires of saving of souls, as I would: but I alas! I cannot make right work of his ways, I neither spell nor read my Lord's providence aright: my thoughts go away, that I fear they meet not God; for it is like, God will not come the way of my thoughts; and I cannot be taught to crucify him my wisdom and desires, and to make him king over my thoughts, for I would have a princedom over my thoughts, and would boldly and blindly prescribe to God, and guide myself in a way of my own making: but I hold my peace here, let him do his will. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his sweetest Lord and Master*, S. R.

## 146. *To* CARSLUTH.

*Much honoured Sir*,

I Long to hear how your soul prospereth. I earnestly desire you, to try how matters stand between your soul and the Lord: think it no easy matter to take heaven by violence; salvation cometh now to the most part of men in a night-dream: there is no scarcity of faith now, such as it is; for ye shall not now light upon the man, who will not say he hath faith in Christ: but alas! dreams make no man's rights. Worthy Sir, I beseech you in the Lord, give your soul no rest, till ye have real assurance, and Christ's rights confirmed and sealed to your soul; the common faith, and country-holiness, and week-days zeal, that is among people, will never bring men to heaven: take pains for your salvation; for in that day, when ye shall see

ſee many men's labours and conqueſts and idol-riches lying in aſhes, when the earth and all the works thereof ſhall be burnt with fire, O how dear a price would your ſoul give for God's favour in Chriſt! It is a bleſſed thing to ſee Chriſt with up-ſun, and to read over your papers and ſoul-accounts with fair day-light: it will not be time to cry for a lamp, when the Bride-groom is entered into his chamber, and the door ſhut. Fy, fy, upon blinded and debaſed ſouls, who are committing whoredom with this idol-clay, and hunting a poor wretched hungry heaven, a hungry break-faſt, a day's meat from this hungry world, with the forfeiting of God's favour, and the drinking their heaven over the board (as men uſe to ſpeak) for the laughter and ſports of this ſhort-forenoon! All that is under this vault of heaven, and betwixt us and death, and on this ſide of ſun and moon, are but toys, night-viſions, head-fancies, poor ſhadows, watery froth, godleſs vanities, at their beſt, and black hearts, and ſalt and ſour miſeries, ſugared over, and confected with an hour's laughter or two, and the conceit of riches, honour, vain, vain court, and lawleſs pleaſures. Sir, if ye look both to the laughing ſide and the weeping ſide of this world, and if ye look not only upon the ſkin and colour of things, but into their inwards, and the heart of their excellency, ye ſhall ſee that one look of Chriſt's ſweet and lovely eye, one kiſs of his faireſt face, is worth ten thouſand worlds of ſuch rotten ſtuff, as the fooliſh ſons of men ſet their hearts upon. Oh Sir, turn, turn your heart to the other ſide of things, and get it once free of theſe entanglements, to conſider eternity, death, the clay-bed, the grave, aweſome judgment, everlaſting burning quick in hell, where death would give as great a price (if there were a market, where death might be bought and ſold) as all the world. Conſider heaven and glory: but, alas, why ſpeak I of conſidering theſe things, which have not entered into the heart of man to conſider? Look into theſe depths (without a bottom) of lovelineſs, ſweetneſs, beauty, excellency, glory, goodneſs, grace and mercy, that are in Chriſt: and ye ſhall then cry down the whole world, and all the glory of it, even when it is come to the ſummer-bloom; and ye ſhall cry, Up with Chriſt, up with Chriſt's Father, up with eternity of glory. Sir, there is a great deal leſs ſand in your glaſs, than when I ſaw you, and your afternoon is nearer even-tide now than it was. As a fowl carried back to the ſea, ſo doth the Lord's ſwift poſt, time, carry you and your life with wings to the grave: ye eat and drink, but time ſtandeth not ſtill; ye laugh, but your day fleeth away; ye ſleep, but your hours are reckoned and put by hand. O how ſoon will time ſhut you out of the poor and cold and hungry inns of this life! and then what will yeſterday's ſhort-born pleaſures do to you, but be as a ſnow-ball melted

melted away, many years since, or worse? for the memory of these pleasures useth to fill the soul with bitterness. Time and experience will prove this to be true; and dying men, if they could speak, could make this good. Lay no more on the creatures, than they are able to carry; lay your soul and your weights upon God: make him your only, only best beloved. Your errand to this life is to make sure an eternity of glory to your soul, and to match your soul with Christ; your love, if it were more than all the love of angels in one, is Christ's due: other things worthy in themselves, in respect of Christ, are not worth a windlestraw, or a drink of cold water. I doubt not but in death ye will see all things more distinctly, and that then the world shall bear no more bulk than it is worth, and that then it shall couch and be contracted into nothing; and ye shall see Christ longer, higher, broader, and deeper, than ever he was. O blessed conquest, to lose all things and to gain Christ! I know not what ye have, if ye want Christ: alas, how poor is your gain, if the earth were all yours in free heritage, holding it of no man of clay, if Christ be not yours? O seek all midses, lay all oars in the water, put forth all your power, and bend all your endeavours, to put away and part with all things, that ye may gain and enjoy Christ; try and search his word, and strive to go a step above and beyond ordinary professors, and resolve to sweat more and run faster than they do for salvation. Mens mid-way, cold and wise courses in godliness, and their neighbour-like, cold and wise pace to heaven, will cause many a man want his lodging at night, and ly in the fields. I recommend Christ and his love to your seeking, and yourself to the tender mercy and rich grace of our Lord. Remember my love in Christ to your wife: I desire her to learn to make her soul's anchor fast upon Christ himself: few are saved. Let her consider what joy the smiles of God in Christ will be, and what the love-kisses of sweet, sweet Jesus, and a welcome home to the new Jerusalem, from Christ's own mouth, will be to her soul, when Christ shall fold together the clay-tent of her body, and lay it by his hand for a time, till the fair morning of the general resurrection. I avouch before God, man and angel, that I have not seen, nor can imagine a lover to be comparable to lovely Jesus; I would not exchange or niffer him with ten heavens: if heaven could be without him, what could we do there? Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your soul's eternal well-wisher,* S. R.

## 147. To CASSINCARRIE.

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I have been too long in writing to you. I am confident ye have learned to

prize Chriſt, and his love and favour, more than ordinary profeſſors, who ſcarce ſee Chriſt with half an eye, becauſe their ſight is taken up with eying and liking the beauty of this over-gilded world, that promiſeth fair to all its lovers, but in the puſh of a trial, when need is, can give nothing but a fair beguile. I know ye are not ignorant, that men come not to this world, as ſome do to a market, to ſee and be ſeen; or as ſome to behold a May-game, and only to behold, and to go home again: ye came hither to treat with God, and to tryſt with him in his Chriſt, for ſalvation to your ſoul, and to ſeek reconciliation with an angry wrathful God, in a covenant of peace made to you in Chriſt; and this is more than an ordinary ſport, or the play, that the greateſt part of the world give their heart unto: and therefore, worthy Sir, I pray you by the ſalvation of your ſoul, and by the mercy of God, and your compearance before Chriſt, do this in ſad earneſt, and let not ſalvation be your by-work, or your holy-days taſk only, or a work by the way; for men think, that this may be done in three days ſpace on a feather-bed, when death and they are fallen in hands together, and that with a word or two they ſhall make their ſoul-matters right, alas! this is to ſit looſe and unſure in the matters of our ſalvation; nay, ſeeking of this world, and the glory of it, is but an odd and by-errand that we may ſlip, ſo being we make ſalvation ſure. O when will men learn to be that heavenly wiſe as to divorce from, and free their ſoul of all idol-lovers, and make Chriſt the only, only One, and trim and make ready their lamps, while they have time and day! How ſoon will this houſe ſkail, and the inns where the poor ſoul lodgeth fall to the earth! how ſoon will ſome few years paſs away, and then when the day is ended, and this life's leaſe expired, what have men of world's glory, but dreams and thoughts? O how bleſſed a thing is it to labour for Chriſt, and to make him ſure! know and try in time your holding of him, and the rights and charters of heaven, and upon what terms ye have Chriſt and the goſpel, and what Chriſt is worth in your eſtimation, and how lightly ye eſteem of other things, and how dearly of Chriſt! I am ſure, if ye ſee him in his beauty and glory, ye ſhall ſee him to be all things, and that incomparable jewel of gold that ye ſhould ſeek, howbeit ye ſhould ſell, wadſet and forfeit your few years portion of this life's joy. O happy ſoul for evermore, who can rightly compare this life with that long laſting life to come, and balance the weighty glory of the one, with the light golden vanity of the other! The day of the Lord is now near hand, and all men ſhall come out in their blacks and whites, as they are: there ſhall be no borrowed lying colours in that day, when Chriſt ſhall be called Chriſt, and no longer nicknamed. Now men borrow Chriſt and his white colour, and the luſtre and fair-

ding

ng of Chriſtianity; but how many counterfeit maſks will be burnt in the day of God, in the fire that ſhall burn the earth and the works that are in it? and howbeit Chriſt have the hardeſt part of it now, yet, in the preſence of my Lord, whom I ſerve in the Spirit, I would not niffer or exchange Chriſt's priſon, bonds and chains, with the gold chains and lordly rents, and ſmiling and happy-like heavens of the men of this world. I am far from thoughts of repenting, becauſe of my loſſes and bonds for Chriſt. I wiſh all my adverſaries were as I am, except my bonds. Worthy, worthy, worthy for evermore is Chriſt, for whom we ſhould ſuffer pains like hell's pains; far more the ſhort hell that the ſaints of God have in this life. Sir, I wiſh your ſoul may be more acquainted with the ſweetneſs of Chriſt. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his only Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

148. *To his Pariſhioners at Anwoth.*

*Dearly beloved in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace from God our Father and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt be multiplied upon you. I long exceedingly to hear of your on-going and advancement in your journey to the kingdom of God: my only joy out of heaven is to hear that the ſeed of God ſown among you is growing and coming to an harveſt; for I ceaſed not, while I was among you, in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon (according to the meaſure of grace given unto me) to warn and ſtir up your minds: and I am free from the blood of all men; for I have communicated to you the whole counſel of God. And I now again charge and warn you, in the great and dreadful name, and in the ſovereign authority of the King of kings and Lord of lords; and I beſeech you alſo by the mercies of God, and by the bowels of Chriſt, by your appearance before Chriſt Jeſus our Lord, by all the plagues that are written in God's book, by your part of the holy city, the new Jeruſalem, that ye keep the truth of God, as I delivered it to you before many witneſſes, in the ſight of God and his holy angels; for now the laſt days are come and coming, when many forſake Chriſt Jeſus, and he ſaith to you, Will ye alſo leave me? Remember that I forewarned you to forbear the diſhonouring of the Lord's bleſſed name, in ſwearing, blaſpheming, curſing, and the profaning of the Lord's ſabbath; willing you to give that day from morning to night to praying, praiſing, hearing of the word, conferring, and ſpeaking not your own words, but God's words; thinking and meditating on God's nature, word and works: and that every day at morning and at night (at leaſt) ye ſhould ſanctify the Lord by praying in your houſes, publicly in the hearing of all; that ye ſhould in

any ſort forbear the receiving of the Lord's Supper, but after the form I delivered it to you, according to the example of Chriſt our Lord; that is, that ye ſhould ſit as banqueters at one table with our King, and eat and drink, and divide the elements one to another; the timber and ſtones of the church walls ſhall bear witneſs that my ſoul was refreſhed with the comforts of God in that ſupper: and that croſſing in baptiſm was unlawful and againſt Chriſt's ordinance; and that no day (beſides the ſabbath, which is of his own appointment) ſhould be kept holy, and ſanctified with preaching and the public worſhip of God, for the memory of Chriſt's birth, death, reſurrection and aſcenſion; ſeeing ſuch days ſo obſerved are unlawful, will-worſhip, and not warranted in Chriſt's word: and that every thing in God's worſhip, not warranted by Chriſt's teſtament and word was unlawful: and alſo, that idolatry, worſhipping of God before hallowed creatures, and adoring of Chriſt, by kneeling before bread and wine, was unlawful: and that ye ſhould be humble, ſober, modeſt, forbearing pride, envy, malice, wrath, hatred, contention, debate, lying, ſlandering, ſtealing, and defrauding your neighbours in graſs, corn or cattle, in buying or ſelling, borrowing or lending, taking or giving, in bargains or covenants; and that ye ſhould work with your own hands, and be content with that which God hath given you; that ye ſhould ſtudy to know God and his will, and keep in mind the doctrine of the catechiſm, which I taught you carefully, and ſpeak of it in your houſes and in the fields, when ye ly down at night, and when ye riſe in the morning: that ye ſhould believe in the Son of God, and obey his commandments, and learn to make your accounts in time with your Judge; becauſe death and judgment are before you. And if ye have no penury and want of that word, which I delivered to you in abundance; yea, (to God's honour I ſpeak it, without arrogating any thing to myſelf, who am but a poor empty man) ye had as much of the word, in nine years while I was among you, as ſome others have had in many; mourn for your loſs of time, and repent. My ſoul pitieth you, that you ſhould ſuck dry breaſts, and be put to draw at dry wells. O that ye would eſteem highly of the Lamb of God, your Well-beloved Chriſt Jeſus, whoſe virtues and praiſes I preached unto you with joy, and which he did countenance and accompany with ſome power; and that ye would call to mind the many fair days and glorious feaſts in our Lord's houſe of wine, that ye and I have had with Chriſt Jeſus! But if there be any among you that take liberty to ſin, becauſe I am removed from amongſt you, and forget the word of truth which ye have heard, and turn the grace of God into wantonneſs; I here under my hand, in the name of Chriſt my Lord, write to ſuch perſons all the plagues of God, and the curſes that ever I preached in the pul-

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pit of Anwoth againſt the children of diſobedience: and, as the Lord liveth, the Lord Jeſus ſhall make good what I write unto you. Therefore dearly beloved, fulfil my joy; fear the great and dreadful name of the Lord; ſeek God with me. Scotland's judgment ſleepeth not; awake and repent: the ſword of the Lord ſhall go from the north to the ſouth, from the eaſt to the weſt, and through all the corners of the land; and that ſword ſhall be drunk with your blood amongſt the firſt: and I ſhall ſtand up as a witneſs againſt you, if ye do not amend your ways and your doings, and turn to the Lord with all your heart. I beſeech you alſo, my dearly beloved in the Lord, my joy and my crown, offend not at the ſufferings of me, the priſoner of Jeſus Chriſt; I am filled with joy and with the comforts of God. Upon my ſalvation, I know and I am perſuaded, it is for God's truth, and the honour of my King and royal Prince, Jeſus, I now ſuffer: and howbeit this town be my priſon, yet Chriſt hath made it my palace, a garden of pleaſures, a field and orchard of delights. I know likewiſe, albeit I be in bonds, that yet the word of God is not in bonds; my ſpirit alſo is in free ward. Sweet, ſweet have his comforts been to my ſoul; my pen, tongue and heart have not words to expreſs the kindneſs, love and mercy of my Well-beloved to me, in this houſe of my pilgrimage. I charge you to fear and love Chriſt, and to ſeek not a houſe made with hands, but your Father's houſe above. This laughing and white ſkinned world beguileth you; and if ye ſeek it more than God, it ſhall play a ſlip, to the endleſs ſorrow of your heart. Alas, I could not make many of you to fall in love with Chriſt, howbeit I endeavoured to ſpeak much good of him, and to commend him to you (which as it was your ſin, ſo it is my ſorrow): yet once again ſuffer me to exhort, beſeech and obteſt you in the Lord, to think of his love, and to be delighted with him, who is altogether lovely: I give you the word of a King, ye ſhall not repent it. Ye are in my prayers night and day, I cannot forget you: I do not eat, I do not drink, but I pray for you all: I intreat you all, and every one of you, to pray for me. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sept.* 23. 1637. *Your lawful and loving Paſtor*, S. R.

## 149. *To the Lady* CARDONESS.

*Miſtreſs*,

I Beſeech you in the Lord Jeſus, make every day more and more of Chriſt; and try your growth in the grace of God, and what new ground ye win daily on corruption: for travellers are day by day either advancing farther on, and nearer home; or elſe they go not right about to compaſs their journey. I think

I think ſtill the better and better of Chriſt: alas, I know not where to ſeek him, I would ſo fain have him high! I cannot ſet heavens above heavens, till I were tired with numbering, and ſet him upon the higheſt ſtep and ſtory of the higheſt of them all: but I wiſh I could make him great through the world, ſuppoſe my loſs, and pain, and ſhame were ſet under the ſoles of his feet, that he might ſtand upon me. I requeſt you faint not, becauſe this world and ye are at yea and nay, and becauſe this is not a home that laugheth upon you; the wiſe Lord, who knoweth you, will have it ſo, becauſe he caſteth a net for your love, to catch it and gather it in to himſelf: therefore bear patiently the loſs of children, and burdens, and other diſcontentments, either within or without the houſe; your Lord in them is ſeeking you, and ſeek ye him. Let none be your love and and choice, and the flower of your delights, but your Lord Jeſus. Set not your heart upon the world, ſince God hath not made it your portion; for it will not fall you to get two portions, and to laugh twice, and to be happy twice, and to have an upper heaven and an under-heaven too: Chriſt our Lord and his ſaints were not ſo; and therefore let go your gripe of this life, and of the good things of it. I hope your heaven groweth not hereaway. Learn daily both to poſſeſs and miſs Chriſt, in his ſecret Bridegroom-ſmiles; he muſt go and come, becauſe his infinite wiſdom thinketh it beſt for you: we will be together one day; we ſhall not need to borrow light from ſun, moon or candle; there ſhall be no complaints on either ſide in heaven; there ſhall be none there, but he and we, the Bridegroom and the bride: devils, temptations, trials, deſertions, loſſes, ſad-hearts, pain and death ſhall be all put out of play; and the devil muſt give up his office of tempting. O bleſſed is the ſoul, whoſe hope hath a face looking ſtraight out to that day! It is not our part to make a treaſure here; any thing under the covering of heaven we can build upon, is but ill ground, and a ſandy foundation: every good thing, except God, wanteth a bottom, and cannot ſtand its alone; how then can it bear the weight of us? Let us not lay a load upon a windleſtraw; there ſhall nothing find my weight, or found my happineſs, but God. I know all created power ſhould ſink under me, if I ſhould lean down upon it; and therefore it is better to reſt on God, than ſink or fall: and we weak ſouls muſt have a bottom and a being place, for we cannot ſtand our alone; let us then be wiſe in our choice, and chooſe and wail our own bleſſedneſs, which is to truſt in the Lord. Each one of us hath a whore and idol, beſides our Huſband, Chriſt: but it is our folly to divide our narrow and little love; I will not ſerve two: it is beſt then to hold it whole and together, and give it to Chriſt; for then we get double intereſt for our love, when we lend it to, and lay it out upon

upon Christ; and we are sure besides, that the stock cannot perish. Now I can say no more; remember me. I have God's right to that people; howbeit by the violence of men stronger than I, I am banished from you, and chased away. The Lord give you mercy in the day of Christ. It may be God will clear my sky again; howbeit there is small appearance of my deliverance: but let him do with me what seemeth good in his own eyes; I am his clay, let my Potter frame and fashion me as he pleaseth. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your lawful and loving pastor*, S. R.

## 150. *To* SIBILLA MACADAM.

*Mistress*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I can bear witness in my bonds, that Christ is still the longer the better, and no worse, yea, inconceivably better than he is or can be called: I think it half an heaven, to have my fill of the smell of his sweet breath, and to sleep in the arms of Christ my Lord, with his left hand under my head, and his right hand embracing me. There is no great reckoning to be made of the withering of my flower, in comparison of the foul and manifest wrongs done to Christ; nay, let never the dew of God ly upon my branches again, let the bloom fall from my joy, and let it wither, let the Almighty blow out my candle, so being the Lord might be great among Jews and Gentiles, and his oppressed church delivered. Let Christ fare well, suppose I should eat ashes: I know he must be sweet himself, when his cross is so sweet. And it is the part of us all, if we marry himself, to marry the crosses, losses, and reproaches also that follow him; for mercy followeth Christ's cross. His prison for beauty is made of marble and ivory: his chains, that are laid on his prisoners, are golden chains; and the sighs of the prisoners of hope are perfumed with comforts, the like whereof cannot be bred or found in this side of sun and moon. Follow on after his love, tire not of Christ; but come in, and see his beauty and excellency, and feed your soul upon Christ's sweetness. This world is not yours, neither would I have your heaven made of such metal as mire and clay. Ye have the choice and wail of all lovers in heaven or out of heaven, when ye have Christ, the only delight of God his Father. Climb up the mountain with joy, and faint not; for time will cut off the men who pursue Christ's followers. Our best things here have a worm in them; our joys besides God, in the inner half, are but woes and sorrows: Christ, Christ is that which our love and desires can sleep sweetly and rest safely upon. Now the very God of peace establish you in Christ. Help a prisoner with your prayers, and entreat that our Lord would be pleased to visit

viſit me with a ſight of his beauty in his houſe, as he hath ſometimes done. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 151. *To the Laird of* CALLY.

*Worthy Sir*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I have been too long, I confeſs, in writing to you. My ſuit now to you in paper (ſince I have no acceſs to ſpeak to you as formerly) is, that ye would lay the foundation ſure in your youth: when ye begin to ſeek Chriſt, try, I pray you, upon what terms ye covenant to follow him, and lay your accounts what it may coſt you; that ſummer nor winter, nor well nor wo, may not cauſe you change your Maſter, Chriſt. Keep fair to him, and be honeſt and faithful, that he find not a crack in you. Surely, ye are now in the throng of temptation: when youth is come to its faireſt bloom, then the devil, and the luſts of a deceiving world, and ſin are upon horſe-back, and follow with up-ſails. If this were not, Paul needed not to have written to a ſanctified and holy youth, Timothy, (a faithful preacher of the goſpel) flee the luſts of youth. Give Chriſt your virgin-love, you cannot put your love and heart in a better hand. O if ye knew him, and ſaw his beauty! Your love, your liking, your heart, your deſires would cloſe with him, and cleave to him. Love by nature, when it ſeeth, cannot but caſt out its ſpirit and ſtrength upon amiable objects, and good things, and things love-worthy; and what fairer thing than Chriſt? O fair ſun, and fair moon, and fair ſtars, and fair flowers, and fair roſes, and fair lilies, and fair creatures: but O ten thouſand thouſand times fairer Lord Jeſus! Alas, I wronged him in making the compariſon this way! O black ſun and moon, but O fair Lord Jeſus! O black flowers, and black lilies and roſes, but O fair, fair, ever fair Lord Jeſus! O all fair things, black and deformed without beauty, when ye are beſide that faireſt Lord Jeſus! O black heaven, but O fair Chriſt! O black angels, but ſurpaſſingly fair Lord Jeſus! I would ſeek no more to make me happy for evermore, but a thorough and clear ſight of the beauty of Jeſus my Lord: let my eyes enjoy his fairneſs, and ſtare him for ever in the face, and I have all that can be wiſhed. Get Chriſt rather than gold or ſilver; ſeek Chriſt, howbeit ye ſhould loſe all things for him. They take their marks by the moon, and look a ſquint, in looking to fair Chriſt, who reſolve for the world and their eaſe, and for their honour and court and credit; or, for fear of loſſes and a ſore ſkin, will turn their back upon Chriſt and his truth. Alas, how many blind eyes and ſquint-lookers look

look this day in Scotland upon Chriſt's beauty, and they ſee a ſpot in Chriſt's fair face! Alas, they are not worthy of Chriſt, who look this way upon him, and ſee no beauty in him why they ſhould deſire him! God ſend me my fill of his beauty, if it be poſſible that my ſoul can be full of his beauty here: but much of Chriſt's beauty needeth not abate the eager appetite of a ſoul (ſick of love for himſelf) to ſee him in the other world, where he is ſeen as he is. I am glad with all my heart, that ye have given your greeneſt morning age to this Lord Jeſus: hold on, and weary not, faint not, reſolve upon ſuffering for Chriſt; but fear not ten days tribulation, for Chriſt's ſour croſs is ſugared with comforts, and hath a taſte of Chriſt himſelf. I eſteem it my glory, my joy and my crown, and I bleſs him for this honour, to be yoked with Chriſt, and married with him, in ſuffering, who therefore was born, and therefore came into the world, that he might bear witneſs to the truth. Take pains above all things for ſalvation; for without running, fighting, ſweating, wreſtling, heaven is not taken. O happy ſoul, that croſſeth natures ſtomach, and delighteth to gain that fair garland and crown of glory! What a feckleſs loſs is it for you, to go thro' this wilderneſs, and never taſte of ſin's ſugared pleaſures! what poorer is a ſoul to want pride, luſt, love of the world, and the vanities of this vain and worthleſs world? Nature hath no cauſe to weep at the want of ſuch toys as theſe. Eſteem it your gain to be an heir of glory; O but that is an eye-look to a fair rent! The very hope of heaven, under troubles, is like wind and ſails to the ſoul, and like wings, when the feet come out of the ſnare. O! for what ſtay we here? Up, up, after our Lord Jeſus; this is not our reſt, nor our dwelling: what have we to do in this priſon, except only to take meat and houſe-room in it, for a time? Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your ſoul's well-wiſher, and Chriſt's priſoner,* S. R.

## 152. *To* WILLIAM GORDON *at Kenmure.*

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I have been long in anſwering your letter, which came in good time to me. It is my aim and hearty deſire, that my furnace, which is of the Lord's kindling, may ſparkle fire upon ſtanders-by, to the warming of their hearts with God's love. The very duſt that falleth from Chriſt's feet, his old ragged clothes, his knotty and black croſs, is ſweeter to me, than kings golden crowns, and their time eaten pleaſures: I ſhould be a liar and falſe witneſs, if I ſhould not give my Lord Jeſus a fair teſtimonial, with my whole ſoul: my word, I know, will not heighten him; he needeth not ſuch props under his feet, to raiſe his glory high: but, oh,

that I could raiſe him the height of heaven, and the breadth and length of ten heavens, in the eſtimation of all his young lovers! For we have all ſhapen Chriſt but too narrow and too ſhort, and formed conceptions of his love in our conceit, very unworthy of it. Oh that men were taken and catched with his beauty and fairneſs! they would give over playing with idols, in which there is not half room for the love of one ſoul to expatiate itſelf; and man's love is but heart-hungered in gnawing upon bare bones, and ſucking at dry breaſts: it is well wared they want, who will not come to him, who hath a world of love and goodneſs and bounty for all. We ſeek to thaw our frozen hearts at the cold ſmoke of the ſhort-timed creature, and our ſouls gather neither heat nor life, nor light; for theſe cannot give to us, what they have not in themſelves. Oh that we could thruſt in through theſe thorns and this throng of baſtard lovers, and be raviſhed and ſick of love for Chriſt! We ſhould find ſome footing and ſome room, and ſweet eaſe for our tottering and witleſs ſouls in our Lord. I wiſh it were in my power, after this day, to cry down all love but the love of Chriſt, and to cry down all gods but Chriſt, all ſaviours but Chriſt, all well-beloveds but Chriſt, and all ſoul-ſuiters, all love-beggars but Chriſt. Ye complain, that ye want a mark of the ſound work of grace and love in your ſoul. For anſwer, conſider for your ſatisfaction (till God ſend more) Job i. 3, 14. And as for your complaint of deadneſs and doubtings; Chriſt, I hope, will take your deadneſs and you together: they are bodies full of holes, running boils, and broken bones that need mending, that Chriſt the Phyſician taketh up; whole veſſels are not for the Mediator Chriſt's art: publicans, ſinners, whores, harlots, are ready market-wares for Chriſt: the only thing that will bring ſinners within a caſt of Chriſt's drawing arm, is that which ye write of, ſome feeling of death and ſin, that bringeth forth complaints; and therefore out of ſenſe complain more, and be more acquaint with all the cramps, ſtitches, and ſoul ſwoonings that trouble you: the more pain, and the more night-watching, and the more fevers, the better; a ſoul bleeding to death, till Chriſt were ſent for, and cried for in all haſte, to come and ſtem the blood, and cloſe up the hole in the wound, with his own hand and balm, were a very good diſeaſe, when many are dying of a whole heart. We have all too little of hell pain and terrors that way: nay, God ſend me ſuch a hell, as Chriſt hath promiſed to make a heaven out of. Alas, I am not come that far on the way, as to ſay in ſad earneſt, 'Lord Jeſus, great and ſovereign Phyſician, here is a pained patient for thee.' But the thing that we miſtake is the want of victory; we hold that to be the mark of one that hath no grace: nay, I ſay, the want of fighting were a mark of no grace; but I ſhall not ſay, the want of victory

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ſuch a mark. If my fire and the devil's water make cracking, like thunder in the air, I am the leſs feared; for where there is fire, it is Chriſt's part, that I lay and bind upon him, to keep in the coal, and to pray the Father that my faith fail not, if I in the mean time be wreſtling, and doing, and fighting, and mourning: for prayer putteth not Paul's devil (the prick in the fleſh, and the meſſenger of Satan) to the door, at firſt; but our Lord will have them trying every one another, and let Paul fend for himſelf, by God's help, God keeping the ſtakes, and moderating the play: and ye do well, not to doubt, if the ground-ſtone be ſure, but to try if it be ſo; for there is great odds between doubting that we have grace, and trying if we have grace: the former may be ſin, but the latter is good. We are but looſe in trying our free-holding of Chriſt, and making ſure work of Chriſt. Holy fear is ſearching the camp, that there be no enemy within our boſom to betray us, and ſeeing that all be faſt and ſure: for I ſee many leaking veſſels fair before the wind, and profeſſors who take their converſion upon truſt, and they go on ſecurely, and ſee not the under water, till a ſtorm ſink them; each man had need twice a day, and oftener, to be riped and ſearched with candles. Pray for me, that the Lord would give me houſe-room again, to hold a candle to this dark world. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

## 153. To MARGARET FULLERTON.

*Miſtreſs*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad that ever ye did caſt your love on Chriſt; faſten more and more love every day upon him. O if I had a river of love, a ſea of love, that would never go dry, to beſtow upon him! But alas the pity! Chriſt hath beauty for me, but I have not love for him: O what pain is it, to ſee Chriſt in his beauty, and then to want a heart and love for him! but I ſee, want we muſt, till Chriſt lend us, never to be paid again. O that he would empty theſe vaults and lower houſes of theſe poor ſouls, of theſe baſtard and baſe lovers, which we follow! and verily, I ſee no object in heaven or in earth, that I could ware this much of love upon, that I have, but upon Chriſt. Alas! that clay, and time, and ſhadows run away with our love, which is ill ſpent upon any but upon Chriſt: each fool at the day of judgment ſhall ſeek back his love from the creatures, when he ſhall ſee them all in a fair fire; but they ſhall prove irreſponſal debtors: and therefore it is beſt here, we look ere we leap, and look ere we love. I find now under his croſs, that I would fain give him more than I have to give him, if giving were in my power: but I rather

wiſh him my heart than give him it; except he take it, and put himſelf in poſſeſſion of it, (for I hope he hath a market right to me, ſince he hath ranſomed me) I ſee not how Chriſt can have me. O that he would be pleaſed to be more homely with my ſoul's love, and to come into my ſoul, and take his own! But when he goeth away and hideth himſelf, all is to me that I had of Chriſt, as if it had fallen in the ſea-bottom. Oh that I ſhould be ſo fickle in my love, as to love Chriſt only by the eyes and the noſe! that is, to love him only in as far as fond and fooliſh ſenſe carrieth me, and no more. And when I ſee not, and ſmell not, and touch not, then I have all to ſeek. I cannot love parquier, nor rejoice parquier: but this is our weakneſs, till we be at home, and ſhall have aged men's ſtomachs to bear Chriſt's love. Pray for me, that our Lord would bring me back to you, with a new bleſſing of the goſpel of Chriſt. I forget not you. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 154. *To* WILLIAM GLENDINNING.

*Dear brother*,

YE are heartily welcome to that honour, that Chriſt hath made common to us both, which is to ſuffer for his name. Verily, I think it my garland and crown; and if the Lord ſhould aſk of me my blood and life for this cauſe, I would gladly, in his ſtrength, pay due debt to Chriſt's honour and glory in that kind. Acquaint yourſelf with Chriſt's love, and ye ſhall not miſs to find new gold mines and treaſures in Chriſt: nay truly, we but ſtand beſide Chriſt, we go not in to him, to take our fill of him. But if he ſhould do two things, 1. Draw the curtains, and make bare his holy face; and then 2. Clear our dim and bleired eyes, to ſee his beauty and glory; he ſhould find many lovers. I would ſeek no more happineſs, but a ſight of him ſo near hand, as to ſee, hear, ſmell, and touch, and embrace him: but oh, cloſed doors and vails, and curtains, and thick clouds hold me in pain, while I find the ſweet burning of his love, that many waters cannot quench! O what ſad hours have I, when I think, that the love of Chriſt ſcarreth at me and bloweth by me! if my Lord Jeſus would come to bargaining for his love, I think, he ſhould make price himſelf; I ſhould not refuſe ten thouſand years in hell, to have a wide ſoul enlarged and made wider, that I might be exceedingly (even to the running over) filled with his love. O what am I to love ſuch an One, or to be loved by that high and lofty One! I think the angels may bluſh to look upon him; and what am I to file ſuch infinite brightneſs with my ſinful eyes! O that Chriſt would come

come near, and ſtand ſtill and give me leave to look upon him! For to look ſeemeth the poor man's privilege, ſince he may, for nothing, and without hire, behold the ſun. I ſhould have a king's life, if I had no other thing to do, but for evermore to behold and eye my fair Lord Jeſus; nay, ſuppoſe I were holden out at heaven's fair entry, I ſhould be happy for evermore to look through an hole in the door, and ſee my deareſt and fairеſt Lord's face. O great King, why ſtandeſt thou aloof? why remaineſt thou beyond the mountains? O Well-beloved, why doſt thou pain a poor ſoul with delays? A long time out of thy glorious preſence is two deaths and two hells to me; we muſt meet, I muſt ſee him, I dow not want him. Hunger and longing for Chriſt, hath brought on ſuch a neceſſity of enjoying Chriſt, that, coſt me what it will, I cannot but aſſure Chriſt, I will not, I dow not want him: for I cannot maſter or command Chriſt's love: nay, hell (as I now think) and all the pains in it laid on me alone, would not put me from loving: yea, ſuppoſe my Lord Jeſus would not love me, it is above my ſtrength or power to keep back or impriſon the weak love I have, but it muſt be out to Chriſt: I would ſet heaven's joy aſide, and live upon Chriſt's love its alone; let me have no joy, but the warmneſs and fire of God's love; I ſeek no other, God knoweth; if this love be taken from me, the bottom is fallen out of all my happineſs and joy; and therefore I believe Chriſt will never do me that much harm, as to bereave a poor priſoner of his love; it were cruelty to take it from me: and he who is kindneſs itſelf, cannot be cruel. Dear brother, weary not of my ſweet Maſter's chains; we are ſo much the ſibber to Chriſt, that we ſuffer: lodge not a hard thought of my royal King; rejoice in his croſs. Your deliverance ſleepeth not, He that will come is not ſlack of his promiſe: wait on for God's timeous ſalvation; aſk not when, or how long? I hope he ſhall loſe nothing of you in the furnace, but droſs: commit your cauſe in meekneſs (forgiving your oppreſſors) to God, and your ſentence ſhall come back from him laughing. Our Bridegroom's day is poſting faſt on; and this world, that ſeemeth to go with a long and a ſhort foot, ſhall be put in two ranks: wait till your ten days be ended, and hope for the crown. Chriſt will not give you a blind in the end. Commend me to your wife and father, and to Baillie M. A. and ſend this letter to him. The prayers of Chriſt's priſoner be upon you, and the Lord's preſence accompany you.

*Aberdeen, July 6.* 1637.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

155. To

## 155. *To* ROBERT LENNOX *of Diſdove.*

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I beſeech you in the Lord Jeſus, make faſt and ſure work of life eternal: ſow not rotten ſeed: every man's work will ſpeak for itſelf, what his ſeed hath been. O how many ſee I, who ſow to the fleſh! Alas, what a crop will that be, when the Lord ſhall put in his hook to reap this world, that is ripe and white for judgment? I recommend to you holineſs and ſanctification, and that you keep yourſelf clean from this preſent evil world. We delight to tell our own dreams, and to flatter our own fleſh with the hope we have: it were wiſdom for us to be free, plain, honeſt and ſharp with our own ſouls, and to charge them to brew better, that they may drink well, and fare well, when time is melted away like ſnow in a hot ſummer. O how hard a thing is it, to get the ſoul to give up with all things on this ſide of death and dooms-day! We ſay, we are removing and going from this world; but our heart ſtirreth not one foot off its ſeat. Alas! I ſee few heavenly minded ſouls, that have nothing upon the earth, but their body of clay going up and down this earth, becauſe their ſoul and the powers of it are up in heaven, and there their hearts live, deſire, enjoy, rejoice. Oh! mens ſouls have no wings, and therefore night and day they keep their neſt, and are not acquaint with Chriſt. Sir, take you to your one thing, to Chriſt, that ye may be acquainted with the taſte of his ſweetneſs and excellency, and charge your love not to dote upon this world; for it will not do your buſineſs in that day, when nothing will come in good ſtead to you, but God's favour: build upon Chriſt ſome good, choice and faſt work; for when your ſoul for many years hath taken the play, and hath poſted and wandered through the creatures, ye will come home again with the wind: they are not good, at leaſt not the ſouls good; it is the infinite God-head that muſt allay the ſharpneſs of your hunger after happineſs; otherwiſe there ſhall ſtill be a want of ſatisfaction to your deſires; and if he would caſt in ten worlds in your deſires, all ſhall fall through, and you ſoul ſhall ſtill cry, red hunger, black hunger; but I am ſure there is ſufficient for you in Chriſt, if ye had ſeven ſouls and ſeven deſires in you. Oh if I could make my Lord Jeſus market-ſweet, lovely, deſirable, and fair to all the world, both to Jew and Gentile! O let my part of heaven go for it, ſo being he would take my tongue to be his inſtrument, to ſet out Chriſt in his whole braveries of love, virtue, grace, ſweetneſs and matchleſs glory, to the eyes and hearts of Jews and Gentiles! But who is ſufficient for theſe things! O for the help of angels tongues, to make Chriſt eye-ſweet and amiable to many thouſands! O how little

doth

doth this world see of him, and how far are they from the love of him, seeing there is so much lovelinesse, beauty and sweetnesse in Christ, that no created eye did ever yet see! I would that all men knew his glory, and that I could put many in at the Bridegroom's chamber-door; to see his beauty, and to be partakers of his high, and deep, and broad, and boundlesse love. O let all the world come nigh and see Christ, and they shall then see more than I can say of him! O if I had a pledge or pawn to lay down for a sea-full of his love! that I could come buy so much of Christ, as would satisfy griening and longing for him, or rather increase it, till I were in full possession! I know we shall meet; and therein I rejoice. Sir, stand fast in the truth of Christ, that ye have received: yield no winds, but ride out, and let Christ be your Anchor, and the only He, whom ye shall look to see in peace. Pray for me his prisoner that the Lord would send me among you to feed his people. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 156. *To* JOHN FLEMING, *Baillie of Leith.*

*Worthy Sir*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. The Lord hath brought me safe to this strange town; blessed be his holy name, I find his cross easy and light, and I hope he shall be with his poor sold Joseph, who is separated from his brethren: his comforts have abounded towards me, as if Christ thought shame (if I may speak so) to be in the common of such a poor man as I am, and would not have me lose any thing in his errands. My enemies have, beside their intention, made me more blessed, and have put me in a sweeter possession of Christ than ever I had before: only the memory of the fair days I had with my Well-beloved, amongst the flock intrusted to me, keepeth me low, and soureth my unseen joy; but it must be so, and he is wise, who tutoreth me this way: for that which my brethren have, and I want, and others of this world have, I am content, my faith will frist God my happinesse: no son offendeth, that his father give him not hire twice a-year; for he is to abide in the house, when the inheritance is to be divided: it is better God's children live upon hope, than upon hire. Thus, remembering my love to your worthy and kind wife; I bless you and her, and all yours, in the Lord's name.

*Aberdeen, Sep.* 20. 1637. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jesus*, S. R.

*To*

## 157. *To* WILLIAM GLENDINING, *Baillie of Kirkcudbright.*

*Worthy Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am well, honour be to God! and as well as a rejoicing prisoner of Christ can be, hoping that one day he, for whom I now suffer, shall enlarge me, and put me above the threatenings of men; I am sometimes sad, heavy and castен down, at the memory of the fair days I had with Christ, in Anwoth, Kirkcudbright, &c. The remembrance of a feast encreaseth hunger in a hungry man; but who knoweth, but our Lord will yet cover a table in the wilderness to his hungry bairns, and build the old waste places in Scotland, and bring home Zion's captives? I desire to see no more glorious sight, till I see the Lamb on his throne, than to see mount Zion all green with grass, and the dew lying upon the tops of the grass, and the crown put upon Christ's head in Scotland again: and I believe it shall be so, and that Christ shall mow down his enemies, and fill the pits with their dead bodies. I find people here dry and uncouth: a man pointed at for suffering dare not be countenanced; so that I am like to sit mine alone upon the ground: but my Lord payeth me well home again; for I have neither tongue, nor pen, nor heart to express the sweetness and excellency of the love of Christ. Christ's honey combs drop honey, and floods of consolation upon my soul; my chains are gold: Christ's cross is all overgilded and perfumed; his prison is the garden and orchard of my delights: I would go through burning-quick to my lovely Christ; I sleep in his arms all the night, and my head betwixt his breasts; my Well-beloved is altogether lovely: this is all nothing to that which my soul hath felt. Let no man, for my cause, scar at Christ's cross: if my stipend, place, country, credit, had been an earldom, a kingdom, ten kingdoms, and a whole earth; all were too little for the crown and sceptre of my royal King. Mine enemies, mine enemies have made me blessed: they have sent me to the Bridegroom's chamber; love is his banner over me: I live a King's life; I want nothing but heaven, and possession of the crown: my earnest is great, Christ is no niggard to me. Dear brother, be for the Lord Jesus and his heart-broken bride. I need not (I hope) remember my distressed brother to your care. Remember my love to your wife, let Christ want nothing of us: his garments shall be rolled in the blood of the slain of Scotland. Grace, grace be with you. Pray for Christ's prisoner.

*Aberdeen, Sept.* 21. 1637.

*Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

*To*

## 158. To ROBERT GORDON *of Knockbrex.*

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am by God's mercy come now to Aberdeen, the place of my confinement, and settled in an honest man's house: I find the town's men cold, general, and dry in their kindness; yet I find a lodging in the heart of many strangers. My challenges are revived again, and I find old sores are bleeding of new; so dangerous and painful is an undercoated conscience; yet I have an eye to the blood that is physic for such sores: but verily I see Christianity is conceived to be more easy and lighter than it is; so that I sometimes think, I never knew any thing but the letters of that name; for our nature contenteth itself with little in godliness. Our Lord Lord, seemeth to us, ten Lord Lords: little holiness in our balance is much, because it is our holiness; and we love to lay small burdens upon our soft natures, and to make a fair courtway to heaven; and I know it were necessary to take more pains than we do, and not to make heaven a city more easily taken than God hath made it: I persuade myself, many runners shall come short and get a disappointment. Oh! how easy is it to deceive ourselves, and to sleep and wish that heaven may fall down in our laps! Yet, for all my Lord's glooms, I find him sweet, gracious, loving, kind: and I want both pen and words to set forth the fairness, beauty and sweetness of Christ's love, and the honour of this cross of Christ, which is glorious to me, though the world thinketh shame thereof: I verily think that the cross of Christ would blush and think shame of these thin-skinned worldlings, who are so married to their credit, that they are ashamed of the sufferings of Christ. O the honour to be scourged, stoned with Christ, and to go through a furious-faced death to life eternal! but men would have lawborrows against Christ's cross. Now, my dear brother, forget not the prisoner of Christ; for I see very few here, who kindly fear God. Grace be with you. Let my love in Christ and hearty affection be remembered to your kind wife, and to your brother John, and to all friends. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

*Aberd. Sept.* 20. 1637. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 159. To EARLSTOUN *younger.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you: I am well, Christ triumpheth in me, blessed be his name; I have all things, burden no man: I see, this earth and the fulness thereof is my Father's: sweet, sweet is the cross of my Lord. The blessing of God upon the cross of my Lord Jesus. My enemies have

contributed (beſide their deſign) to make me bleſſed. This is my palace, not my priſon; eſpecially, when my Lord ſhineth and ſmileth upon his poor afflicted and ſold Joſeph, who is ſeparated from his brethren: but often he hideth himſelf, and there is a day of law, and a court of challenges within me; I know not, if fenced in God's name, but oh my neglects! Oh my unſeen guiltineſs! I imagined, that a ſufferer for Chriſt kept the keys of Chriſt's treaſure, and might take out his wombful of comforts, when he pleaſed; but I ſee, a ſufferer and witneſs will be holden at the door, as well as another poor ſinner, and glad to eat with the bairns, and to take the bye-board. This croſs hath let me ſee, that heaven is not at the next door, and that it is a caſtle not ſoon taken: I ſee alſo, it is neither pain nor art, to play the hypocrite. We have all learned to ſell ourſelves for double price, and to make the people, who call ten twenty, and twenty an hundred, eſteem us half gods, or men fallen out of the clouds: but, oh ſincerity, ſincerity, if I knew what ſincerity meaneth. Sir, lay the foundation thus, and ye ſhall not ſoon ſhrink, nor be ſhaken: make tight work at the bottom, and your ſhip ſhall ride againſt all ſtorms, if withal your anchor be faſtened upon good ground, I mean within the vail; and verily I think this is all to gain Chriſt: all other things are ſhadows, dreams, fancies, and nothing. Sir, remember my love to your mother: I pray for mercy and grace to her: I wiſh her on-going toward heaven: as I promiſed to write, ſo ſhew her I want nothing in my Lord's ſervice; Chriſt will not be in ſuch a poor man's common as mine. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sep.* 22. 1637.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 160. *To* JOHN GORDON.

*Worthy and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I have been too long in writing to you, but multitude of letters taketh much time from me. I bleſs his great name, whom I ſerve, in the ſpirit, if it came to voting amongſt angels and men, how excellent and ſweet Chriſt is, even in his reproaches and in his croſs, I cannot but vote with the firſt, that all that is in him, both croſs and crown, kiſſes and glooms, embracements and frownings and ſtrokes are ſweet and glorious. God ſend me no more happineſs in heaven, or out of heaven, but Chriſt: for I find this world, when I have looked upon it on both ſides, within and without, and when I have ſeen even the laughing and lovely ſide of it, to be but a fool's idol, a clay priſon; Lord, let it not be the neſt that my hope buildeth in. I have now cauſe to judge

judge my part of this earth not worth a blaſt of ſmoke, or a mouthful of brown bread. I wiſh my hope may take a running leap, and ſkip over time's pleaſures, ſins plaiſtering and gold-foil, this vain earth, and reſt upon my Lord. O how great is our night-darkneſs in this wilderneſs! to have any conceit at all of this world, is as if a man would cloſe his handful of water, and, holding his hand in the river, ſay, all the water of the flood is his, as if it were indeed all within the compaſs of his hand: who would not laugh at the thoughts of ſuch a crack-brain? Verily they have but an handful of water, and are but like a child claſping his two hands about a night-ſhadow, who idolize any created hope, but God. I now lightly and put the price of a dream, or fable, or black nothing, upon all things, but God, and that deſireable and love-worthy One, my Lord Jeſus: let all the world be nothing, (for nothing was their ſeed and mother) and let God be all things. My very dear brother, know, ye are as near heaven, as ye are far from yourſelf, and far from the love of a bewitching and whoriſh world: for this world, in its gain and glory, is but the great and notable common whore, that all the ſons of men have been in fancy and luſt withal theſe 5000 years: the children, that they have begotten with this uncouth and luſtful lover, are but vanity, dreams, gold-imaginations and night-thoughts: for there is no ground here, under the covering of heaven, for men, and poor wearied ſouls, to ſet down their foot upon. O! he who is called God, that One whom they term Jeſus Chriſt, is worth the having indeed; even if I had given away all without my eye-holes, my ſoul, and myſelf for ſweet Jeſus my Lord! O let the claim be cancelled, that the creatures have to me, except that claim my Lord Jeſus hath to me! O that he would claim poor me, my ſilly, light and worthleſs ſoul! O that he would purſue his claim to the utmoſt pain, and not want me! for it is my pain, and remedileſs ſorrow to want him. I ſee nothing in this life, but ſinks, and mires and dreams, and beguiling ditches, and ill ground for us to build upon. I am fully perſuaded of Chriſt's victory in Scotland, but I fear this land be not yet ripe and white for mercy: yet I dare be halver (upon my ſalvation) with the loſſes of the church of Scotland, that her foes afternoon ſhall ſing dool and ſorrow for evermore, and that her joy ſhall once again be dried up, and her ſky ſhall clear: but vengeance and burning ſhall be to her adverſaries, and the ſinners of this land. Oh that we could be awakened to prayers and humiliation! Then would our ſun ſhine like ſeven ſuns in the heavens, then ſhould the temple of Chriſt be builded upon the mountain tops, and the land from coaſt to coaſt ſhould be filled with the glory of the Lord. Brother, your day-taſk is wearing ſhort, your hour paſs of this ſpan-length and hand-breadth of life will quickly

paſs; and therefore take order and courſe with matters betwixt you and Chriſt, and before it come to open pleading: there are no quarters to be had of Chriſt, in open judgment. I know, ye ſee your thread wearing ſhort, and that there are not many inches to the thread's end; and therefore loſe not time. Remember me his priſoner, that it would pleaſe the Lord to bring me again amongſt you with abundance of the goſpel. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 161. *To Mr.* HUGH MACKAIL.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

I Thank you for your letter. I cannot but ſhew you, that as I never expected any thing from Chriſt, but much good and kindneſs; ſo he hath made me to find it, in the houſe of my pilgrimage; and believe me, brother, I give it to you under mine own hand-writ, that, whoſo looketh to the white ſide of Chriſt's croſs, and can take it up handſomely with faith and courage, ſhall find it ſuch a burden, as ſails are to a ſhip, or wings to a bird. I find my Lord hath over-gilded that black tree, and hath perfumed it, and oiled it, with joy and conſolation, Like a fool, once I would chide and plead with Chriſt, and ſlander him to others of unkindneſs: but I truſt in God not to call his glooms unkind again; for he hath taken from me my ſackloth: and I verily cannot tell you, what a poor Joſeph and priſoner (with whom my mother's children were angry) doth now think of kind Chriſt. I will chide no more, providing he will quit me all by-gones; for I am poor. I am taught, in this ill weather, to go on the lee-ſide of Chriſt, and to put him in between me and the ſtorm: and I thank God I walk on the ſunny ſide of the brae. I write it, that ye may ſpeak in my behalf the praiſes of my Lord to others, that my bonds may preach. O if all Scotland knew the feaſts and love-blinks, and viſits, that the prelates have ſent me unto: I will verily give my Lord Jeſus a free diſcharge of all, that I, like a fool, laid to his charge, and beg him pardon to the mends. God grant, that, in my temptations, I come not on his wrong ſide again, and never again fall a raving againſt my Phyſician, in my fever. Brother, plead with your mother, while ye have time: a pulpit would be a high feaſt to me; but I dare not ſay one word againſt him who hath done to it: I am not out of the houſe as yet; my ſweet Maſter ſaith, I ſhall have houſe-room at his own elbow, albeit their ſynagogue will need force to caſt me out. A letter were a work of charity to me. Grace be with you. Pray for me.

*Aberdeen, Novemb.* 22. *Your brother and Chriſt's priſoner*, S. R.

1637.

## 162. *To* JAMES MURRAY.

*Dear brother,*

I Received your letter: I am in good health of body, but far better in my ſoul. I find my Lord no worſe than his word; *I will be with him in trouble*, is made good to me now: he heareth the ſighing of the priſoner. Brother, I am comforted in my royal Prince and King: the world knoweth not our life, it is a myſtery to them; we have the ſunny ſide of the world, and our paradiſe is far above theirs, yea, our weeping above their laughing, which is but like the crackling of thorns under a pot; and therefore we have good cauſe to fight it out, for the day of our laureation is approaching. I find my priſon the ſweeteſt place I ever was in; my Lord Jeſus is kind to me, and hath taken the maſk off his face, and is content to quit me all by-gones; I dare not complain of him. And for my ſilence, I lay it before Chriſt; I hope it ſhall be a ſpeaking ſilence; he who knoweth what I would, knoweth that my ſoul deſireth no more, but that King Jeſus may be great in the north of Scotland, in the ſouth, and in the eaſt and weſt, through my ſufferings for the freedom of my Lord's houſe and kingdom. If I could keep good quarters in time to come with Chriſt, I would fear nothing; but oh! oh! I complain of my woful outbreakings; I tremble at the remembrance of a new out-caſt betwixt him and me; and I have cauſe, when I conſider what ſick and ſad days I have had for his abſence, who is now come. I find Chriſt dow not be long unkind; our Joſeph's bowels yearn within him, he cannot ſmother love long, it muſt break out at length. Praiſe, praiſe with me, brother, and deſire my acquaintance to help me: I dare not conceal his love to my ſoul, I wiſh you all a part of my feaſt, that my Lord Jeſus may be honoured; I allow you not to hide Chriſt's bounty to me, when ye meet with ſuch as know Chriſt. Ye write nothing to me, what are the cruel mercies of the prelates toward me. The miniſters of this town, as I hear, intend that I ſhall be more ſtrictly confined, or elſe tranſported, becauſe they find ſome people affect me. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Nov.* 21. 1637. *Yours in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 163. *To* JOHN FLEMING *Baillie of Leith.*

*My very worthy friend,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you; I received your letter: I bleſs my Lord through Jeſus Chriſt, I find his word good, Iſa. xlviii. 10. *I have choſen thee in the furnace of affliction*, and Pſal. xci. 15, *I will be with him in trouble.* I never expected other at Chriſt's hand, but much good and comfort;

fort; and I am not diſappointed: I find my Lord's croſs overgilded and oiled with comforts. My Lord hath now ſhown me the white ſide of his croſs: I would not exchange my weeping in priſon with the fourteen prelates laughter, amidſt their hungry and lean joys. This world knoweth not the ſweetneſs of Chriſt's love, it is a myſtery to them. At my firſt coming here, I found great heavineſs, eſpecially becauſe it had pleaſed the prelates to add this gentle cruelty to my former ſufferings (for it is gentle to them) to inhibit the miniſters of the town to give me the liberty of a pulpit: I ſaid, What aileth Chriſt at my ſervice? but I was a fool, he hath chid himſelf friends with me: if ye and others of God's children ſhall praiſe his great name, who maketh worthleſs men witneſſes for him, my ſilence and ſufferings ſhall preach more than my tongue could do: if his glory be ſeen in me, I am ſatisfied; for I want no kindneſs of Chriſt. And, Sir, I dare not ſmother his liberality: I write it to you, that ye may praiſe and deſire your brother and others to join with me in this work. This land ſhall be made deſolate; our iniquities are full: the Lord ſaith, we ſhall drink, and ſpue, and fall. Remember my love to your kind wife. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Nov.* 13. 1736. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 164. *To* EARLSTOUN *Elder.*

Rev. xii. 11. *And they overcame the dragon by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of their teſtimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to ſee you in paper, and to be refreſhed by you. I cannot but deſire you and charge you to help me to praiſe him, who feedeth a poor priſoner with the fatneſs of his houſe. O how weighty is his love! O but there is much telling in Chriſt's kindneſs! The Amen, the faithful and true Witneſs hath paid me my hundred fold, well told, and one to the hundred: I complained of him, but he is owing me nothing now. Sir, I charge you to help me to praiſe his goodneſs, and to proclaim to others my Bridegroom's kindneſs, whoſe love is better than wine. I took up an action againſt Chriſt my Lord; and I ſaid, This is my death, he hath forgotten me: but my meek Lord held his peace, and beheld me, and would not contend for the laſt word of flyting; and now he hath chided himſelf friends with me: and now I ſee, he muſt be God, and I muſt be fleſh. I paſs from my ſummons, I acknowledge he might have given me my fill of it, and never troubled himſelf: but now he hath taken away the maſk; I have been comforted: he could not ſmother his love any longer

r to a priſoner and ſtranger. God grant that I may never buy plea againſt Chriſt again, but may keep good quarters with im. I want no kindneſs, no love tokens: but oh, wiſe is his ove! for notwithſtanding of this hot ſummer-blink, I am kept ow with the grief of my ſilence; for his word is in me as a re in my bowels; and I ſee the Lord's vineyard laid waſte, and he heathen entered into the ſanctuary; and my belly is pained, nd my ſoul in heavineſs, becauſe the Lord's people are gone nto captivity, and becauſe of the fury of the Lord, and that rind (but neither to fan nor to purge) that is coming upon a-oſtate Scotland. Alſo I am kept awake with the late wrong one to my brother; but I truſt ye will counſel and comfort im. Yet in this miſt, I ſee, and believe, the Lord will heal his halting kirk, and *will lay her ſtones with fair colours, and er foundations with ſapphires, and will make her windows of a-ates, and her gates of carbuncles*, Iſa. liv. 11, 12. *And for braſs e will bring gold:* he hath created the ſmith that formed the word, no weapon in war ſhall proſper againſt us. Let us be lad and rejoice in the Lord, for his ſalvation is near to come. Remember me to your wife and your ſon John: and I entreat ou to write to me. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Dec.* 30. 1637. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 165. *To Mr.* JOHN FERGUSHILL.

*Reverend and well-beloved in our Lord Jeſus,*

I Muſt ſtill provoke you to write by my lines, whereat ye need not wonder; for the croſs is full of talk, and ſpeak it muſt, ither good or bad: neither can grief be ſilent. I have no dit-ay nor indictment to bring againſt Chriſt's croſs, ſeeing he hath nade a friendly agreement betwixt me and it, and we are in erms of love together. If my former miſcarriages, and my now ilent ſabbaths ſeem to me to ſpeak wrath from the Lord, I are ſay, it is but Satan borrowing the uſe and loan of my cow-rdly and feeble apprehenſions, which ſtart at ſtraws. I know aith is not ſo faint and fooliſh as to tremble at every falſe alarm: et I gather this out of it, 'Bleſſed are they who are graced of God to guide a croſs well, and that there is ſome art required herein.' I pray God I may not be ſo ill friend-ſtead, as that Chriſt my Lord ſhould leave me to be my own tutor, and my wn phyſician. Shall I not think, but my Lord Jeſus, who de-erveth his own place very well, will take his own place upon im, as it becometh him, and that he will fill his own chair! or in this is his office, *to comfort us, and thoſe that are caſten down, in all their tribulations*, 2 Cor. i. 4. Alas! I know I am fool to ſeek an hole or defect in Chriſt's way with my ſoul. If have not a ſtock to preſent to Chriſt at his appearance, yet I pray

pray God I may be able, with joy, faith, and conſtancy, to ſhew the Captain of my ſalvation, in that day, a bloody-head, that I received in his ſervice. Howbeit my faith hang by a ſmall tack and thread, I hope the tack ſhall not break; and Howbeit my Lord get no ſervice of me but broken wiſhes, yet I truſt theſe ſhall be accepted upon Chriſt's account. I have nothing to comfort me, but that I ſay, Oh! will the Lord diſappoint an hungry on-waiter? The ſmell of Chriſt's wine and apples, which ſurpaſs the up-taking of dull ſenſe, bloweth upon my ſoul, and I get no more for the mean time. I am ſure, to let a famiſhing body ſee meat, and give him none of it, is a double pain: our Lord's love is not ſo cruel, as to let a poor man ſee Chriſt and heaven, and never give him more, for want of money to buy: nay, I rather think Chriſt ſuch fair market-wares, as buyers may have without money and without price: and thus I know, it ſhall not ſtand upon my want of money: for Chriſt, upon his own charges, maſt buy my wedding-garment, and redeem the inheritance, which I have forfeited, and give his word for one the like of me, who am not law-biding of myſelf: poor folks muſt either borrow or beg from the rich; and the only thing that commendeth ſinners to Chriſt, is extreme neceſſity and want: Chriſt's love is ready to make and provide a ranſom and money for a poor body, who hath loſt his purſe: Ho, ye that have money, come and buy, Iſa. lv. 1. that is the poor man's market. Now, brother, I ſee old croſſes would have done nothing to me, and therefore Chriſt hath taken a new freſh rod to me, that ſeemeth to talk with my ſoul, and make me tremble. I have often more ado now with faith, when I loſe my compaſs, and am blown on a rock, than thoſe who are my beholders, ſtanding upon the ſhore, are aware of. A counſel to a ſick man is ſooner given than taken. Lord, ſend the wearied man a borrowed bed from Chriſt: I think often it is after ſupper with me, and I am heavy: O but I would ſleep ſoundly, with Chriſt's left hand under my head, and his right hand embracing me; the devil could not ſpill that bed. When I conſider how tenderly Chriſt hath cared for me in this priſon, I think he has handled me as the bairn that is pitied and bemoaned: I deſire no more till I be in heaven, but ſuch a feaſt and fill of Chriſt's love as I would have; this love would be fair and adorning paſſments, which would beautify and ſet forth my black unpleaſant croſs. I cannot tell, my dear brother, what a great load I would bear, If I had a hearty fill of the love of that lovely One, Chriſt Jeſus: oh if ye would ſeek and pray for that to me! I would give Chriſt all his love-ſtyles and titles of honour, if he would give me but this; nay, I would ſell myſelf (if I could) for that love. I have been waiting to ſee what friends of place and power would do for us: but when the Lord looſeth the

he pins of his own tabernacle, he will have himself to be acknowledged as the only builder up thereof; and therefore I would take back again my hope, that I lent and laid in pawn in mens hands, and give it wholly to Christ. It is no time for me now to set up idols of my own: it were a pity to give an ounce weight of hope to any besides Christ; I think him well worthy of all my hope, though it were as weighty as both heaven and earth. Happy were I, if I had any thing that Christ would seek or accept of: but now, alas, I see not what service I can do to him, except it be to talk a little, and babble, upon a piece of paper, concerning the love of Christ. I am often, as if my faith were wadset, so that I cannot command it; and then, when he hideth himself, I run to the other extreme, in making each wing and toe of my case as big as mountain of iron: and then unbelief can spin out an hell of heavy and desponding thoughts; then Christ seeketh law-borrows of my unbelieving apprehensions, and chargeth me to believe his day-light at mid-night. But I make pleas with Christ, though it be ill my common so to do: it were my happiness, when I am in his house of wine, and when I find a feast-day, if I could *hearken and hear for the time to come*, Isa. xlii. 23. But I see, we must be off our feet in wading a deep water; and then Christ's love findeth timeous employment, at such a dead lift as that: and besides, after broken brows, bairns learn to walk more circumspectly. If I come to heaven any way, howbeit like a tired traveller, upon my Guide's shoulder, it is good enough for those who have no legs of their own for such a journey. I never thought there had been need of so much wrestling to win to the top of that steep mountain as now I find. Wo is me for this broken and back-sliding church; it is like an old bowing-wall, leaning to the one side, and there are none of all her sons who will set a prop under her. I know, I need not bemoan Christ; for he careth for his own honour, more than I can do: but who can blame me to be wae (if I had grace so to do) to see my Well-beloved's fair face spitted upon, and his own crown plucked off his head, and the ark of God taken, and carried in the Philistines cart, and the kine put to carry it, who will let it fall to the ground? The Lord put to his own helping hand. I would desire you to prepare yourself for a fight with beasts: ye will not get leave to steal quietly to heaven, in Christ's company, without a conflict and a cross. Remember my bonds, and praise my second and fellow prisoner, Christ. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in Christ Jesus, his Lord,* S. R.

## 166. *To* WILLIAM GLENDINNING.

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Your case is unknown to me, whether ye be yet our Lord's prisoner at Wigtoun,

or not: however it be, I know our Lord Jeſus hath been inquiring for you; and that he hath honoured you to bear his chains, which is the golden end of his croſs; and ſo hath wailed out a choſen and honourable croſs for you: I wiſh you much joy and comfort of it; for I have nothing to ſay of Chriſt's croſs but much good: I hope my ill word ſhall never meet either Chriſt, or his ſweet and eaſy croſs. I know he ſeeketh of us an out-caſt with this houſe of clay, this mother-priſon, this earth, that we love full well; and verily, when Chriſt ſnuffeth my candle, and cauſeth my light to ſhine upward, it is one of my greateſt wonders, that dirt and clay hath ſo much court with a ſoul not made with clay: and that our ſoul goeth out of kind ſo far, as to make an idol of this earth, ſuch a deformed harlot, as that it ſhould wrong Chriſt of our love. How faſt, how faſt doth our ſhip ſail! And how fair a wind hath time, to blow us off theſe coaſts, and this land of dying and periſhing things! and, alas, our ſhip ſaileth one way, and fleeth many miles in one hour, to haſten us upon eternity; and our love and hearts are ſailing cloſe back over, and ſwimming towards eaſe, lawleſs pleaſure, vain honour, periſhing riches, and to build a fool's neſt, I know not where, and to lay our eggs within the ſea-mark, and faſten our bits of broken anchors upon the worſt ground in the world, this fleeting and periſhing life; and in the mean while, time and tide carry us upon another life, and there is daily leſs and leſs oil in our lamps, and leſs and leſs ſand in our watch-glaſs. O what a wiſe courſe were it for us, to look away from the falſe beauty of our borrowed priſon, and to mind, and eye, and luſt for our country! Lord, Lord, take us home. And for myſelf, I think, if a poor, weak, dying ſheep, ſeek for an old dyke, and the lee ſide of an hill, in a ſtorm, I have cauſe to long for a covert from this ſtorm in heaven: I know none will take my room over my head there. But certainly, ſleepy bodies would be at reſt and a well-made bed, and an old crazed bark at a ſhore, and a wearied traveller at home, and a breathleſs horſe at the rigg's end. I ſee nothing in this life but ſin, and the four fruits of ſin: and O what a burden is ſin! and what a ſlavery and miſerable bondage is it, to be at the nod, and yeas and nays of ſuch a lord-maſter as a body of ſin! truly, when I think of it, it is a wonder that Chriſt maketh not fire and aſhes of ſuch a dry branch as I am. I would often lye down under Chriſt's feet, and bid him trample upon me, when I conſider my guiltineſs: but ſeeing he hath ſworn, that ſin ſhall not looſe his unchangeable covenant, I keep houſe-room amongſt the reſt of the ill-learned bairns, and muſt cumber the Lord of the houſe, with the reſt, till my Lord take the fetters off legs and arms, and deſtroy this body of ſin, and make a hole or a breach in this cage of earth, that the bird may flee out, and

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the impriſoned ſoul be at liberty. In the mean time, the leaſt intimation of Chriſt's love is ſweet, and the hope of marriage with the Bridegroom holdeth me in ſome joyful on-waiting, that when Chriſt's ſummer-birds ſhall ſing upon the branches of the tree of life, I ſhall be tuned by God himſelf, to help them to ſing the home-coming of our Well-beloved and his bride to their houſe together. When I think of this, I think winters and ſummers, and years and days, and time do me a pleaſure, that they ſhorten this untwiſted and weak thread of my life, and that they put ſin and miſeries by-hand, and that they ſhall carry me to my Bridegroom within a clap. Dear brother, pray for me, that it would pleaſe the Lord of the vineyard to give me room to preach his righteouſneſs again to the great congregation. Grace, grace be with you. Remember me to your wife.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 167. *To the Lady* CULROSS.

Rev. viii. 14. *Theſe are they which came out of great tribulation and have waſhed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you. I greatly long to be refreſhed with your letter. I am now (all honour and glory to the King eternal, immortal, and inviſible!) in better terms with Chriſt than I was. I, like a fool, ſummoned my huſband and Lord, and libelled unkindneſs againſt him; but now I paſs from that fooliſh purſuit, I give over the plea: he is God, and I am man. I was looſing a faſt ſtone, and digging at the ground-ſtone (the love of my Lord) to ſhake and unſettle it; but, God be thanked, it is faſt: all is ſure. In my priſon he hath ſhewed me day-light; he dought not hide his love any longer. Chriſt was diſguiſed and maſked, and I apprehended it was not he; and he hath ſaid, It is I, be not afraid: and now his love is better than wine. Oh that all the virgins had part of the Bridegroom's love, whereupon he maketh me to feed! Help me to praiſe: I charge you, Madam, help me to pay praiſes; and tell others, the daughters of Jeruſalem, how kind Chriſt is to a poor priſoner: he hath paid me my hundred-fold, it is well told me, and one to the hundred: I am nothing behind with Chriſt. Let not fools, becauſe of their lazy and ſoft fleſh, raiſe a ſlander and an ill report upon the croſs of Chriſt; it is ſweeter than fair. I ſee grace groweth beſt in winter: this poor perſecuted kirk, this lily among the thorns, ſhall bloſſom and laugh upon the Gardener; the Huſbandman's bleſſing ſhall light upon it. Oh if I could be free of jealouſie;

jealousies of Christ, after this; and believe, and keep good quarters with my dearest husband! for he hath been kind to the stranger: and yet in all this fair hot summer-weather, I am kept from saying, It is good to be here, with my silence, and with grief to see my mother wounded, and her vail taken from her, and the fair temple casten down, and my belly is pained, my soul is heavy for the captivity of the daughter of my people, and because of the fury of the Lord, and his fierce indignation against apostate Scotland. I pray you, Madam, let me have that which is my prayer here, that my sufferings may preach to the four quarters of this land; and therefore tell others, how open-handed Christ hath been to the prisoner, and the oppressed stranger: why should I conceal it? I know no other way how to glorify Christ, but to make an open proclamation of his love, and of his soft and sweet kisses to me in the furnace, and of his fidelity to such as suffer for him. Give it me under your hand, that ye will help me to pray and praise; but rather to praise, and rejoice in the salvation of God. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. Dec.* 30. 1636. *Yours in his dearest and only Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 168. *To the Lady* CARDONESS.

*My dearly beloved and longed for in the Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your soul prospereth, and how the kingdom of Christ thriveth in you. I exhort you and beseech you in the bowels of Christ, faint not, weary not. There is a great necessity of heaven; ye must needs have it: all other things, as houses, lands, children, husband, friends, country, credit, health, wealth, honour, may be wanted, but heaven is your one thing necessary, the good part that shall not be taken from you. See that ye buy the field where the pearl is; sell all and make a purchase of salvation: think it not easy, for it is a steep ascent to eternal glory; many are lying dead by the way, that are slain with security. I have now been led by my Lord Jesus to such a nick in Christianity, as I think little of former things. Oh what I want! I want so many things, that I am almost asking if I have any thing at all. Every man thinketh he is rich enough in grace, till he take out his purse, and tell his money, and then he findeth his pack but poor and light in the day of a heavy trial. I found, I had not to bear my expences, and should have fainted, if want and penury had not chased me to the Store-house of all. I beseech you make conscience of your ways: deal kindly and with conscience with your tenants: to fill a breach, or an hole, make not a greater breach in the conscience. I wish plenty of love to your soul: let the world be the portion of bastards,

make

make it not yours; after the last trumpet is blown, the world and all its glory will be like an old house, that is burnt to ashes, and like an old fallen castle, without a roof. Fy, fy upon us, fools, who think ourselves debtors to the world. My Lord hath brought me to this, that I would not give a drink of cold water for this world's kindness: I wonder that men long after, love, or care for these feathers; it is almost an uncouth world to me, to think, that men are so mad as to block with dead earth: to give out conscience, and to get in clay again, is a strange bargain. I have written my mind at length to your husband; write to me again his case; I cannot forget him in my prayers: I am looking, Christ hath some claim to him. My counsel is, that ye bear with him, when passion overtaketh him; a soft answer putteth away wrath: answer him in what he speaketh, and apply yourself in the fear of God to him; and then ye will remove a proud weight of your heavy cross, that way, and so it shall become light. When Christ hideth himself, wait on, and make din till he return; it is not time then to be carelessly patient: I love it, to be grieved when he hideth his smiles; yet believe his love in a patient on-waiting and believing in the dark. Ye must learn to swim and hold up your head above the water, even when the sense of his presence is not with you, to hold up your chin: I trust in God, he shall bring your ship safe to land. I counsel you, study sanctification, and to be dead to this world: urge kindness on Knockbrex; labour to benefit by his company; the man is acquaint with Christ. I beg the help of your prayers, for I forget not you. Counsel your husband to fulfil my joy, and to seek the Lord's face: shew him from me, that my joy and desire is to hear he is in the Lord; God casteth him often in my mind, I cannot forget him: I hope, Christ and he have something to do together. Bless John from me; I write blessings to him, and to your husband, and the rest of your children. Let it not be said, I am not in your house, through neglect of the sabbath-exercise.

*Aberd. Feb.* 20. 1637. *Your lawful and loving pastor in his only, only Lord*, S. R.

## 169. *To* JANET MACKCULLOCH.

*Dear sister*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I long to hear how your soul prospereth. I am as well as a prisoner of Christ can be feasted, and made fat with the comforts of God: Christ's kisses are made sweeter to my soul than ever they were. I would not change my Master with all the kings of clay upon the earth, O! my Well-beloved is altogether lovely and loving. I care not what flesh can do. I persuade my soul, I delivered the truth

of

of Chriſt to you; ſlip not from it, for no boaſts or fear of men: if ye go againſt the truth of Chriſt that I now ſuffer for, I ſhall bear witneſs againſt you in the day of Chriſt. Siſter, faſten your grips faſt on Chriſt; follow not the guiſes of this ſinful world: let not this clay portion of earth take up your ſoul: it is the portion of baſtards, and ye are a child of God; and therefore ſeek your Father's heritage. Send up your heart to ſee the dwelling houſe and fair rooms in the new city. Fy, fy upon theſe, who cry, Up with the world, and down with conſcience and heaven: we have bairn's wits and therefore we cannot prize Chriſt aright. Counſel your huſband and mother to make them ready for eternity; that day is drawing nigh. Pray for me the priſoner of Chriſt: I cannot forget you.

*Aberd. Feb.* 20. 1637. *Your lawful paſtor, and brother*, S. R.

## 170. *To my Lord* CRAIGHALL.

*My Lord,*

I Received Mr. L's letter with your lordſhip's, and his learned thoughts in the matter of ceremonies. I owe reſpect to the man's learning, for that I hear him oppoſite to Arminian hereſies: but (with reverence of that worthy man) I wonder to hear ſuch Popiſh-like expreſſions as he hath in his letter, as, your lordſhip may ſpare doubtings, when the king and church have agreed in the ſettling of ſuch orders; and the church's direction in things indifferent and circumſtantial (as if indifferent and circumſtantial were all one) ſhould be the rule of every private Chriſtian. I only viewed the papers two hours ſpace, the bearer haſtening me to write. I find the worthy man not ſo in this controverſy, as ſome turbulent men of our country, as he calls refuſers of conformity; and let me ſay it, I am more confirmed in nonconformity, when I ſee ſuch great wit play the agent ſo ſlenderly; but I will lay the blame on the weakneſs of the cauſe, not on the meanneſs of Mr. L's learning. I have ever been and ſtill am confident, that Britain cannot anſwer one argument *a ſcandalo*: and I longed much to bear Mr. L. ſpeak to the cauſe: and I would ſay, if ſome ordinary divine had anſwered as Mr. L. doth, that he underſtood not the nature of Scandal; but I dare not vilify that worthy man ſo. I am now upon the heat of ſome other employment: I ſhall (God willing) anſwer this, to the ſatisfying of any not prejudiced. I will not ſay that every one is acquaint with the reaſon, in my letter, from God's preſence and bright ſhining face, in ſuffering for this cauſe: Ariſtotle never knew the medium of the concluſion; and Chriſt ſaith, few know it. See Rev. ii. 17. I am ſure, a conſcience ſtanding in awe of the Almighty, and fearing to make a little hole in the bottom for fear of under-water, is a ſtrong medi-

um,

m, to hold off an erroneous concluſion, in the leaſt wing or ith of ſweet, ſweet truth that concerneth the royal prerogative of our kingly and higheſt Lord Jeſus; and my witneſs is in hea-ven, I ſaw neither pleaſure, nor profit, nor honour, to hook me, or catch me, in entering in priſon for Chriſt; but the wind on my face for the preſent; and if I had loved to ſleep in a whole ſkin, with the eaſe and preſent delight that I ſaw on this ſide of ſun and moon, I ſhould have lived at eaſe, in good hopes to fare as well as others. The Lord knoweth, I prefer-red preaching of Chriſt, and ſtill do, to any thing next to Chriſt himſelf: and their new canons took my one, my one joy from me, which was to me, as the poor man's one eye that had no more: and alas there is little lodging in their heart for pity or mercy, to pluck out a poor man's one eye for a thing indiffer-ent, *i. e.* for knots of ſtraws, and things (as they mean) off the way to heaven. I deſire not that my name take journey, and go a pilgrim to Cambridge, for fear I come in the ears of au-thority, I am ſufficiently burnt already. In the mean time, be pleaſed to try, if the biſhop of St. Andrews, and Glaſgow (Gal-loway's ordinary) will be pleaſed to abate from the heat of their wrath, and let me go to my charge. Few know the heart of a priſoner; yet I hope the Lord ſhall hew his own glory out of as knotty timber as I am. Keep Chriſt my dear and worthy lord: pretended paper arguments from angering the mother-church, that can reel and nod and ſtagger, are not of ſuch weight as peace with the Father and Huſband: let the wife gloom, I care not, if the Huſband laugh. Remember my ſervice to my lord your father, and mother, and your lady. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, Jan* 24. 1637. *Yours at all obedience in Chriſt,* S. R.

171. *To his reverend and dear brother, Mr.* ROBERT BLAIR.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

THE reaſon you gave for your not writing to me, affecteth me much, and giveth me a daſh, when ſuch an one as ye conceive an opinion of me, or any thing in me: the truth is, when I come home to myſelf, O what penury do I find, and how feckleſs is my ſuppoſed ſtock, and how little have I! He, to whom I am as chryſtal, and who ſeeth through me, and per-ceiveth the leaſt mote that is in me, knoweth that I ſpeak what I think and am convinced of: but men caſt me through a groſs and wide ſieve. My very dear brother, the room of the leaſt of all ſaints is too great for the like of me: but, leſt this ſhould ſeem art, to fetch home reputation, I ſpeak no more of it: it is my worth, to be Chriſt's ranſomed ſinner and ſick one; his relation

relation to me, is that I am ſick, and he is the Phyſician of whom I ſtand in need. Alas, how often play I faſt and looſe with Chriſt? he bindeth, I looſe; he buildeth, I caſt down; he trimmeth up a ſalvation for me, I mar it; I caſt out with Chriſt, and he agreeth with me again, twenty times a-day; I forfeit my kingdom and heritage, I loſe what I had: but Chriſt is at my back, and following on, to ſtoop and take up what falleth from me. Were I in heaven, and had the crown on my head, if free-will were my tutor, I ſhould loſe heaven; ſeeing I loſe myſelf, what wonder I ſhould let go, and loſe Jeſus my Lord? O well to me for evermore, that I have cracked my credit with Chriſt, and cannot by law at all borrow from him, upon my feckleſs and worthleſs bond and faith! for my faith and reputation with Chriſt, is, that I am a creature that God will not put any truſt in: I was, and am bewildered with temptations, and wanted a guide to heaven. O what have I to ſay of that excellent, ſurpaſſing and ſupereminent thing, they call, The grace of God, the way of free redemption in Chriſt! And when poor, poor I, dead in law, was ſold, fettered and impriſoned in juſtice's cloſeſt ward, which is hell and damnation; when I, a wretched one, lighted upon noble Jeſus, eternally kind Jeſus, tender hearted Jeſus; nay, when he lighted upon me firſt, and knew me; I found that he ſcorned to take a price, or any thing like hire, of angels or ſeraphims, or any of his creatures; and therefore I would praiſe him for this, that the whole army of the redeemed ones ſit rent-free in heaven: our holding is better than blench: we are all free-holders; and ſeeing our eternal few-duty is but thanks, O woful me! that I have but ſpilt thanks, lame and broken and miſcarried praiſes to give him; and ſo my ſilver is not good and current with Chriſt, were it not that free merits have ſtamped it, and waſhen it and me both! And for my ſilence, I ſee ſomewhat better through it now: if my high and lofty One, my princely and royal Maſter, ſay, Hold, hold thy peace, I lay bonds on thee thou muſt ſpeak none; I would fain be content, and let my fire be ſmothered under aſhes, without light or flame: I cannot help it; I take the laws from my Lord, but I give none. As for your journey to F. ye do well to follow it: the camp is Chriſt's ordinary bed; a carried bed is kindly to the Beloved, down in this lower houſe. It may be, and who knoweth but our Lord hath ſome centurions, ye are ſent to, ſeeing your angry mother denieth you lodging and houſe-room with her. Chriſt's call to unknown faces muſt be your ſecond wind, ſeeing ye cannot have a firſt. O that our Lord would water again, with a new viſit, this piece withered and dry hill of our widow mount Zion! My dear brother, I will think it comfort, if ye may ſpeak my name to our Well-beloved. Wherever ye are, I am mindful of you. O that the Lord would

would yet make the light of the moon in Scotland like the light of the ſun, and the light of the ſun ſeven-fold brighter. For myſelf, as yet I have received no anſwer whether to go; I wait on: O that Jeſus had my love! Let matters frame as they liſt, I have ſome more to do with Chriſt; yet I would fain we were nearer. Now, the great Shepherd of the ſheep, the very God of peace, eſtabliſh and confirm you, till the day of his coming.

*Aberdeen, Sept 9.* *Yours in his lovely and ſweet*
1637. *Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 172. *To the lady* GARLETON.

*Miſtreſs*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you. My ſoul longeth once again to be amongſt you, and to behold that beauty of the Lord, that I would ſee in his houſe: but I know not if in whoſe hand are all our ways, ſeeth it expedient for his glory. I owe my Lord (I know) ſubmiſſion of ſpirit, ſuppoſe he ſhould turn me into a ſtone or pillar of ſalt. Oh that I were he, in whom my Lord could be glorified; ſuppoſe my little heaven were forfeited, to buy glory to him before men and angels; ſuppoſe my want of his preſence, and ſeparation from Chriſt were a pillar, as high as ten heavens for Chriſt's glory to ſtand upon, above all the world! What am I to him? how little am I (though my feathers ſtood out, as broad as the morning light) to ſuch a high, to ſuch a lofty, to ſuch a never-enough admired and glorious Lord! My trials are heavy, becauſe of my ſad, ſad ſabbaths; but I know they are leſs than my high provocations; I ſeek no more, but that Chriſt may be the gainer, and I the loſer; that he may be raiſed and heightened, and I cried down, and my worth made duſt before his glory. Oh that Scotland, all with one ſhout, would cry, Up Chriſt, and that his name were high in this land! I find the very utmoſt borders of Chriſt's high excellency and deep ſweetneſs, heaven and earth's wonder. O what is he, if I could win in to ſee his inner ſide! Oh I am run dry of loving, and wondering, and adoring of that greateſt and moſt admirable One! Wo, wo is me, I have not half love for him! Alas, what can my drop do to his great ſea? what gain is it to Chriſt, that I have caſten my little ſparkle in his great fire! what can I give to him! O that I had love to fill a thouſand worlds, that I might empty my ſoul of it all upon Chriſt! I think I have now juſt reaſon to quit my part of any hope or love that I have to this ſcum and refuſe of the droſs of God's workmanſhip, this vain earth: I owe to this ſtormy world (whoſe kindneſs and heart to me hath been made of iron, or of a piece of a wild ſea-iſland, that never a creature of God yet lodged in) not a look: I owe it no love, no hope; and

therefore, oh if my love were dead to it, and my ſoul dead to it! what am I obliged to this houſe of my pilgrimage? a ſtraw for all that God hath made, to my ſoul's liking, except God, and that lovely One, Jeſus Chriſt. Seeing I am not this world's debtor, I deſire, I may be ſtripped of all confidence in any thing, but my Lord, that he may be for me, and I for my only, only, only Lord; that he may be the morning and evening tide, the top and the root of my joys, and the heart and flower and yolk of all my ſoul's delights. O let me never lodge any creature in my heart and confidence! let the houſe be for him: I rejoice, that ſad days cut off a piece of the leaſe of my ſhort life; and that my ſhadow (even while I ſuffer) weareth long, and my evening haſteneth on. I have cauſe to love home with all my heart, and to take the opportunity of the day, to haſten to the end of my journey, before the night come on, wherein a man cannot ſee to walk or work; that once after my falls, I may at night fall in, weary and tired as I am, in Chriſt's boſom, and betwixt his breaſts. Our priſon cannot be our best country: this world looketh not like heaven and the happineſs that our tired ſouls would be at: and therefore it were good to ſeek about for the wind, and hoiſt up our ſails towards our new Jeruſalem, for that is our beſt. Remember a priſoner to Chriſt. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his only Lord and Maſter,* S. R.

## 173. *To my Lord* CRAIGHALL.

*My Lord,*

I Received one letter of your Lordſhip's from C. and another of late from A. B. wherein I find your Lordſhip in perplexity what to do: but let me entreat your Lordſhip not to cauſe yourſelf miſtake truth and Chriſt becauſe they ſeem to encounter with your peace and eaſe. My Lord, remember that a priſoner hath written it to you. 'As the Lord liveth, if ye put to your hand with other apoſtates in this land, to pull down the ſometime beautiful tabernacle of Chriſt in this land, and join hands with them in one hair-breadth, to welcome Antichriſt to Scotland, there is wrath gone out from the Lord againſt you and your houſe.' If the terror of a king hath overtaken you, and your Lordſhip looketh to ſleep in your neſt in peace, and take the neareſt ſhore, there are many ways, too, too many ways, how to ſhift Chriſt with ſome ill-waſhen and foul diſtinctions; but aſſure yourſelf, ſuppoſe a king ſhould aſſure you, he would be your God (as he ſhall never be, for that piece of ſervice:) your clay-god ſhall die, and your carnal counſellors, when your conſcience ſhall ſtorm againſt you, and ye complain to them,

them, they will say, What is that to us? Believe not that Christ is weak, or that he is not able to save: of two fires that ye cannot pass, take the least. Some few years will bring us all out in our blacks and whites, before our Judge; eternity is nearer to you, than ye are aware of. To go in a course of defection, when an enlightened conscience is stirring, and looking you in the face, and crying within you, That ye are going in an evil way, is a step to the sin against the Holy Ghost: either many of this land are near that sin, or else I know not what it is. And if this, for which I now suffer, be not the way of peace, and the King's high-way, to salvation, I believe there is not a way at all; there is not such breadth and elbow-room in the way to heaven, as men believe: howbeit this day be not Christ's, the morrow shall be his. I believe assuredly, our Lord shall repair the old waste places, and his ruined house in Scotland; and this wilderness shall yet blossom as the rose. My very worthy and dear Lord, wait upon him, who hideth his face from the house of Jacob, and look for him; wait patiently a little upon the Bridegroom's return again, that your soul may live, and ye may rejoice with the Lord's inheritance: I dare pawn my soul and life for it, if ye take this storm with borne down Christ, your sky shall quickly clear, and your fair morning dawn. Think (as the truth is) that Christ is just now saying, And will ye also leave me? Ye have a fair occasion to gratify Christ now, if ye will stay with him, and want the night's sleep with your suffering Saviour, one hour, now when Scotland hath fallen asleep, and leaveth Christ to fend for himself. I profess myself but a weak feeble man: when I came first to Christ's camp, I had nothing to maintain this war, or to bear me out in this encounter, and I am little better yet. But since I find furniture, armour, and strength from the consecrated Captain, the Prince of our salvation, who was perfected through suffering; I esteem suffering for Christ a King's life. I find that our wants qualify us for Christ; and howbeit your Lordship write, ye despair to attain to such a communion and fellowship (which I would not have you to think) yet would ye nobly and couragiously venture, to make over to Christ, for his honour, now lying at the stake, your estate, place and honour, he would lovingly and largely requite you, and give you a king's word for a recompence: venture upon Christ's come, and I dare swear, ye shall say, as it is, Psalm xvi. 7. *I bless the Lord who gave me counsel.* My very worthy Lord, many eyes in both the kingdoms are upon you now, and the eye of our Lord is upon you; acquit yourself manfully for Christ: spill not this good play: subscribe a blank submission and put it in Christ's hands: win, win the blessings and prayers of your sighing and sorrowful mother-church, seeking your help: win Christ's bond (who is a King of his word)

for a hundred fold more even in this life. If a weak man hath past a promise to a king, to make a slip to Christ (if we look to flesh and blood, I wonder not at it; possibly I might have done worse myself, but) add not further guiltiness, to go on in such a scandalous and foul way; remember that there is a wo, wo to him by whom offences come: this wo came out of Christ's mouth, and it is heavier than the wo of the law; it is the Mediator's vengeance, and that is two vengeances to those who are enlightened. Free yourself from unlawful anguish, about advising and revolving: when the truth is come to your hand, hold it fast, go not again to make a new search and enquiry for truth; it is easy to cause conscience believe as ye will, not as ye know; it is easy for you to cast your light into prison, and detain God's truth in unrighteousness; but that prisoner will break ward, to your incomparable torture. Fear your light, and stand in awe of it; for it is from God: think what honour it is in this life also, to be enrolled to the succeeding ages, amongst Christ's witnesses, standing against the re-entry of Antichrist. I know certainly, your light looking to two ways, and to the two sides, crieth shame upon the course that they would counsel you to follow: the way, that is halver and compartner with the smoke of this fat world, and with ease, smelleth strong of a foul and false way. The prince of peace, he who brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of his sheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, establish you, and give you sound light, and counsel you to follow Christ. Remember my obliged service to my Lord your father, and mother, and your Lady. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Aug.* 10. 1637. *Your Lordship's at all oblidged obedience, in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 174. *To* JEAN GORDON.

*My very dear and loving sister,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you: I exhort you to set up the brae to the King's city, that must be taken with violence: your afternoon's sun is wearing low: time will eat up your frail life, like a worm gnawing at the root of a May-flower: lend Christ your heart, set him as a seal there; take him in within, and let the world and children stand at the door; they are not yours, make you and them for your proper owner, Christ: it is good, he is your Husband and their Father. What missing can there be of a dying man, when God filleth his chair? Give hours of the day to prayers: fash Christ (if I may speak so) and importune him; be often at his gate; give his door no rest; I can tell you, he will be found. O what sweet fellowship is betwixt him and me! I am imprisoned,

oned, but he is not impriſoned: he hath ſhamed me with kindneſs; he hath come to my priſon, and run away with my heart and all my love; well may he bruik it! I wiſh my love get never an owner but Chriſt: fy, fy upon old lovers, that held us ſo long aſunder! we ſhall not part now: he and I ſhall be heard, before he win out of my gripes; I reſolve to wreſtle with Chriſt, ere I quit him. But my love to him hath caſten my ſoul in a fever, and there is no cooling of my fever, till I get real poſſeſſion of Chriſt: O ſtrong, ſtrong love of Jeſus, thou haſt wounded my heart with thine arrows! O pain! O pain of love for Chriſt! who will help me to him? Let me have your prayers. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 13. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 175. *To* GRISSEL FULLERTON.

*Dear ſiſter*,

I Exhort you in the Lord, to ſeek your one thing, Mary's good part, that ſhall not be taken from you. Set your heart and ſoul on the children's inheritance: this clay-idol, the world is but for baſtards, and ye are his lawful begotten child. Learn the way, (as your dear mother hath gone before you) to knock at Chriſt's door! many an alms of mercy hath Chriſt given to her, and hath abundance behind to give to you. Ye are the ſeed of the faithful, and born within the covenant; claim your right. I would not exchange Chriſt Jeſus for ten worlds of glory: I know now (bleſſed be my Teacher!) how to ſhut the lock, and unbolt my Well-beloved's door; and he maketh a poor ſtranger welcome, when he cometh to his houſe. I am ſwelled up, and ſatisfied with the love of Chriſt, that is better than wine: it is a fire in my ſoul; let hell and the world caſt water on it, they will not mend themſelves. I have now gotten the right gate of Chriſt: I recommend him to you above all things; come and find the ſmell of his breath: ſee if his kiſſes be not ſweet; he deſireth no better than to be much made of; be homely with him, and ye ſhall be the more welcome: ye know not how fain Chriſt would have all your love. Think not this is imaginations and bairns-play, we make din for; I would not ſuffer for it, if it were ſo: I dare pawn my heaven for it, that it is the way to glory. Think much of truth, and abhor theſe ways deviſed by men in God's worſhip. The grace of Chriſt be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 14. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

*To*

## 176. *To* PATRICK CARSEN.

*Dear and loving friend,*

I Cannot but, upon the opportunity of a bearer, exhort you to resign the love of your youth to Christ, and, in this day, while your sun is high, and your youth serveth you, to seek the Lord and his face; for there is nothing out of heaven so necessary for you as Christ: and ye cannot be ignorant, but your day will end, and the night of death will call you from the pleasures of this life, and a doom given out in death standeth for ever, as long as God liveth. Youth ordinarily is a post and ready servant for Satan, to run errands; for it is a nest for lust, cursing, drunkenness, blaspheming of God, lying, pride and vanity. O that there were such an heart in you, as to fear the Lord, and to dedicate your soul and body to his service! When the time cometh that your eye-strings shall break, and your face wax pale, and legs and arms tremble, and your breath grow cold, and your poor soul look out at your prison-house of clay, to be set at liberty; then a good conscience, and your Lord's favour shall be worth all the world's glory: seek it as your garland and crown. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. March* 14. 1636. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 177. *To* JOHN CARSEN.

*My well-beloved and dear friend,*

EVERY one seeketh God; and far fewer find him, because they seek amiss: he is to be sought for above all things, if men would find what they seek. Let feathers and shadows alone to children, and go seek your Well-beloved: your only errand to the world, is, to woo Christ; therefore put other lovers from about his house, and let Christ have all your love, without mincing or dividing it: it is little enough, if there were more of it. The serving of the world and sin hath but a base reward and smoke, instead of pleasures; and but a night-dream, for true ease to the soul. Go where ye will, your soul shall not sleep sound but in Christ's bosom: come in to him, and ly down, and rest you on the slain Son of God, and inquire for him: I sought him, and now a fig for all the worm-eaten pleasures, and moth-eaten glory out of heaven, since I have found him, and in him all I can want or wish: he hath made me a king over the world; princes cannot overcome me: Christ hath given me the marriage-kiss, and he hath my marriage-love: we have made up a full bargain, that shall not go back on either side; O if ye, and all in that country, knew what sweet terms of mercy are betwixt him and me! Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, March* 11. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

*To*

## 178. *To the Lady* BOYD.

*Madam,*

I Would have written to your Ladyſhip ere now; but peoples believing there is in me that which I know there is not, ath put me out of love with writing to any: for it is eaſy to ut religion to a market and public fair; but, alas! it is not ſo oon made eye-ſweet for Chriſt. My Lord ſeeth me a tired man r behind; I have gotten much love from Chriſt, but I give im little or none again. My white ſide cometh out in paper o men; but at home and within, I find much black-work, nd great cauſe of a low ſail, and of little boaſting: and yet owbeit I ſee challenges to be true, the manner of the tempt-r's preſſing of them is unhoneſt, and, in my thoughts, knav-ſh-like: my peace is, that Chriſt may find ſale and outing of is wares in the like of me, I mean, for ſaving grace. I wiſh ll profeſſors to fall in love with grace; all our ſongs ſhould be f his free grace; we are but too lazy and careleſs, in ſeeking f it; it is all our riches we have here, and glory in the bud: wiſh I could ſet out free grace. I was the law's man, and under the law, and under a curſe; but grace brought me from nder that hard lord, and I rejoice that I am grace's free-holder. I pay tribute to none for heaven, ſeeing my land and heritage holdeth of Chriſt, my new King: infinite wiſdom hath deviſed this excellent way of free-holding for ſinners; it is a better way to heaven than the old way that was in Adam's days; t hath this fair advantage, that no man's emptineſs and want ayeth an inhibition upon Chriſt, or hindereth his ſalvation, and that is far beſt for me) but our new Land-lord putteth the ame of dyvours, and Adam's forlorn heirs, and beggars, and he crooked and blind, in the free charters. Heaven and angels may wonder, that we have gotten ſuch a gate of ſin and hell; ſuch a back-entry out of hell, as Chriſt made, and brought out the captives by; is more than my poor ſhallow thoughts can comprehend. I would think ſufferings, glory (and I am ſometimes not far from it) if my Lord would give me a new alms of free grace. I hear, that the prelates are intending baniſhment for me; but for more grace, and no other hire, I would make it welcome. The bits of this clay-houſe, the earth, and the other ſide of the ſea, are my Father's: if my ſweet Lord Jeſus would bud my ſufferings with a new meaſure of grace, I were a rich man; but I have not now of a long time found ſuch high ſpring-tides, as formerly. The ſea is out, and the wind of his Spirit calm, and I cannot buy a wind, or, by requeſting the ſea, cauſe it to flow again; only, I wait on, upon the banks and ſhore-ſide, till the Lord ſend a full ſea, that with up-ſails I may lift up Chriſt: yet ſorrow for his abſence is ſweet; and

ſighs,

sighs, with, *saw ye him whom my soul loveth?* have their own delights: Oh that I might gather hunger against his long looked-for return! Well were my soul, if Christ were the element, mine own element, and that I loved and breathed in him, and if I could not live without him. I allow not laughter upon myself, when he is away; yet he never leaveth the house, but he leaveth drink-money behind him, and a pawn that he will return: wo, wo to me, if he should go away, and take all his flitting with him: even to dream of him is sweet. To build a house of pining wishes for his return, to spin out a web of sorrow, and care, and languishing, and sighs, either dry or wet, as they may be, because he hath no leisure (if I may speak so) to make a visit, or to see a poor friend, sweeteneth and refresheth the thoughts of the heart. A misty dew will stand for rain, and do some good, and keep some greenness in the herbs, till our Lord's clouds rue upon the earth, and send down a watering of rain: truly, I think Christ's misty dew a welcome message from heaven, till my Lord's rain fall. Wo, wo is me for the Lord's vineyard in Scotland. Howbeit the father of the house embrace a child, and feed him, and kiss him; yet it is sorrow and sadness to the children, that our poor mother hath gotten her leave, and that our Father hath given up house: it is an unheartsome thing, to see our Father and mother agree so ill; yet the bastards, if they be fed, care not. O Lord, cast not water on Scotland's smoaking coal: it is a strange gate the saints go to heaven; our enemies often eat and drink us, and we go to heaven through their bellies and stomachs, and they vomit the church of God, undigested among their hands; and even while we are shut up in prisons by them, we advance in our journey. Remember my service to my Lord, your kind son, who was kind to me in my bonds, and was not ashamed to own me: I would be glad that Christ got the morning service of his life, now in his young years; it would suit him well, to give Christ his young and green love: Christ's stamp and seal would go far down in a young soul, if he would receive the thrust of Christ's stamp: I would desire him, to make search for Christ: for nobles now are but dry friends to Christ. The peace of God our Father, and the good-will of him who dwelt in the bush, be with your Ladyship.

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

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## 179. *To the lady* CARDONESS *elder.*

*Worthy and well-beloved in the Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you in paper, that I may know how your soul prospereth. My

My deſire and longing is, to hear that ye walk in the truth, and that ye are content to follow the deſpiſed, but moſt lovely Son of God: I cannot but recommend him unto you, as your Huſband, your Well-beloved, your Portion, your Comfort, and your Joy: I ſpeak this of that lovely One, becauſe I praiſe and commend the ford (as we uſe to ſpeak) as I find it. He hath watered with his ſweet comforts an oppreſſed priſoner: he was always kind to my ſoul, but never ſo kind as now, in my greateſt extremities: I dine and ſup with Chriſt: he viſiteth my ſoul with the viſitations of love, in the night-watches. I perſuade my ſoul that this is the way to heaven, and his own truth, I now ſuffer for. I exhort you in the name of Chriſt, to continue in the truth, which I delivered to you: make Chriſt ſure to your ſoul; for your day draweth nigh to an end. Many ſlide back now, who ſeemed to be Chriſt's friends, and prove diſhoneſt to him: but be ye faithful to the death, and ye ſhall have the crown of life. This ſpan-length of your days, whereof the Spirit of God ſpeaketh, Pſalm xxxix. will within a ſhort time come to a finger-breadth, and at length to nothing. O how ſweet and comfortable ſhall the feaſt of a good conſcience be to you, when your eye-ſtrings ſhall break, your face wax pale, and your breath turn cold, and your poor ſoul come fighting to the windows of the houſe of clay of your dying body, and ſhall long to be out, and to have the jaylor to open the door, that the priſoner be ſet at liberty: ye draw nigh the water-ſide; look your accounts: aſk for your Guide to take you to the other ſide; let not the world be your portion; what have you to do with dead-clay? ye are not a baſtard, but a lawful begotten child; therefore ſet your heart on the inheritance; go up before-hand and ſee your lodging: look through all your Father's rooms in heaven, in your Father's houſe are many dwelling places: men take a ſight of lands ere they buy them. I know Chriſt hath made the bargain already; but be kind to the houſe ye are going to, and ſee it often: ſet your heart on things that are above, where Chriſt is at the right-hand of God. Stir up your huſband, to mind his own country at home; counſel him to deal mercifully with poor people of God under him: they are Chriſt's, and not his; therefore deſire him to ſhew them merciful dealing and kindneſs, and to be good to their ſouls. I deſire you to write to me. It may be, that my pariſh foget me; but my witneſs is in heaven, I dow not, I do not forget them: they are my ſighs in the night, and my tears in the day. I think myſelf like an huſband plucked from the wife of his youth; O Lord be my judge, what joy it would be to my ſoul, to hear that my miniſtry hath left the Son of God among them, and that they are walking in Chriſt! Remember my love to your ſon and daughter; deſire them from me to ſeek the Lord

in their youth, and to give him the morning of their days: acquaint them with the word of God and prayer. Grace be with you. Pray for the priſoner of Chriſt: in my heart I forget you not.

*Aberdeen, March 6.* *Your lawful and loving paſtor,*
1637. *in his only Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 180. *To Mr.* JAMES HAMILTON.

*Reverend and dearly beloved in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Our acquaintance is neither in bodily preſence, nor in paper; but as ſons of the ſame Father, and ſufferers for the ſame truth. Let no man doubt, but the ſtate of our queſtion, we are now forced to ſtand to by ſuffering, exile and impriſonment, is, if Jeſus ſhould reign over his kirk or not! O if my ſinful arm could hold the crown on his head, howbeit it ſhould be ſtricken off from the ſhoulder-blade! For your enſuing and feared trial, my very deareſt in our Lord Jeſus, alas! what am I, to ſpeak, to comfort a ſoldier of Chriſt, who hath done an hundred times more for that worthy and honourable cauſe than I can do! but I know, thoſe, whom the world was not worthy of, wandered up and down in deſarts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth; and that while there is one member of myſtical Chriſt out of heaven, that member muſt ſuffer ſtrokes, till our Lord Jeſus draw in that member within the gates of the New Jeruſalem, which he will not fail to do at laſt; for not one toe or finger of that body, but it ſhall be taken in within the city. What can be our part, in this pitched battle betwixt the Lamb and the dragon, but to receive the darts in patience, that rebound off us on our ſweet Maſter: or rather light firſt upon him, and then rebound off him upon his ſervants? I think it a ſweet north-wind, that bloweth firſt upon the fair face of the Chief among ten thouſand, and then lighteth upon our ſinful and black faces: when once the wind bloweth off him upon me, I think it hath a ſweet ſmell of Chriſt; and ſo muſt be ſome more than a ſingle croſs. I know, ye have a good guard about you, and your attendance and train for your ſafety, is far beyond your purſuers force or fraud; it is good under feud to be near our war-houſe, and ſtrong hold. We can do but little to reſiſt them, who perſecute us and oppoſe him, but keep our blood and our wounds to the next court day, when our complaint will be read. If this day be not Chriſt's, I am ſure the morrow ſhall be his. As for any thing I do in my bonds, when now and then a word falleth from me, alas, it is very little! I am exceedingly grieved that any ſhould conceive any thing to be in ſuch a broken and empty reed: let no man impute it to me, but

that the free and unbought wind (for I gave nothing for it) bloweth upon an empty reed: I am his overburdened debtor; I cry, Down with me, down, down with all the excellency of the world; and up, up with Chriſt; long, long may that fair One, that holy One be on high: my curſe be upon them that love him not. O how glad would I be, if his glory would grow out, and ſpring up out of my bonds and ſufferings! certainly ſince I became his priſoner, he hath won the yolk and heart of my ſoul: Chriſt is even become a new Chriſt to me, and his love greener than it was; and now I ſtrive no more with him, his love ſhall carry it away: I lay down myſelf under his love; I deſire to ſing, and to cry, and to proclaim myſelf, even under the water, in his common, and eternally indebted to his kindneſs: I will not offer to quit commons with him (as we uſe to ſay) for that will not be. All, all for evermore be Chriſt's. What further trials are before me, I know not; but I know Chriſt will have a ſaved ſoul of me, over on the other ſide of the water, in the yonder-ſide of croſſes, and beyond mens wrongs. I had but one eye, and that they have put out; my one joy, next to the flower of my joys, Chriſt, was to preach my ſweeteſt, ſweeteſt Maſter, and the glory of his kingdom; and it ſeemed no cruelty to them, to put out the poor man's one eye. And now I am ſeeking about to ſee if ſuffering will ſpeak my fair One's praiſes; and I am trying if a dumb man's tongue can raiſe one note, or one of Zion's ſprings, to advance my Well-beloved's glory: Oh if he would make ſome glory to himſelf out of a dumb priſoner! I go with child of his word, I cannot be delivered; none here will have my Maſter; alas, what aileth them at him? I bleſs you for your prayers; add to them praiſes; as I am able, I pay you home. I commend your living in Chriſt's teſtament; I would I could ſet out the dead man's good will to his friends, in his ſweet teſtament; ſpeak a priſoner's hearty commendations to Chriſt; fear not, your ten days will over. Thoſe that are gathered againſt mount-Zion, their eyes ſhall melt awax in their eye-holes, and their tongues conſume away in their mouths, and Chriſt's withered garden ſhall grow green again in Scotland: my Lord Jeſus hath a word hid in heaven for Scotland, not yet brought out. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. July* 7. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 181. *To Mrs.* STEWART.

*Miſtreſs*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am ſorry that ye take it ſo hardly, that I have not written to you. I am

judged to be that which I am not; I fear, if I were put to the fire, I ſhould melt away, and fall down in ſheards of painted nature; for truly I have little ſtuff at home, that is worth the eye of God's ſervants. If there be any thing of Chriſt in me (as I dare not deny ſome of his work) it is but a ſpunk of borrowed fire, that can ſcarce warm myſelf, and hath little heat for ſtanders by: I would fain have that, which ye and others believe I have; but ye are only witneſſes to my outer-ſide, and to ſome words in paper: O that he would give me more than paper-grace or tongue-grace! were it not that want paineth me, I ſhould have ſkailed houſe, and gone a begging long ſince; but Chriſt hath left me with ſome hunger, that is more hot than wiſe, and is ready often to ſay, 'If Chriſt longed for me, as I do for him, we ſhould not be long in meeting; and if he loved my company as well as I do his, even while I am writing this letter to you, we ſhould flee in others arms:' but I know, there is more will than wit, in this languor and pining love for Chriſt; and no marvel, for Chriſt's love would have hot harveſt, long ere mid-ſummer. But if I have any love to him, Chriſt hath both love to me, and wit to guide his love; and I ſee, the beſt thing I have hath as much droſs beſide it, as might curſe me and it both; and if it were for no more, we have need of a Saviour to pardon the very faults, and diſeaſes, and weakneſs of the new man, and to take away (to ſay ſo) our godly ſins, or the ſins of our ſanctification, and the droſs and ſcum of ſpiritual love. Wo, wo is me! O what need is there then of Chriſt's calling to ſcour, and cleanſe, and waſh away an ugly old body of ſin, the very image of Satan! I know nothing ſurer, than that there is an office for Chriſt amongſt us: I wiſh for no other heaven, in this ſide of the laſt ſea that I muſt croſs, than this ſervice of Chriſt, to make my blackneſs beauty, my deadneſs life, my guiltineſs ſanctification. I long much for that day, when I ſhall be holy: O what ſpots are yet unwaſhen! O that I could change the ſkin of the leopard and the moor, and niffer it with ſome of Chriſt's fairneſs! were my blackneſs and Chriſt's beauty carded through other (as we uſe to ſpeak) his beauty and holineſs would eat up my filthineſs: but oh, I have not caſten old Adam's hue and colour yet! I trow the beſt of us hath a ſmell yet of the old lothſome body of ſin and guiltineſs: happy are they for evermore, who can employ Chriſt, and ſet his blood and death on work, to make clean work to God of foul ſouls. I know, it is our ſin that would have ſanctification on the ſunny ſide of the hill, and holineſs with nothing but ſummer, and no croſſes at all. Sin hath made us as tender, as if we were made of paper or glaſs. I am often thinking, what I would think of Chriſt and burning quick together, of Chriſt and torturing, and hot melted lead poured in at my mouth and navel; yet I have

have some weak experience (but very weak indeed) that suppose Christ and hell's torments were married together, and if there were no finding of Christ at all, except I went to hell's furnace, that there, and in no other place, I could meet with him: I trow, if I were, as I have been since I was his prisoner, I would beg lodging for God's sake in hell's hottest furnace, that I might rub souls with Christ. But God be thanked, I shall find him in a better lodging: we get Christ better cheap than so; when he is rouped to us, we get him but with a shower of summer troubles in this life, as sweet and as soft to believers as a May-dew. I would have you and myself helping Christ mystical to weep for his wife; and O that we could mourn for Christ buried in Scotland, and for his two slain witnesses killed, because they prophesied! If we could so importune and solicit God, our buried Lord and his two buried witnesses should rise again: earth, and clay, and stone will not bear down Christ and the gospel in Scotland. I know not, if I shall see the second temple, and the glory of it; but the Lord hath deceived me, if it be not to be reared up again. I would wish to give Christ his welcome-home again; my blessing, my joy, my glory and love be on the home-comer. I find no better use of suffering, than that Christ's winnowing putteth chaff and corn in the saints to sundry places, and discovereth our dross from his gold, so as corruption and grace are so seen, that Christ saith in the furnace, 'That is mine, and this is yours: the scum and the grounds, thy stomach against the persecutors, thy impatience, thy unbelief, thy quarreling, these are thine; and faith, on-waiting, love, joy, courage, are mine. Oh let me die one of Christ's on-waiters, and one of his attendants! I know your heart and Christ are married together, it were not good to make a divorce. Rue not of that meeting and marriage with such a Husband. Pray for me his prisoner. Grace, grace be with you,

*Aberdeen*, 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 182. *To Mr.* HUGH MACKAIL.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, I bless you for it: my dry root would take more dew and summer-rain than it getteth, were it not Christ will have dryness and deadness in us to work upon; if there were no timber to work upon, art would die and never be seen: I see, grace hath a field to play upon, and to course up and down in our wants; so that I am often thanking God, not for guiltiness, but for guiltiness for Christ, to whet and sharpen his grace upon;

pon; I am half content to have boils for my Lord Jeſus's plaiſters. Sickneſs hath this advantage, that it draweth our ſweet Phyſician's hand, and his holy and ſoft fingers, to touch our withered and leper-ſkins: it is a bleſſed fever, that fetcheth Chriſt to the bed-ſide. I think my Lord's How doſt thou with it, ſick body? is worth all my pained nights: ſurely, I have no more for Chriſt, but emptineſs and want; take or leave, he will get me no otherwiſe: I muſt ſell myſelf, and my wants to him, but I have no price to give for him: if he would put a fair and real ſeal upon his love to me, and beſtow upon me a larger ſhare of Chriſt's love (which I would faineſt be in hands with of any thing, I except not heaven itſelf) I ſhould go on ſighing and ſinging under his croſs: but the worſt is, many take me for ſome body, becauſe the wind bloweth upon a withered priſoner: but the truth is, I am both thin and lean in that, wherein many believe I abound. I would (if bartering were in my power) niffer joy with Chriſt's love and faith; and, inſtead of the hot ſun ſhine, be content to walk under a cloudy ſhadow, with more grief and ſadneſs, to have more faith, and a fair occaſion of ſetting forth and commending Chriſt, and to make that lovely One, that fair One, that ſweeteſt and deareſt Lord Jeſus, market-ſweet for many ears and hearts in Scotland: and if it were in my power, to roup Chriſt to the three kingdoms, and withal to perſuade buyers to come, and to take ſuch ſweet wares as Chriſt; I would think to have many ſweet bargains betwixt Chriſt and the ſons of men. I would, I could be humble, and go with a low ſail; I would I had deſires with wings, and running upon wheels; ſwift, and active, and ſpeedy, in longing for Chriſt's honour; but I know my Lord is as wiſe here, as I dow be thirſty; and infinitely more zealous of his honour, than I can be hungry for the manifeſtation of it to men and angels: but, oh, that my Lord would take my deſires off my hand, and add a thouſand-fold more unto them, and ſow ſpiritual inclinations upon them, for the coming of Chriſt's kingdom to the ſons of men! that they might be higher and deeper, and longer, and broader: for my longeſt meaſures are too ſhort for Chriſt, my depth is ebb, and the breadth of my affections to Chriſt narrowed and pinched. O for an engine and a wit, to preſcribe ways to men, how Chriſt might be all, in all the world! wit is here behind affection, and affection behind obligation. Oh how little dow I give to Chriſt, and how much hath he given me! Oh that I could ſing grace's praiſes, and love's praiſes! ſeeing I was like a fool, ſoliciting the law, and making moyen to the law's court for mercy, and found challenges that way; but now I deny that judge's power; for I am grace's man; I hold not worth a drink of water of the law, or any lord, but Jeſus: and till I bethought me of this, I was

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ſlain with doubtings, and fears, and terrors. I praiſe the new court, and the new Landlord, and the new ſalvation, purchaſed in Jeſus his name, and at his inſtance. Let the old man, if he would pleaſe, go make his moan to the law, and ſeek acquaintance thereaway, becauſe he is condemned in that court; I hope, the new man, and I, and Chriſt together ſhall not be heard: and this is the more ſoft, and the more eaſy way for me, and for my croſs together; ſeeing Chriſt ſingeth my welcome-home, and taketh me in, and maketh ſhort counts, and ſhort work of reckoning betwixt me and my Judge. I muſt be Chriſt's man, and his tenant, and ſubject to his court: I am ſure, ſuffering for Chriſt could not be borne otherwiſe; but I give my hand and my faith to all, who would ſuffer for Chriſt; they ſhall be well handled, and fare well in the ſame way, that I have found the croſs eaſy and light. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, July* 8. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 183. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Carlock.*

*Dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you; if Chriſt were as I am, that time could work upon him to alter him, or that the morrow could be a new day to him, or bring a new mind upon him, as it is to me, a new day, I could not keep a houſe or a covenant with him: but I find Chriſt to be Chriſt, and that he is far, far, even infinite heavens height above man; and that is all our happineſs. Sinners can do nothing, but make wounds, that Chriſt may heal them; and make debts that he may pay them; and make falls, that he may raiſe them; and make deaths, that he may quicken them; and ſpin out and dig hells for themſelves, that he may ranſom them. Now I will bleſs the Lord, that ever there was ſuch a thing as the free grace of God, and a free ranſom given for ſold ſouls: only, alas, guiltineſs maketh me aſhamed to apply Chriſt, and to think it pride in me, to put out my unclean and withered hand to ſuch a Saviour! But it is neither ſhame nor pride, for a drowning man to ſwim to a rock, nor for a ſhip broken ſoul, to run himſelf aſhore upon Chriſt. Suppoſe once I be guilty, need force I cannot, I dow not go by Chriſt: we take in good part that pride, that beggars beg from the richer; and who is ſo poor as we? and who is ſo rich as he who ſelleth fine gold? Rev. iii. 18. I ſee, then, it is our beſt (let guiltineſs plead what it liſteth) that we have no mean under the covering of heaven, but to creep in lowly and ſubmiſſively with our wants to Chriſt: I have alſo cauſe to give his croſs a good name and report. O how worthy is Chriſt of my feckleſs and light ſuffering! and how

how hath he deſerved it at my hands, that for his honour and glory, I ſhould lay my back under ſeven hells pain in one, if he call me to that! But, alas! my ſoul is like a ſhip, run on ground through ebbneſs of water: I am ſanded, and my love is ſanded; I find not how to bring it on float again; it is ſo cold and dead, that I ſee not how to bring it to a flame: fy, fy upon the meeting, that my love hath given Chriſt; wo, wo is me, I have a lover Chriſt, and yet I want not love for him; I have a lovely and deſireable Lord, who is love-worthy, and who beggeth my love and heart, and I have nothing to give him. Dear brother, come further in on Chriſt, and ſee a new treaſure in him: come in, and look down, and ſee angels wonder, and heaven and earth's wonder of love, ſweetneſs, majeſty and excellency in him. I forget you not: pray for me, that the Lord would be pleaſed to ſend me among you again, fraughted and full of Chriſt. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 184. *To* JOHN BELL *elder.*

*My very loving friend,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I have very often and long expected your letter: but if ye be well in ſoul and body, I am the leſs ſolicitous. I beſeech you in the Lord Jeſus, to mind your country above; and now, when old age, the twilight going before the darkneſs of the grave, and the falling low of your ſun before your night, is now come upon you, adviſe with Chriſt, ere you put your foot in the ſhip, and turn your back on this life. Many are beguiled with this, that they are free of ſcandalous and crying abominations: but the tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is for the fire; the man that is not born again, cannot enter into the kingdom of God: common honeſty will not take men to heaven: alas, that men ſhould think they ever met with Chriſt, who had never a ſick night, through the terrors of God in their ſouls, or a ſore heart for ſin. I know, the Lord hath given you light, and the knowledge of his will; but that is not all, neither will that do your turn. I wiſh you an awakened ſoul, and that ye beguile not yourſelf, in the matter of your ſalvation. My dear brother, ſearch yourſelf with the candle of God, and try if the life of God and Chriſt be in you: ſalvation is not caſt to every man's door: many are carried over ſea and land, to a far country in a ſhip, while as they ſleep much of the way; but men are not landed at heaven ſleeping: the righteous are ſcarcely ſaved; and many run as faſt, as either ye or I, who miſs the prize and the crown: God ſend me ſalvation, and ſave me from a diſappointment

pointment, and I seek no more. Men think it but a stride, or step over to heaven; but when so few are saved, (even of a number like the sand of the sea, but a handful and a remnant, as God's word saith) what cause have we to shake ourselves out of ourselves, and to ask our poor soul, Whither goest thou? where shalt thou lodge at night? where are thy charters and writs of thy heavenly inheritance? I have known a man turn a key in a door, and lock it by: many men leap over, (as they think) and leap in. O see! see that ye give not your salvation a wrong cast, and think all is well, and leave your soul loose and uncertain: look to your building, and to your ground-stone, and what signs of Christ are in you, and set this world behind your back. It is time, now in the evening, to cease from your ordinary work, and high time to know of your lodging at night: it is your salvation that is in dependance, and that is a great and weighty business, though many make light of the matter. Now, the Lord enable you by his grace to work it out.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your lawful and loving pastor*, S. R.

185. *To* WILLIAM GORDON *of Robertoun.*

*Dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. So often as I think on our case, in our soldiers night-watch and of our fighting life in the fields, while we are here; I am forced to say, prisoners in a dungeon, condemned by a judge to want the light of the sun and moon and candle till their dying day, are no more, nay not so much to be pitied as we are; for they are weary of their life, they hate their prison: but we fall to, in our prison, where we see little, to drink ourselves drunk with the night pleasures of our weak dreams; and we long for no better life than this: but at the blast of the last trumpet, and the shout of the arch-angel, when God shall take down the shepherd's tent of this fading world, we shall not have so much as a drink of water, of all the dreams that we now build on. Alas! that the sharp and bitter blasts on face and sides, which meet us in this life, have not learned us mortification, and made us dead to this world! we buy our own sorrow, and we pay dear for it, when we spend out our love, our joy, our desires, our confidence, upon an handful of snow and ice, that time will melt away to nothing, and go thirsty out of the drunken inns, when all is done: alas, that we enquire not for the clear fountain; but are so foolish, as to drink foul, muddy and rotten waters, even till our bed-time; and then in the resurrection, when we shall be awakened, our yesternight's sour drink and swinish dregs shall rift upon us; and sick, sick shall many a soul be

then: I know no wholeſome fountain but one; I know not a thing worth the buying, but heaven. And my own mind is, if compariſon were made betwixt Chriſt and heaven, I would ſell heaven with my bleſſing, to buy Chriſt. Oh if I could raiſe the market for Chriſt, and heighten the market a pound for a penny, and cry up Chriſt in mens eſtimation, ten thouſand talents more than men think of him! but they are ſhaping him, and crying him down, to valuing him at their unworthy halfpenny; or elſe exchanging or bartering Chriſt with the miſerable old fallen houſe of this vain world; or then they lend him out upon intereſt, and play the uſurers with Chriſt; becauſe they profeſs him, and give out before men, that Chriſt is their treaſure and ſtock; and in the mean time, praiſe of men, and a name, and eaſe, and the ſummer-ſun of the goſpel, is the uſury they would be at: ſo when the trial cometh, they quit the ſtock for the intereſt, and loſe all. Happy are they, who can keep Chriſt by himſelf alone, and keep him clean and whole, till God come and count with them. I know, in your hard and heavy trials long ſince, ye thought well and highly of Chriſt; but truly no croſs ſhould be old to us: we ſhould not forget them, becauſe years are come betwixt us and them and caſt them by hand, as we do old cloaths; we may make a croſs old in time, new in uſe, and as fruitful, as in the beginning of it. God is where and what he was, ſeven years ago, whatever change be in us. I ſpeak not this, as if I thought, ye had forgotten what God did to have your love long ſince; but that ye may awake yourſelf, in this ſleepy age, and remember fruitfully of Chriſt's firſt wooing and ſuiting of your love, both with fire and water; and try if he got your anſwer, or if ye be yet to give him it: for I find in myſelf, that water runneth not faſter thro' a ſieve, than our warnings ſlip from us: for I have loſt and caſten by-hand many ſummonſes, the Lord ſent to me; and therefore the Lord hath given me double charges, that I truſt in God, ſhall not rive me. I bleſs his great name, who is no niggard in holding in croſſes upon me, but ſpendeth largely his rods, that he may ſave me from this periſhing world. How plentiful God is in means of this kind, is eſteemed by many, one of God's unkind mercies; but Chriſt's croſs is neither a cruel nor unkind mercy, but the love-token of a father. I am ſure, a lover chaſing us for our well, and to have our love, ſhould not be run away or fled from. God ſend me no worſe mercy, than the ſanctified croſs of Chriſt portendeth; and I am ſure, I ſhould be happy and bleſt. Pray for me, that I may find houſe-room in the Lord's houſe, to ſpeak in

his

his name. Remember my deareſt love in Chriſt to your wife. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1636. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 186. *To my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, be multiplied upon you. I have reaſoned with your ſon at large; I rejoice to ſee him ſet his face in the right airth, now when the nobles love the ſunny-ſide of the goſpel beſt, and are afraid that Chriſt want ſoldiers, and ſhall not be able to do for himſelf. Madam, our debts of obligation to Chriſt are not ſmall; the freedom of grace and ſalvation is the wonder of man and angels: but mercy in our Lord ſcorneth hire; ye are bound to lift Chriſt on high, who hath given you eyes to diſcern the devil, now coming out in his whites, and the idolatry and apoſtaſy of the time well waſhen with fair pretences; but the ſkin is black, and the water foul: It were art I confeſs, to waſh a black devil and make him white. I am in ſtrange up's and down's, and ſeven times a-day I loſe ground: I am put often to ſwimming, and again my feet are ſet on the rock that is higher than myſelf: he hath now let me ſee four things I never ſaw before; 1. The ſupper will be great cheer, that is up in the great hall, with the royal King of glory, when the four-hours, the ſtanding drink, in this dreary wilderneſs, is ſo ſweet: when he bloweth a kiſs afar off to his poor heart-broken mourners in Zion, and ſendeth me but his hearty commendations, till we meet, I am confounded with wonder, to think what it ſhall be, when the faireſt among the ſons of men ſhall lay a King's ſweet ſoft cheek to the ſinful cheeks of poor ſinners. O time, time, go ſwiftly, and haſten that day! ſweet Lord Jeſus, poſt, come flying like a young hart or a roe upon the mountains of ſeparation. I think, we ſhould tell the hours carefully, and look often how low the ſun is: for love hath no ho, it is pained, pained in itſelf, till it come in gripes with the party beloved. 2. I find Chriſt's abſence, love's ſickneſs, and love's death: the wind that bloweth out of the airth, where my Lord Jeſus reigneth, is ſweet-ſmelled, ſoft, joyful, and heartſome to a ſoul burnt with abſence. It is a painful battle, for a ſoul ſick of love to fight with abſence and delays. Chriſt's not yet, is a ſtounding of all the joints and liths of the ſoul; a nod of his head, when he is under a maſk, would be half a pawn; to ſay, Fool, what aileth thee? he is coming, would be life to a dead man. I am often in my dumb Sabbaths ſeeking a new plea with my Lord Jeſus, God forgive me: and

I care not if there be not two or three ounce-weight of black wrath in my cup. 3. For the third thing, I have ſeen my abominable vileneſs; if I were well known, there would none in this kingdom aſk how I do. Men take my ten to be an hundred, but I am a deeper hypocrite and ſhallower profeſſor than every one believeth, God knoweth I feign not: but I think, my reckonings on the one page written in great letters, and his mercy to ſuch a forlorn and wretched dyvour on the other, more than a miracle. If I could get my finger ends upon a full aſſurance, I trow, I ſhould gripe faſt; but my cup wanteth not gall; and, upon my part, deſpair might be almoſt excuſed, if every one in this land ſaw my inner ſide: but I know am one of them who have made great ſale and a free market to free grace; if I could be ſaved, as I would fain believe, ſure I am, I have given Chriſt's blood, his free grace, and the bowels of his mercy, a large field to work upon, and Chriſt hath manifeſted his art (I dare not ſay, to the uttermoſt; for he can, if he would, forgive all the devil, and damned reprobates, in reſpect of the wideneſs of his mercy: but I ſay) to an admirable degree. 4. I am ſtricken with fear of unthankfulneſs. This apoſtate kirk hath played the harlot with many lovers; they are ſpitting in the face of my lovely King, and mocking him, and I dow not mend it; and they are running away from Chriſt in troops, and I dow not mourn and be grieved for it. I think Chriſt lyeth like an old forecaſten caſtle, forſaken of the inhabitants; all men run away now from him: truth, innocent truth goeth mourning and wringing her hands in ſackcloth and aſhes. Wo, wo, wo is me, for the virgin daughter of Scotland! wo, wo to the inhabitants of this land! for they are gone back with a perpetual backſliding. Theſe things take me ſo up, that a borrowed bed, another man's fire-ſide, the wind upon my face, (I being driven from my lovers, and dear acquaintance, and my poor flock) find no room in my ſorrow; I have no ſpare or odd ſorrow for theſe: only I think, the ſparrows and ſwallows, that build their neſt in the kirk of Anwoth, bleſſed birds. Nothing hath given my faith a harder back-ſet till it crack again, than my cloſed mouth. But let me be miſerable myſelf alone, God keep my dear brethren from it; but ſtill I keep breath: and when my royal, and never, never-enough praiſed King returneth to his ſinful priſoner, I ride upon the high places of Jacob, I divide Shechem, I triumph in his ſtrength. If this kingdom would glorify the Lord, in my behalf, I deſire to be weighed in God's even balance in this point, if I think not my wages paid to the full; I ſhall crave no more hire of Chriſt, Madam, pity me in this, and help me to praiſe him; for, whatever I be, the chief of ſinners, a devil, and a moſt guilty devil; yet it is the apple of Chriſt's eye, his honour and glory, as the head

head of the church, that I ſuffer for now, and that I will go to eternity with. I am greatly in love with Mr. M. M. I ſee him ſtamped with the image of God. I hope well of your ſon, my Lord Boyd. Your Ladyſhip and your children have a priſoner's prayers. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. May* 1. 1637. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 187. *To Mr.* THOMAS GARVEN.

*Dear brother*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I rejoice, that ye cannot be quit of Chriſt, (if I may ſpeak ſo) but he muſt, he will have you. Betake yourſelf to Chriſt, my dear brother. It is a great buſineſs to make quit of ſuperfluities, and of thoſe things which Chriſt cannot dwell with. I am content with my own croſs, that Chriſt hath made mine by an eternal lot, becauſe it is Chriſt's and mine together. I marvel not, that winter is without heaven; for there is no winter within it: all the ſaints therefore have their own meaſure of winter, before their eternal ſummer. Oh for the long day, and the high ſun, and the fair garden, and the King's great city up above theſe viſible heavens! What God layeth on, let me ſuffer: for ſome have one croſs, ſome ſeven, ſome ten, ſome half a croſs; yet all the ſaints have full and whole joy, and ſeven croſſes have ſeven joys. Chriſt is cumbered with me (to ſpeak ſo) and my croſs, but he falleth not off me, we are not at variance. I find the very glooms of Chriſt's wooing a ſoul, ſweet and lovely; I had rather have Chriſt's buffet and love ſtroke, than another king's kiſs: ſpeak evil of Chriſt who will, I hope to die with love-thoughts of him. Oh that there are ſo few tongues in heaven, and earth to extol him! I wiſh his praiſes go not down amongſt us: let not Chriſt be low and lightly eſteemed, in the midſt of us; but let all hearts and tongues caſt in their portion, and contribute ſomething, to make him great in mount Zion. Thus recommending you to his grace, and remembering my love to your wife and mother and your kind brother R. B. and entreating you to remember my bonds, I reſt.

*Aberd. Sept.* 8. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 188. *To the Laird of* MONCRIEF.

*Much honoured Sir*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be unto you: although not acquaint, yet at the deſire of your worthy ſiſter, the Lady Leys,

Leys, and upon the report of your kindneſs to Chriſt, and his oppreſſed truth, I am bold to write to you, earneſtly deſiring you to join with us (ſo many as in theſe bounds profeſs Chriſt) to wreſtle with God, one day of the week, eſpecially the Wedneſdays, for mercy to this fallen and decayed kirk, and to ſuch as ſuffer for Chriſt's name, and for your own neceſſities, and the neceſſities of others, who are by covenant engaged in that buſineſs: for we have no other armour in theſe evil times but prayers, now when wrath from the Lord is gone out againſt this backſliding land; for ye know, we can have no true public faſts, neither are the true cauſes of our humiliation ever laid before the people. Now, very worthy Sir, I am glad in the Lord, that the Lord reſerveth any of your place, or of note, in this time of common apoſtacy, to come forth in public, to bear in Chriſt's name before men, when the great men think Chriſt a cumberſome neighbour, and that religion carried hazards, trials and perſecutions with it. I perſuade myſelf, it is your glory and your garland, and ſhall be your joy in the day of Chriſt, and the ſtanding of your houſe and ſeed to inherit the earth, that you truly and ſincerely profeſs Chriſt: neither is our King, whom the Father hath crowned in mount Zion, ſo weak, that he cannot do for himſelf, and his own cauſe. I verily believe, they are bleſſed who can hold the crown upon his head, and carry up the train of his robe-royal, and that he ſhall yet be victorious and triumph in this land. It is our part to back our royal King, howbeit there were not ſix in all the land to follow him. It is our wiſdom now to take up, and diſcern the devil, and the Antichriſt, coming out in their whites, and the apoſtacy and idolatry of this land, waſhen with foul water; I confeſs it is art to waſh the devil, till his ſkin be white. For myſelf, Sir, I have bought a plea againſt Chriſt, ſince I came hither, in judging my princely Maſter angry at me, becauſe I was caſt out of the vineyard, as a withered tree, my dumb ſabbaths working me much ſorrow; but I ſee now, ſorrow hath not eyes to read love written upon the croſs of Chriſt; and therefore I paſs from my raſh plea: wo, wo is me, that I ſhould have received a ſlander of Chriſt's love to my ſoul. And for all this, my Lord Jeſus hath forgiven all, as not willing to be heard with ſuch a fool, and is content to be, as it were, confined with me, and to bear me company; and to feaſt a poor oppreſſed priſoner. And now I write it under my hand, worthy Sir, that I think well and honourably of this croſs of Chriſt: I wonder, that he will take any glory from the like of me; I find when he but ſendeth his hearty commendations to me, and but bloweth a kiſs afar off, I am confounded with wondering what the ſupper of the Lamb will be, up in our Father's dining palace of glory, ſince the four-hours in his diſmal wilderneſs, and

and when in priſons, and in our ſad-days, a kiſs of Chriſt is ſo comfortable. O how ſweet and glorious ſhall our caſe be, when that faireſt among the ſons of men ſhall lay his fair face to our now ſinful faces, and wipe away all tears from our eyes! O time, time, run ſwiftly, and haſten this day! O ſweet Lord Jeſus, come flying like a roe, or a young heart! Alas! that we, blind fools are fallen in love with moon-ſhine and ſhadows. How ſweet is the wind that bloweth out of the airth where Chriſt is! Every day we may ſee ſome new thing in Chriſt; his love hath neither brim nor bottom. Oh if I had help to praiſe him! He knoweth, if my ſufferings glorify his name, and encourage others to ſtand faſt for the honour of our ſupreme Law-giver Chriſt, my wages then are paid to the full. Sir, help me to love that never-enough praiſed Lord. I find now, that the faith of the ſaints, under ſuffering for Chriſt, is fair before the wind, and with full ſails carried upon Chriſt; and I hope to loſe nothing in this furnace but droſs; for Chriſt can triumph in a weaker man than I am, if there be any ſuch: and when all is done, his love paineth me, and leaveth me under ſuch debt to Chriſt, as I can neither pay principal nor intereſt. Oh if he would comprize myſelf, and if I were ſold to him as a bond man, and that he would take me home to his houſe and fire ſide; for I have nothing to render to him! Then, after me, let no man think hard of Chriſt's ſweet croſs; for I would not change my ſighs with the painted laughter of all my adverſaries. I deſire grace and patience to wait on, and to ly upon the brink, till the water fill and flow. I know he is faſt coming. Sir, ye will excuſe my boldneſs; and, till it pleaſe God I ſee you, ye have the prayers of a priſoner of Chriſt, to whom I recommend you, and whom I reſt

*Aberd. May* 14. 1637. *Yours at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 189. *To* JOHN CLARK.

*Loving brother*,

HOLD faſt Chriſt without wavering, and contend for the faith, becauſe Chriſt is not eaſily gotten or kept. The lazy profeſſor hath put heaven (as it were) at the very next door, and thinketh to fly up to heaven in his bed, and in a night-dream; but truly, that is not ſo eaſy a thing, as moſt men believe. Chriſt himſelf did ſweat, ere he won this city, howbeit he was the free-born Heir. It is Chriſtianity, my heart, to be ſincere, unfeigned, honeſt and upright-hearted before God; and to live and ſerve God, ſuppoſe there were not one man or woman in all the world dwelling beſide you, to eye you. Any little grace that ye have, ſee that it be ſound and true: ye may put

put a difference betwixt you and reprobates, if ye have these marks: 1. If ye prize Christ and his truth so, as ye will sell all and buy him, and suffer for it. 2. If the love of Christ keepeth you back from sinning, more than the law or fear of hell. 3. If ye be humble, and deny your own will, wit, credit, ease, honour, the world, and the vanity and glory of it. 4. Your profession must not be barren, and void of good works. 5. Ye must in all things aim at God's honour; ye must eat, drink, sleep, buy, sell, sit, stand, speak, pray, read, and hear the word with a heart-purpose that God may be honoured. 6. Ye must shew yourself an enemy to sin, and reprove the works of darkness, such as drunkenness, swearing, and lying, albeit the company should hate you for so doing. 7. Keep in mind the truth of God, that ye heard me teach, and have nothing to do with the corruptions, and new guises entered into the house of God. 8. Make conscience of your calling, in covenants, in buying and selling. 9. Acquaint yourself with daily praying; commit all your ways and actions to God by prayer, supplication and thanksgiving; and count not much of being mocked, for Christ Jesus was mocked before you. Persuade yourself, that this is the way of peace and comfort, I now suffer for: I dare go to death and into eternity with it, though men may possibly seek another way. Remember me in your prayers, and the state of this oppressed church. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your souls well-wisher*, S. R.

## 190. *To* CARDONESS *elder.*

*Much honoured Sir*,

I Long to hear how your soul prospereth: I wonder that ye write not to me; for the Holy Ghost beareth me witness, I cannot, I dare not, I dow not forget you, nor the souls of those with you, who are redeemed by the blood of the great Shepherd: ye are in my heart in the night-watches, ye are my joy and crown in the day of Christ. O Lord, bear me witness, if my soul thirsteth for any thing out heaven, more than for your salvation: let God lay me in an even balance, and try me in this. Love heaven, let your heart be on it: up, up, and visit the new land, and view the fair city, and the white throne, and the Lamb, the bride's Husband, in his Bridegroom's clothes sitting on it: it were time, your soul cast itself and all your burdens upon Christ. I beseech you by the wounds of our Redeemer, and by your compearance before him, and by the salvation of your soul, lose no more time; run fast, for it is late: God hath sworn by himself, who made the world and time, *That time shall be no more*, Rev. x. Ye are now upon the very

border of the other life; your Lord cannot be blamed for giving you warning: I have taught the truth of Christ to you, and delivered unto you the whole counsel of God, and I have stood before the Lord for you, and I shall yet still stand. Awake, awake to do righteously. Think not to be eased of the burdens and debts, that are on your house, by oppressing any, or being rigorous to those that are under you: remember how I endeavoured to walk before you in this matter, as an example. 'Behold, here am I, witness against me, before the Lord, and his anointed, whose ox or whose ass have I taken? whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed?' Who knoweth how my soul feedeth upon a good conscience, when I remember how I spent this body in feeding the lambs of Christ? At my first entry hither, I grant, I took a stomach against my Lord, because he had casten me over the dyke of the vineyard as a dry tree, and would have no more of my service; my dumb sabbaths broke my heart, and I would not be comforted: but now he, whom my soul loveth, is come again, and it pleaseth him to feast me with the kisses of his love: a King dineth with me, and his spiknard casteth a sweet smell, The Lord my witness is above, that I write my heart to you. I never knew, by my nine years preaching, so much of Christ's love, as he hath taught me in Aberdeen, by six months imprisonment. I charge you in Christ's name, help me to praise, and shew that people and country the loving kindness of the Lord to my soul, that so my sufferings may some way preach to them, when I am silent. He hath made me know now, better than before, what it is to be crucified to the world: I would not now give a drink of cold water for all the world's kindness; I owe no service to it: I am not the flesh's debtor; my Lord Jesus hath dawted his prisoner, and hath thoughts of love concerning me. I would not exchange my sighs, with the laughing of adversaries. Sir, I write this to inform you, that ye may know, it is the truth of Christ I now suffer for, and he hath sealed my suffering with the comforts of his Spirit on my soul; and know he putteth not his seal upon blank paper. Now, Sir, I have no comfort earthly, but to know, that I have espoused, and shall present a bride to Christ in that congregation. The Lord hath given you much, and therefore he will require much of you again: number your talents, and see what ye have to render back again; ye cannot be enough persuaded of the shortness of your time. I charge you to write to me, and in the fear of God be plain with me, whether or no ye have made your salvation sure: I am confident, and hope the best; but I know, your reckonings with your Judge are many and deep. Sir, be not beguiled, neglect not *your one thing*, (Phil. iii. 13.) *your one necessary thing*, Luke x. 42.) *the good part that shall not be taken*

*from you.* Look beyond time; things here are but moonſhine: they have but children's wits, who are delighted with ſhadows, and deluded with feathers flying in the air. Deſire your children, in the morning of their life, to begin and ſeek the Lord, *and to remember their Creator in the days of their youth,* (Eccleſ. xii. 1.) *to cleanſe their way by taking heed thereto according to God's word,* (Pſal. cxix. 9.) Youth is a glaſſy age, Satan finds a ſwept chamber (for the moſt part) in youth-hood, and a garniſhed lodging for himſelf and his train. Let the Lord have the flower of their age; the beſt ſacrifice is due to him: inſtruct them in this, that they have a ſoul, and that this life is nothing in compariſon of eternity: they will have much need of God's conduct in this world, to guide them by theſe rocks, upon which moſt men ſplit; but far more need, when it cometh to the hour of death, and their compearance before Chriſt. 'O that there were ſuch an heart in them, to fear the name of the great and dreadful God, who hath laid up great things for thoſe that love and fear him!' I pray that God may be their portion. Shew others of my pariſhoners, that I write to them my beſt wiſhes, and the bleſſings of their lawful paſtor; ſay to them from me, That I beſeech them by the bowels of Chriſt, to keep in mind the doctrine of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, which I taught them; that ſo they may lay hold on eternal life, ſtriving together for the faith of the goſpel, and making ſure ſalvation to themſelves. Walk in love, and do righteouſneſs; ſeek peace, love one another, wait for the coming of our Maſter and Judge: receive no doctrine contrary to that which I delivered to you; if ye fall away, and forget it, and that catechiſm which I taught you, and ſo forſake your own mercy, the Lord be Judge betwixt you and me. I take heaven and earth to witneſs, that ſuch ſhall eternally periſh; but if they ſerve the Lord, great will their reward be, when they and I ſhall ſtand before our Judge. Set forward up the mountain, to meet with God; climb up, for your Saviour calleth on you. It may be, God will call you to your reſt, when I am far from you: but ye have my love, and the deſires of my heart, for your ſoul's welfare. He that is holy, keep you from falling, and eſtabliſh you, till his own glorious appearance.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your affectionate and lawful paſtor,* S. R.

## 191. *To* CARDONESS *younger.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

I Long to hear, whether or not your ſoul be hand-faſted with Chriſt: loſe your time no longer, flee the follies of youth: gird up the loins of your mind and make you ready for meeting the

the Lord, I have often summoned you, and now I summon you again, to compear before your Judge, to make a reckoning of your life; while ye have time, look upon your papers, and consider your ways: 'O that there were such an heart in you, as to think, what an ill conscience will be to you, when ye are upon the border of eternity, and your one foot out of time! O then, ten thousand thousand floods of tears cannot extinguish these flames, or purchase to you one hour's release from that pain! O how sweet a day have ye had! But this is a fair day that runneth fast away; see how ye have spent it, and consider the necessity of salvation; and tell me (in the fear of God) if ye have made it sure: I am persuaded, ye have a conscience that will be speaking somewhat to you: why will ye die and destroy yourself? I charge you in Christ's name, to rouze up your conscience, and begin to indent and contract with Christ, in time. Salvation is in your offer: this is the accepted time, this is the day of salvation: play the merchant, for ye cannot expect another market-day when this is done; therefore let me again beseech you, to consider, in this your day, the things that belong to your peace, before they be hid from your eyes. Dear brother, fulfil my joy, and begin to seek the Lord, while he may be found: forsake the follies of deceiving and vain youth; lay hold upon eternal life. Whoring, night-drinking, and misspending the sabbath, and neglecting of prayer in your house, and refusing of an offered salvation, will burn up your soul with the terrors of the Almighty, when your awakened conscience shall flee in your face. Be kind and loving to your wife; make conscience of cherishing her, and not being rigidly austere. Sir, I have not a tongue to express the glory that is laid up for you, in your Father's house, if ye reform your doings, and frame your heart to return to the Lord. Ye know, this world is but a shadow, a short-living creature, under the law of time; within less than fifty years, when ye look back to it, ye shall laugh at the evanishing vanities thereof, as feathers flying in the air, and as the houses of sand within the sea-mark, which the children of men are building. Give up with courting of this vain world: seek not the bastard's moveables, but the son's heritage in heaven. Take trial of Christ, look into him and his love shall so change you, that ye shall be taken with him, and never choose to go from him. I have experience of his sweetness, in this house of my pilgrimage here: my witness, who is above, knoweth, I would not exchange my sighs and tears, with the laughing of the fourteen prelates; there is nothing will make you a Christian indeed, but a taste of the sweetness of Christ; come and see, will speak best to your soul. I would fain hope good of you: be not discouraged at broken and split resolutions; but to it, and to it again: woo about Christ,

till ye get your ſoul eſpouſed as a chaſte virgin to him; uſe the means of profiting with your conſcience, pray in your family, and read the word; remember how our Lord's day was ſpent when I was among you: it will be a great challenge to you before God, if ye forget, the good that was done within the walls of your houſe on the Lord's day, and if ye turn aſide after the faſhions of this world, and if ye go not in time to the kirk, to wait on the public worſhip of God, and if ye tarry not at it, till all the exerciſes of religion be ended. Give God ſome of your time both morning, and evening, and afternoon; and in ſo doing, rejoice the heart of a poor oppreſſed priſoner. Rue upon your own ſoul, and from your heart fear the Lord. Now he that brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of his ſheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, eſtabliſh your heart with his grace, and preſent you before his preſence with joy.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your affectionate and loving paſtor,* S. R.

## 192. *To* CARLETOUN.

*Much honoured Sir,*

I Will not impute your not writing to me, to forgetfulneſs: however, I have one above who forgetteth me not; nay, he groweth in his kindneſs: it hath pleaſed his holy Majeſty, to take me from the pulpit, and teach me many things, in my exile and priſon, that were myſteries to me before: as 1. I ſee his bottomleſs and boundleſs love and kindneſs, and my jealouſies and ravings, which, at my firſt entry into this furnace, were ſo fooliſh and bold, as to ſay to Chriſt who is truth itſelf, in his face, Thou lieſt. I had well nigh loſt my gripes: I wondered if it was Chriſt or not; for the miſt and ſmoke of my perturbed heart made me miſtake my Maſter Jeſus: my faith was dim, and hope frozen and cold; and my love, which cauſed jealouſies, had ſome warmneſs, and heat, and ſmoke, but no flame at all; yet I was looking for ſome good of Chriſt's old claim to me. I thought, I had forfeited all my rights; but the tempter was too much upon my counſels, and was ſtill blowing the coal: alas! I knew not well before, how good ſkill my Interceſſor and Advocate, Chriſt, hath of pleading, and pardoning me ſuch follies. Now he is returned to my ſoul with healing under his wings; and I am nothing behind with Chriſt now, for he hath overpaid me, by his preſence, the pain I was put to by on-waiting, and any little loſs I ſuſtained by my witneſſing againſt the wrongs done to him. I trow, it was a pain to my Lord to hide himſelf any longer; in a manner, he was challenging his own unkindneſs, and repented him of his glooms: and now, what want I on earth, that Chriſt can give to a poor priſoner? O how ſweet and lovely is he now! Alas, that I can get none to help

help me, to lift up my Lord Jesus upon his throne, above all the earth! 2. I am now brought to some measure of submission, and I resolve to wait till I see what my Lord Jesus will do with me: I dare not now nick-name or speak one word against the all-seeing and over-watching providence of my Lord. I see, providence runneth not on broken wheels; but I, like a fool, carved a providence for mine own ease, to die in my nest, and to sleep still, till my gray hairs; and to ly on the sunny side of the mountain, in my ministry at Anwoth: but now, I have nothing to say against a borrowed fire-side, and another man's house, nor Kedar's tents, where I live, being removed far from my acquaintance, my lovers and my friends: I see, God hath the world on his wheels, and casteth it as a potter doth a vessel on the wheel. I dare not say, that there is any inordinate or irregular motion in providence; the Lord hath done it: I will not go to law with Christ, for I would gain nothing of that. 3. I have learned some greater mortification, and not to mourn after, or seek to suck the world's dry breasts: nay, my Lord hath filled me with such dainties, that I am like to a full banqueter, who is not for common cheer. What have I to do to fall down upon my knees, and worship mankind's great idol, the world? I have a better god than any clay-god; nay, at present, as I am now disposed, I care not much to give this world a discharge of my life-rent of it, for bread and water: I know, it is not my home, nor my Father's house; it is but his foot-stool, the outer close of his house, his out-fields, and muir-ground: let bastards take it; I hope never to think myself in its common, for honour or riches: nay now, I say to laughter, thou art madness. 4. I find it most true, that the greatest temptation out of hell, is, to live without temptations: if my waters should stand, they would rot: faith is the better of the free air, and of the sharp winter storm in its face; grace withereth without adversity: the devil is but God's master-fencer, to teach us to handle our weapons. 5. I never knew how weak I was, till now, when he hideth himself, and when I have him to seek seven times a day. I am a dry and withered branch, and a piece of a dead carcase, dry bones, and not able to step over a straw: the thoughts of my old sins are as the summons of death to me; and of late my brother's case hath stricken me to the heart; when my wounds are closing, a little riffle causeth them to bleed afresh: so thin skinned is my soul, that I think, it is like a tender man's skin, that may touch nothing: ye see, how short I would shoot off the prize, if his grace were not sufficient for me. Wo is me for the day of Scotland, wo, wo is me for my harlot-mother; for the decree is gone forth: women of this land shall call the childless and miscarrying wombs blessed. The anger of the Lord is gone forth, and shall not return,

return, till he perform the purpoſe of his heart againſt Scotland: yet he ſhall make Scotland a new ſharp inſtrument having teeth, to threſh the mountains, and fan the hills as chaff. The priſoner's bleſſing be upon you.

*Aberd. March* 14. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 193. *To the Lady* BUSBIE.

*Miſtreſs*,

I Know, ye are thinking ſometimes what Chriſt is doing in Zion, and that the haters of Zion may get the bottom of our cup, and the burning coals of our furnace, that we have been tried in, thoſe many years by gone O that this nation would be awakened, to cry mightily unto God, for the ſetting up of a new tabernacle to Chriſt in Scotland. O if this kingdom knew how worthy Chriſt were of his room! His worth was ever above man's eſtimation of him. And for myſelf, I am pained at the heart, that I cannot find myſelf diſpoſed to leave myſelf, and go wholly into Chriſt: alas, that there ſhould be one bit of me out of him, and that we leave too much liberty and latitude for ourſelves, and our own eaſe, and credit, and pleaſures, and ſo little room for all love-worthy Chriſt! O what pains and charges it coſteth Chriſt ere he get us! and when all is done we are not worth the having: it is a wonder, that he ſhould ſeek the like of us: but love overlooketh blackneſs and feckleſneſs; for if it had not been ſo, Chriſt would never have made ſo fair and bleſſed a bargain with us, as the covenant of grace is. I find, that in all our ſufferings, Chriſt is but ridding marches, that every one of us may ſay, mine and thine, and that men may know by their croſſes, how weak a bottom nature is to ſtand upon in a trial. That then which our Lord intendeth, in all our ſufferings, is to bring grace in court and requeſt amongſt us: I would ſuccumb and come ſhort of heaven, if I had no more but my own ſtrength to ſupport me; and if Chriſt ſhould ſay to me, either do or die, it were eaſy to determine, what ſhould become of me: the choice were eaſy, for I behoved to die, if Chriſt ſhould paſs by with ſtraitened bowels; and who then would take us up in our ſtraits? I know, we may ſay, that Chriſt is kindeſt in his love, when we are at our weakeſt; and that if Chriſt had not been to the fore, in our ſad days, the waters had gone over our ſoul. His mercy hath ſet a period and appointed a place, how far, and no further the ſea or affliction ſhall flow, and where the waves thereof ſhall be ſtayed: he preſcribeth how much pain and ſorrow, both for weight and meaſure, we muſt have; ye have then good cauſe to recal your love from all lovers, and give it to Chriſt: he who

who is afflicted in all your afflictions, looketh not on you, in your ſad hours, with an inſenſible heart or dry eyes. All the Lord's ſaints may ſee, that it is loſt love, which is beſtowed upon this periſhing world: death and judgment will make men lament, that ever their miſcarrying hearts carried them to lay and laviſh out their love, upon falſe appearances and night-dreams. Alas! that Chriſt ſhould fare the worſe, becauſe of his own goodneſs, in making peace and the goſpel to ride together; and that we have never yet weighed the worth of Chriſt in his ordinances; and that now we are like to be deprived of the well, ere we have taſted the ſweetneſs of the water: it may be with watery eyes, and a wet face, and wearied feet, we ſeek Chriſt, and ſhall not find him. Oh that this land were humbled in time, and by prayers, cries and humiliation would bring Chriſt in at the church door again, now when his back is turned towards us, and he is gone to the threſhold, and his one foot (as it were) is out of the door? I am ſure his departure is our deſerving, we have bought it with our iniquities: for even the Lord's own children are fallen aſleep: and, alas! profeſſors are made all of ſhews and faſhions, and are not at pains to recover themſelves again. Every one hath his ſet meaſure of faith and holineſs, and contenteth himſelf with a ſtinted meaſure of godlineſs, as if that were enough to bring them to heaven: we forget that as our gifts and light grow, ſo God's gain and the intereſt of his talents ſhould grow alſo; and that we cannot pay God with the old uſe and wont (as we uſe to ſpeak) which we gave him ſeven years ago; for this were to mock the Lord, and to make price with him as we liſt. O what difficulty is there in our Chriſtian journey! and how often come we ſhort of many thouſand things that are Chriſt's due! and we conſider not how far our dear Lord is behind with us. Miſtreſs, I cannot render you thanks, as I would, for your kindneſs to my brother, an oppreſſed ſtranger; but I remember you unto the Lord, as I am able: I entreat you, think upon me, his priſoner, and pray that the Lord would be pleaſed to give me room to ſpeak to his people in his name. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1636. *Yours in his ſweet Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

## 194. *To* FULWOOD *younger.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Upon the report of this worthy bearer concerning you, I thought good to ſpeak a word to you: it is enough for acquaintance, that we are one in Chriſt. My earneſt deſire to you is, that ye would,

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in the fear of God, compare your inch and hand-breadth of time with vaſt eternity, and your thoughts of this now fair, blooming and green world, with the thoughts ye ſhall have of it, when corruption and worms ſhall make their houſes in your eye-holes, and ſhall eat your fleſh, and make that body dry bones: if ye ſo do, I know then, that your light and this world's vanity ſhall be more clear, than now it is; and I am perſuaded, ye ſhall then think, that mens labours for this clay-idol are to be laughed at. Therefore come near, and take a view of that tranſparent beauty that is in Chriſt, which would buſy the love of ten thouſand millions of worlds and angels, and hold them all at work: ſurely I am grieved, that men will not ſpend their whole love upon that royal and princely Well-beloved, that high and lofty One; for it is curſed love that runneth another way than upon him. And for myſelf, if I had ten loves and ten ſouls, O how glad would I be, if he would break in upon me, and take poſſeſſion of them all! Wo, wo is me, that he and I are ſo far aſunder! I hope we ſhall be in one country and one houſe together. Truly pain of love-ſickneſs for Jeſus, maketh me to think it long, long, long to the dawning of the day. Oh that he would cut ſhort years and months and hours, and over-leap time, that we might meet! And for this truth, Sir, that ye profeſs, I avow before the world of men and angels, that is the way, and the only way, to our country, the reſt are by-ways; and that what I ſuffer for, is the apple of Chriſt's eye, even his honour as Law-giver and King of his church. I think death too little ere I forſake it. Do not, Sir, I beſeech you in the Lord, make Chriſt's court thinner by drawing back from him; it is too thin already; for I dare pledge my heaven upon it, he ſhall win this plea, and the fools that plea againſt him ſhall loſe the wager, which is their part of ſalvation, except they take better heed to their ways. Sir, free grace that we give no hire for, is a jewel our Lord giveth to few. Stand faſt in the hope ye are called unto: our Maſter will rend the clouds, and be upon us quickly, and clear our cauſe, and bring us all out in our black and whites. Clean, clean garments in the Bridegroom's eye, are, of great worth: ſtep over this hand-breadth of world's glory, in to our Lord's new world of grace, and ye will laugh at the feathers that children are chaſing in the air. I verily judge, that theſe inns, men are building their neſt in, are not worth a drink of cold water. It is a rainy and ſmoky houſe; it were beſt we come out of it, leſt we be choked with the ſmoke thereof. O that my adverſaries knew how ſweet my ſighs for Chriſt are, and what it were for a ſinner to lay his head between Chriſt's breaſts, and to be over head and ears in Chriſt's love! Alas, I cannot cauſe paper ſpeak the height and breadth and depth of it! I have not a balance to weigh my Lord Jeſus's worth:

worth: heaven, ten heavens would not be the beam of a balance to weigh him in. I must give over praising of him; angels see but little of him: O if that fair one would take off the mask off his fair face, that I might see him: a kiss of him thro' his mask is half a heaven. 'O day, dawn! O time, run fast! O Bridegrooom, post, post fast, that we may meet! O heavens, cleave in two, that that bright face and head may set itself through the clouds!' O that the corn were ripe, and this world prepared for his hook! Sir, be pleased to remember a prisoner's bonds. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, July* 10. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 195. *To Mr.* HUGH MACKAIL.

*My very dear brother*,

YE know, that men may take their sweet fill of the sour law, in grace's ground; and betwixt the Mediator's breasts, and this is sinners safest way; for there is a bed for wearied sinners to rest them in, in the new covenant, though no bed of Christ's making to sleep in. The law shall never be my doomster, by Christ's grace, if I get no more good of it; I shall find a sore enough doom in the gospel, to humble and to cast me down: it is (I grant) a good rough friend, to follow a traitor to the bar, and to back him, till he come to Christ. We may blame ourselves, who cause the law to crave well-paid debt, to scar us away from Jesus, and dispute about a righteousness of our own, a world in the moon, a chimera, and a night-dream, that pride is father and mother to; there cannot be a more humble soul than a believer; it is no pride for a drowning man to catch hold of a rock. I rejoice, that the wheels of this confused world are rolled, and cogged, and driven, according as our Lord will. Out of whatever airth the wind blow, it will blow us on our Lord: no wind can blow our sails over-board; because Christ's skill, and the honour of his wisdom, are empawned, and laid down at the stake, for the sea-passengers, that he shall put them safe off his hand on the shore, in his Father's known bounds, our native home-ground. My dear brother, fear not at the cross of Christ: it is not seen yet, what Christ will do for you, when it cometh to the worst; he will keep his grace till ye be at a strait, and then bring forth the decreed birth for your salvation. Ye are an arrow of his own making, let him shoot you against a wall of brass, your point shall keep whole. I cannot, for multitude of letters, and distraction of friends, prepare what I would for the times: I have not one hour of spare time, suppose the day were forty hours long. Remember me in prayer. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sept.* 5. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 196. *To his Reverend and dear brother, Mr.* DAVID DICKSON.

*My Reverend and dear brother,*

I Fear ye have never known me well: if ye ſaw my inner-ſide, it is poſſible ye would pity me; but ye would hardly give me either love or reſpect: men miſtake me the whole length of the heavens; my ſins prevail over me, and the terrors of their guiltineſs. I am put often to aſk, if Chriſt and I did ever ſhake hands together in earneſt; I mean not, that my feaſt-days are quite gone: but I am made of extremities. I pray God ye never have the woful and dreary experience of a cloſed mouth; for then ye ſhall judge the ſparrows, that may ſing in the church of Irvine, bleſſed birds; but my ſoul hath been refreſhed and watered, when I hear of your courage and zeal for your never enough-praiſed, praiſed Maſter, in that ye put the men of God, chaſed out of Ireland, to work. O if I could confirm you! I dare ſay in God's preſence, 'That this ſhall never haſten your ſuffering, but ſhall be David Dickſon's feaſt and ſpeaking joy, that while he had time and leiſure, he put many to work, to lift up Jeſus his ſweet Maſter, high in the ſkies.' O man of God, go on, go on, be valiant for that plant of renown, for that Chief among ten thouſands, for that Prince of the kings of the earth. It is but little that I know of God; yet this I dare write, Chriſt ſhall be glorified in David Dickſon, howbeit Scotland be not gathered. I am pained, pained, that I have not more to give my ſweet Bridegroom: his comforts to me are not dealt with a niggard's hand, but I would fain learn not to idolize comfort, ſenſe, joy, and ſweet felt preſence; all theſe are but creatures, and nothing but the kingly robe, the gold-ring, and the bracelets of the Bridegroom; the Bridegroom himſelf is better than all the ornaments that are about him. Now, I would not ſo much have theſe, as God himſelf, and to be ſwallowed up of love to Chriſt. I ſee in delighting in a communion with Chriſt, we may make more gods than one; but however, all was but bairn's-play between Chriſt and me, till now. If one would have ſworn to me, I would not have believed, what may be found in Chriſt. I hope, ye pity my pain that much, in my priſon, as to help me yourſelf, and to cauſe others help me, a dyvour, a ſinful wretched dyvour, to pay ſome of my debts of praiſe to my great King. Let my God be judge and witneſs, if my ſoul would not have ſweet eaſe and comfort, to have many hearts confirmed in Chriſt, and enlarged with his love, and many tongues ſet on work to ſet on high my royal and princely Well-beloved. O that my ſufferings could pay tribute to ſuch a King! I have given over wondering at his love; for Chriſt hath manifeſted a piece of art upon me, that

I never

I never revealed to any living: he hath gotten fair and rich employment, and sweet sale, and a goodly market for his honourable calling of shewing mercy on me, the chief of sinners. Every one knoweth not so well as I do, my wofully often broken covenants, my sins against light, working in the very act of sinning, hath been met with admirable mercy: but, alas! he will get nothing back again, but wretched unthankfulness. I am sure, if Christ pity any thing in me, next to my sin, it is pain of love for an arm-full and soul-full of himself, in faith, love, and begun fruition: my sorrow is, that I cannot get Christ lifted off the dust in Scotland, and set on high, above all the skies, and heaven of heavens.

*Aberdeen, May* 1. *Yours in his sweet Lord*
1637. *Jesus*, S. R.

197. *To his reverend and dear brother, Mr.* JOHN LIVINGSTON.

*My Reverend and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I long to hear from you, and to be refreshed with the comforts of the bride of our Lord Jesus in Ireland. I suffer with you in grief, for the dash that your desires to be at N. E. have received of late, but if our Lord who hath skill to bring up his children, had not seen it your best, it should not have befallen you: hold your peace, and stay yourself upon the holy One of Israel: hearken what he saith in crossing of your desires, he will speak peace to his people. I am here removed from my flock, and silenced and confined in Aberdeen, for the testimony of Jesus; and I have been confined in spirit also with desertions and challenges I gave in a bill of quarrels, and complaints of unkindness, against Christ, who seemed to cast me over the dyke of the vineyard, as a dry tree, and separated me from the Lord's inheritance: but high, high and loud praises be to our royal crowned King in Zion, that he hath not burnt the dry branch: I shall yet live, and see his glory. Your mother-church, for her whoredom, is like to be cast off: the bairns may break their heart, to see such chiding betwixt the husband and the wife. Our clergy is upon a reconciliation with the Lutherans, and the doctors are writing books, and drawing up a common confession, at the Council's command. Our service-book is proclaimed with sound of trumpet: the night is fallen down upon the prophets; Scotland's day of visitation is come: it is time for the bride to weep, while Christ is a-saying, He will choose another wife: but our sky will clear again; the dry branch of cut down Lebanon will bud again and be glorious, and they shall yet plant vines upon our mountains. Now, my dear brother, I write to you for this end, that ye may help me to praise, and seek help

of others with you, that God may be glorified in my bonds. My Lord Jesus hath taken the withered dry-stranger, and his broken in heart prisoner, into his house of wine. O! O! If ye, and all Scotland, and all our brethren with you, knew how I am feasted! Christ's honey-combs drop comforts: he dineth with his prisoner, and the King's spikenard casteth a smell. The devil cannot get it denied, but we suffer for the apple of Christ's eye, his royal prerogatives, as King and Law-giver; let us not fear or faint. He will have his gospel once again rouped in Scotland, and have the matter going to voices, to see who will say, Let Christ be crowned King in Scotland: it is true, Antichrist stirreth his tail; but I love a rumbling and raging devil in the kirk (since the church militant cannot or may not want a devil to trouble her) rather than a subtle or sleeping devil: Christ never yet got a bride without stroke of sword; it is now nigh the Bridegroom's entering into his chamber, let us awake and go in with him: I bear your name to Christ's door: I pray you dear brother, forget me not: let me hear from you by a letter, and I charge you, smother not Christ's bounty towards me: I write what I have found of him, in the house of my pilgrimage. Remember my love to all our brethren and sisters there. The keeper of the vineyard watch for his besieged city, and for you.

*Aberd. Feb.* 7. 1637. *Your brother and fellow-sufferer*, S. R.

## 198. *To Mr.* EPHRAIM MELVIL.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

I Received your letter, and am contented with all my heart, that our acquaintance in our Lord continue. I am wrestling, as I dow, up the mount with Christ's cross: my Second is kind, and able to help. As for your questions, because of my manifold distractions, and letters to multitudes, I have not time to answer them: what shall be said in common for that, shall be imparted to you: for I am upon these questions: therefore spare me a little, for the Service-book would take a great time, but I think, *Sicut deosculatio religiosa imaginis, aut etiam elementorum, est in se idololatria externa, etsi intentio deosculandi, ita, quanta in actu est, ferotur in Deum* προσκυνητὸν; *ita geniculatio coram pane, quando, nempe, ex institutione totus homo externus & internus versari debeat circa elementaria signa, est adoratio relativa, & adoratio ipsius panis. Ratio: intentio adorandi objectum materiale, non est de essentia externæ adorationis, ut patet in deosculatione religiosa. Sic geniculatio coram imagine Babylonica est externa adoratio imaginis, etsi tres puri mente intendissent adorare Jehovam. Sic qui ex metu solo, aut spe pretii, aut inanis gloriæ, geniculatur coram aureo vitulo Jeroboami, (quod ab ipso rege, qui nulla religione inductus, sed libidine dominandi tantum vitulum erexit,*

*rexit, factitatum esse, textus satis luculenter clamat) adorat vitulum externa adoratione; etiamsi putaret vitulum esse meram creaturam, & honore nullo dignum: quia geniculatio, sive nos nolumus, sive volumus ex instituto Dei & naturæ, in actu religioso, est symbolum religiosæ adorationis: Ergo, sicut panis significat corpus Christi, etsi absit actus omnis nostræ intentionis; sic religiosa geniculatio, sublata omni intentione humana, est externa adoratio panis, coram quo adoramus, ut coram signo vicario & representativo Dei.* Thus recommending you to God's tender mercy, I desire that ye would remember me to God. Sanctification shall settle you most in the truth. Grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your brother in Christ Jesus*, S. R.

199. *To a Gentlewoman upon the death of her Husband.*

*Mistress*,

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you. I cannot but rejoice, and withal be grieved, at your case: it hath pleased the Lord to remove your husband (my friend, and this kirk's faithful professor) soon to his rest; but shall we be sorry, that our loss is his gain, seeing his Lord would want his company no longer? Think not much of short summons; for seeing he walked with his Lord in his life, and desired that Christ should be magnified in him at his death, ye ought to be silent and satisfied. When Christ cometh for his own, he runneth fast: mercy, mercy to the saints goeth not at leisure; love, love in our Redeemer is not slow, and withal he is homely with you, who cometh at his own hand to your house, and intromitteth, as a friend, with any thing that is yours: I think, he would fain borrow and lend with you. Now he should meet with the solacious company, the fair flock, and blessed bairntime of the first-born, banqueting at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. It is a mercy, that the poor wandering sheep get a dyke-side in this stormy day, and a leaking ship a safe harbour, and a sea-sick passenger a sound and soft bed ashore. Wrath, wrath, wrath from the Lord is coming upon this land, that he hath left behind him: know, therefore, that your Lord Jesus his wounds are the wounds of a lover, and that he will have compassion upon a sad hearted servant; and that Christ hath said, he will have the husband's room in your heart: he loved you in your first husband's time; and he is but wooing you still; give him heart and chair, house and all; he will not be made companion with any other; love is full of jealousies, he will have all your love, and who should get it but he? I know, ye allow it upon him; there are comforts, both sweet and satisfying, laid up for you; wait on. First, Christ he is an honest debtor. Now for mine own case, I think some poor body would

would be glad of a dawted prisoner's leavings. I have no scarcity of Christ's love: he hath wasted more comforts upon his poor banished servant, than would have refreshed many souls. My burden was once so heavy, that one ounce-weight would have casten the balance, and broken my back; but Christ said, hold, hold, to my sorrow, and hath wiped a bluthered face, which was foul with weeping. I may joyfully go my Lords errands, with wages in my hands; deferred hopes need not to make me deadswier (as we use to say) my cross is both my cross and my reward. Oh that men would sound his high praises! I love Christ's worst reproaches, his glooms, his cross, better than all this world's plaistered glory; my heart is not longing to be back again from Christ's country; it is a sweet soil I am come to. I (if any in the world) have good cause to speak much good of him. O! hell were a good cheap price to buy him at. Oh if all the three kingdoms were witnesses to my pained, pained soul, overcome and wounded with Christ's love! I thank you most kindly, my dear sister, for your love to, and tender care of my brother. I will think myself obliged to you, if ye continue his friend: he is more to me than a brother now, being engaged to suffer for so honourable a Master and cause. Pray for Christ's prisoner; and grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. March* 7. 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

200. *To his reverend and dear brother, Mr.* JOHN NEVAY.

*My reverend and dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to you: I have exceeding many I write to, else I would be kinder in paper. I rejoice that my sweet Master hath any to back him: thick, thick may my royal King's court be. O that this kingdom might grow! it were my joy to have his house full of guests. Except that I have some cloudy days, for the most part I have a king's life with Christ; he is all perfumed with the powders of the merchant: he hath a king's face and a king's smell: his chariot, wherein he carrieth his poor prisoner, is of the wood of Lebanon, it is paved with love: is not that soft ground to walk or ly on? I think better of Christ than ever I did; my thoughts of his love grow and swell on me: I never write to any of him so much as I have felt. Oh if I could write a book of Christ and of his love! Suppose I were made white ashes, and burnt for this same truth, that men count but as knots of straws, it were my gain, if my ashes could proclaim the worth, excellency, and love of my Lord Jesus: there is much telling of Christ; I give over the weighing of him, heaven would not be the beam of a balance to weigh him in. What eyes be on me, or what wind of tongues be on me, I care not; let me stand in this stage

n the fool's coat, and act a fool's part to the reſt of this na-ion; if I can ſet my Well-beloved on high, and witneſs fair for him, a fig for their hoſanna: if I can roll myſelf in a lap of Chriſt's garment, I will ly there and laugh at the thoughts of dying bits of clay. Brother, we have cauſe to weep for our harlot-mother, her huſband is ſending her to Rome's bro-thel-houſe, which is the gate ſhe liketh well: yet I perſuade you, there ſhall be a fair after-growth for Chriſt in Scotland, and this church ſhall ſing the Bridegroom's welcome-home a-gain to his own houſe: the worms ſhall eat them firſt, ere they cauſe Chriſt take good-night at Scotland. I am here aſſaulted with the doctor's gun, but I bleſs the Father of light, they draw not blood of truth. I find no lodging in the heart of na-tural men, who are cold friends to my Maſter: I pray you, re-member my love to that gentleman, A. C. My heart is knit to him, becauſe he and I have one Maſter. Remember my bonds, and preſent my ſervice to my Lord and my Lady: I wiſh Chriſt may be dearer to them, than to many of their place. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. July* 5. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 201. *To my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Few (I believe) know the pain and torment of Chriſt's friſted love: friſ-ing of Chriſt's preſence is a matter of torment. I know a poor ſoul that would lay all oars in the water, for a banquet or feaſt of Chriſt's love. I cannot think, but it muſt be up-taking and ſweet, to ſee the white and red of Chriſt's fair face; for he is white and ruddy, and the chiefeſt among ten thouſands, Cant. 5. 10. I am ſure, that muſt be a well made face of his, hea-ven muſt be in his viſage: glory, glory for evermore muſt ſit on his countenance. I dare not curſe the maſk and covering that is on his face; but O if there were a hole in it! O if God would tear the maſk! Fy, fy upon us, we were never aſhamed till now that we do not proclaim our pining and languiſhing for him. I am ſure, never tongue ſpake of Chriſt, as he is. I am ſtill of that mind, and ſtill will be, that we wrong and un-dervalue that holy, holy One, in having ſuch ſhort and ſhallow thoughts of his weight and worth. O if I could but have leave to ſtand beſide, and ſee the Father weigh Chriſt the Son, if it were poſſible! but how every one of them comprehendeth an-other, we who have eyes of clay, cannot comprehend; but it is pity for evermore, and more than ſhame, that ſuch an one as Chriſt ſhould ſit in heaven his alone for us; to go up thither

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anes errand, and on purpoſe to ſee, were no ſmall glory. O that he would ſtrike out windows, and fair and great lights, in this old houſe, this fallen down ſoul, and then ſet the ſoul near-hand Chriſt, that the rays and beams of light, and the ſoul-delighting glances of the fair, fair God-head, might ſhine in at the windows, and fill the houſe! a fairer and more near and direct ſight of Chriſt would make room for his love; for we are but pinched and ſtraitned in his love. Alas, it were eaſy to meaſure and weigh all the love that we have for Chriſt, and by inches and ounces! Alas, that we ſhould love by meaſure and weight, and not rather have floods and feaſts of Chriſt's love! Oh that Chriſt would break down the old narrow veſſels of theſe narrow and ebb ſouls; and make fair, deep, wide, and broad ſouls, to hold a ſea and a full tide, flowing over all its Banks, of Chriſt's love! Oh that the Almighty would give me my requeſt! that I might ſee Chriſt come to his temple again (as he is minting, and it is like minding to do) and if the land were humbled: the judgments threatened are with this reſervation, I know, if we ſhall turn and repent. O! what a heaven ſhould we have on earth, to ſee Scotland's noon, like the light of the ſun, and Scotland's ſun light ſeven fold, like the light of ſeven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the ſtroke of their wounds! Iſa. xxx. 26. Alas! that we will not pull and draw Chriſt to his old tents again, to come and feed among the lilies, till the day break and the ſhadows flee away! O that the nobles would go on, in the ſtrength and courage of the Lord, to bring our lawful King Jeſus home again! I am perſuaded he ſhall return again in glory to this land: but happy were they, who could help to convoy him to his ſanctuary, and ſet him again up upon the mercy-ſeat betwixt the cherubims. 'O ſun, return to darkened Britain! O faireſt among all the ſons of men, O moſt excellent One, come home again, come home, and win the praiſes and bleſſings of the mourners in Zion, the priſoners of hope, that wait for thee!' I know he can alſo triumph, in ſuffering, and weep and reign, and die and triumph, and remain in priſon, and yet ſubdue his enemies: but how happy were I, to ſee the coronation-day of Chriſt; to ſee his mother who bare him, put the crown upon his head again, and cry with ſhouting till the earth ſhould ring, 'Let Jeſus our King live and reign for evermore!' Grace, grace be with your Ladyſhip.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt,* S. R.

202. *To*

## 202. *To Mr.* ALEXANDER COLVIL *of Blair.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I would deſire to know how my Lord took my letter I ſent him, and how he is: I deſire nothing, but that he be faſt and honeſt to my royal Maſter and King. I am well every way, all praiſe to him, in whoſe books I muſt ſtand for ever as his debtor! only my ſilence paineth me. I had one joy out of heaven, next to Chriſt my Lord, and that was to preach him to this faithleſs generation; and they have taken that from me: it was to me as the poor man's one eye, and they have put out that eye. I know the violence done to me and his poor bereft bride, is come up before the Lord: and ſuppoſe I ſee not the other ſide of my croſs, or what my Lord will bring out of it; yet I believe the viſion ſhall not tarry, and that Chriſt is on his journey for my deliverance; he goeth not ſlowly, but paſſeth over ten mountains at one ſtride: in the mean time, I am pained with his love, becauſe I want real poſſeſſion. When Chriſt cometh, he ſtayeth not long; but certainly the blowing of his breath upon a poor ſoul is heaven upon earth: and when the wind turneth into the North, and he goeth away, I die, till the wind change into the Weſt, and he viſits his priſoner: but he holdeth me not often at his door. I am richly repaid for ſuffering for him. O if all Scotland were as I am, except my bonds! O what pain I have, becauſe I cannot get him praiſed by my ſufferings! O that heaven, within and without, and the earth were paper, and all the rivers, fountains, and ſeas were ink, and I able to write all the paper within and without, full of his praiſes, and love, and excellency, to be read by man and angel! Nay this is little; I owe my heaven to Chriſt; and to deſire, howbeit I ſhould never enter in at the gates of the New Jeruſalem, to ſend my love and my praiſes over the wall to Chriſt. Alas, that time and days ly betwixt him and me, and adjourn our meeting! it is my part to cry, 'O when will the night be paſt, and the day dawn, that we ſhall ſee one another?' Be pleaſed to remember my ſervice to my Lord, to whom I wrote; and ſhew him that, for his affection to me, I cannot but pray for him, and earneſtly deſire that Chriſt miſs him not out of the roll of thoſe who are his witneſſes, now when his kingly honour is called in queſtion; it is his honour to hold up Chriſt's royal train, and to be an inſtrument to hold the crown upon Chriſt's head. Shew him, becauſe I love his true honour and ſtanding, that this is my earneſt deſire for him. Now I bleſs you; and the prayers

of Chriſt's priſoner come upon you; and his ſweeteſt preſence, whom ye ſerve in the Spirit, accompany you.

*Aberd. June* 23. 1637. *Yours at all obliged obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 203. *To Mr.* JOHN ROW.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Received yours. I bleſs his high and great name, I like my ſweet Maſter ſtill the longer the better: a ſight of his croſs is more awſome than the weight of it. I think the worſt things of Chriſt, even his reproaches and his croſs, (when I look on theſe not with bleared eyes) far rather to be choſen, than the laughter and worm-eaten joys of my adverſaries. O that they were as I am, except my bonds! My witneſs is above, my miniſtry, next to Chriſt, is deareſt to me of any thing; but I lay it down at Chriſt's feet, for his glory and his honour as ſupreme Law-giver, which is dearer to me. My dear brother, if ye will receive the teſtimony of a poor priſoner of Chriſt, who dare not now diſſemble for the world, I believe certainly, and expect thanks from the Prince of the kings of the earth, for my poor baſtards (ſuch as they are) for his honourable cauſe whom I can never enough extol, for his running-over love to my ſad ſoul, ſince I came hither. O that I could get him ſet on high and praiſed! I ſeek no more, as the top and root of my deſires, but that Chriſt may make glory to himſelf, and edification to the weaker, out of my ſufferings. I deſire ye would help me both to pray and praiſe. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. July* 8. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 204. *To the Lady* CULROSS.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am much refreſhed with your letter, now at length come to me. I find my Lord Jeſus cometh not in that preciſe way that I lay wait for him, he hath a gate of his own: O how high are his ways above my ways! I ſee but little of him; it is beſt not to offer to learn him a leſſon, but to give him abſolutely his own will, in coming, going, ebbing, flowing, and in the manner of his gracious working. I want nothing but a back-burden of Chriſt's love: I would go through hell, and the thick of the damned devils, to have a hearty feaſt of Chriſt's love; for he hath fettered me with his love, and run away, and left me a chained man. Wo is me, that I was ſo looſe, raſh, vain, and graceleſs, in my unbelieving thoughts of Chriſt's love: but what

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can a soul under a non-entry (when my rights were wadset and lost) do else, but make a false libel against Christ's love? I know yourself, madam, and many more, will be witnesses against me, if I repent not of my unbelief; for I have been seeking the hope's wares; some hire of grace within myself. I have not learned, as I should do, to put my stock, and all my treasure, in Christ's hand; but I would have a stock of mine own; and ere I was aware, I was taking hire to be the law's advocate, to seek justification by works. I forgot, that grace is the only garland that is worn in heaven, upon the heads of the glorified. And now, I half rejoice, that I have sickness for Christ to work upon; since I must have wounds, well's my soul, I have a day's work for my Physician Christ: I hope to give Christ his own calling, it setteth him full well to cure diseases. My ebbings are very low, and the tide is far out, when my Beloved goeth away; and then I cry, Oh cruelty! to put out the poor man's one eye; and that that was my joy, next to Christ, to preach my Well-beloved: then I make a noise about Christ's house, looking uncouth-like in at his window, and casting my love and my desires over the wall, till God send better. I am often content, my bill lv in heaven, till the day of my departure, providing I had assurance, that mercy shall be written on the back of it. I would not care for on-waiting; but when I draw in a tired arm, and an empty hand with a, it is much to me to keep my thoughts in order: but I will not get a gate for Christ's love, when I have done all I can. I would fain yield to his stream, and row with Christ, and not against him. But while I live, I see that Christ's kingdom in me will not be peaceable, so many thoughts in me rise up against his honour and kingly power. Surely, I have not expressed all his sweet kindness to me: I spare to do it, lest I be deemed to seek myself; but his breath hath smelled of the powder of the merchants, and of the king's spikenard. I think, I conceive new thoughts of heaven, because the card and the map of heaven, that he letteth me now see, is so fair, and so sweet; I am sure, we are niggards, and sparing bodies in seeking. I verily judge, we know not how much may be had in this life; there is yet something beyond all we see, that seeking would light upon. O that my love-sickness would put me to a business, when all the world are found sleeping, to cry and knock! but the truth is, since I came hither, I have been wondering, that after my importunity to have my fill of Christ's love, I have not gotten a real sign, but have come from him, crying, hunger, hunger. I think Christ letteth me see meat, in my extremity of hunger, and giveth me none of it: when I am near the apple, he draweth back his hand, and goeth away, to cause me follow; and again when I am within an arm-length of the apple, he maketh

a new break to the gate, and I have him to seek of new; he seemeth not to pity my dwining and my swooning for his love. I dare sometimes put my hunger over to him to be judged, if I would not buy him with a thousand years in the hottest furnace in hell, so being I might enjoy him: but my hunger is fed with want and absence; I hunger and I have not; but my comfort is, to ly and wait on, and to put my poor soul and my sufferings in Christ's hand: let him make any thing out of me, so being he be glorified in my salvation; for I know I am made for him. O that my Lord may win his own gracious end in me! I will not be at ease, whi e I but stand so far aback: O if I were near him, and with him, that this poor soul might be satisfied with himself! Your son-in law, W. G. is now truly honoured for his Lord and Master's cause: when the Lord is fanning Zion, it is a good token that he is a true branch of the vine, that the Lord beginneth first to dress him; he is strong in his Lord, as he hath written to me, and his wife is his encourager, which should make you rejoice. For your son, who is your grief, your Lord waited on you and me, till we were ripe, and brought us in. It is your part to pray, and wait upon him: when he is ripe, he will be spoken for. Who can command our Lord's wind to blow? I know it shall be your good in the latter end; that is one of your waters to heaven, ye could not go about it; there are the fewer behind. I remember you and him, and yours, as I am able: but, alas, I am believed to be something, and I am nothing but an empty reed; wants are my best riches, because I have these supplied by Christ. Remember my deareſt love to your brother; I know he pleadeth with his harlot-mother for her apostasy. I know also, ye are kind to my worthy Lady Kenmure, a woman beloved of the Lord, who hath been very mindful of my bonds; the Lord give her, and her child, to find mercy in the day of Christ! Great men are dry and cold in doing for me; the tinkling of chains for Christ affrighteth them; but let my Lord break all my idols, I will yet bless him. I am obliged to my Lord Lorn; I wish him mercy. Remember my bonds with praises, and pray for me, that my Lord may level the North, by my bonds and sufferings Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen, July 9.* 1637. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 205. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Knockgray.*

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. There is no question but our mother-church hath a Father, and that she shall not die without an heir, that her enemies shall not make

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mount Zion their heritage. We see, whithersoever Zion's enemies go, suppose they dig many miles under the ground, yet our Lord findeth them out, and he hath vengeance laid up in store for them, and the poor and needy shall not always be forgotten. Our hope was drooping and withering, and man was saying, What can God make out of the old dry bones of this buried kirk? the prelates and their followers were a grave above us; it is like our Lord is to open our graves, and purposeth to cause his two slain witnesses rise the third day. O how long wait I, to hear our weeping Lord Jesus sing again, and triumph, and rejoice, and divide the spoil! I find it hard work to believe, when the course of providence goeth cross-ways to our faith, and when misted souls in a dark night cannot know East by West, and our sea-compass seemeth to fail us. Every man is a believer in day-light; a fair day seemeth to be made all of faith and hope. What a trial of gold is it, to smoke it a little above the fire! but to keep gold perfect yellow coloured amidst the flames, and to be turned from vessel to vessel, and yet to cause our furnace sound, and speak, and cry the praises of the Lord, is another matter. I know my Lord made me not for fire, howbeit he hath fitted me in some measure for fire. I bless his high name, that I wax not paler, neither have I lost the colour of gold, and that his fire hath made me somewhat thin, and that my Lord may pour me in any vessel he pleaseth: for a small wager, I may justly quit my part of this world's laughter, and give up with time, and cast out with the pleasures of this world. I know a man, who wondered to see any in this life laugh and sport; surely our Lord seeketh this of us, as to any rejoicing in present perishing things. I see above all things and that we may sit down, and fold legs and arms, and stretch ourselves upon Christ, and laugh at the feathers that children are chacing here: for I think the men of this world like children in a dangerous storm in the sea, that play and make sport with the white foam of the waves thereof, coming in to sink and drown them; so are men making fool's sports with the white pleasures of a stormy world, that will sink them. But, alas, what have we to do with their sports that they make? If Solomon said of laughter that it was madness, what may we say of this world's laughing and sporting themselves with gold and silver, and honours, and court, and broad large conquests, but that they are, poor souls, in the heighth and rage of a fever gone mad? then, a straw, a fig for all created sports and rejoicing out of Christ; nay, I think, that this world at its prime and perfection, when it is come to the top of its excellency, and to the bloom, might be bought with an halfpenny; and that it would scarce weigh the worth of a drink of water: there is nothing better than to esteem it our crucified idol, that is dead and slain,

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as Paul did, Gal. vi. 14. Then let pleasures be crucified, and riches be crucified, and court and honour be crucified; and since the apostle saith, the world is crucified to him, we may put this world to the hang'd man's doom, and to the gallows; and who will give much for a hang'd man? and as little should we give for a hang'd and crucified world; yet what a sweet smell hath this dead carrion, to many fools in the world? and how many wooers and suiters findeth this hang'd carrion? fools are pulling it off the gallows, and contending for it. O when shall we learn to be mortified men, and to have our fill of those things, that have but their short summer quarter of this life? If we saw our Father's house, and that great and fair city, the New Jerusalem, which is up above sun and moon, we would cry to be over the water, and to be carried in Christ's arms out of this borrowed prison. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberdeen*, 1636. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 206. *To the Laird of* CARLETOUN.

*Worthy Sir*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter, and am heartily glad that our Lord hath begun to work for the apparent delivery of this poor oppressed kirk: O that salvation would come for Zion! I am for the present hanging by hope, waiting what the Lord will do with me, and if it will please my sweet Master to send me amongst you again, and keep out a hireling from my poor people and flock: it were my heaven, till I come home, even to spend this life in gathering in some to Christ. I have still great heaviness for my silence, and my forced standing idle in the market, when this land hath such a plentiful, thick harvest; but I know his judgments, who hath done it, past finding out: I have no knowledge to take up the Lord, in all his strange ways and passages of deep and unsearchable providences; for the Lord is before me, and I am so bemisted, that I cannot follow him: he is behind me, and following at the heels, and I am not aware of him: he is above me, but his glory so dazzleth my twilight of short knowledge, that I cannot look up to him: he is upon my right hand, and I see him not: he is upon my left hand, and within me, and goeth and cometh, and his going and coming are a dream to me: he is round about me, and compasseth all my goings, and still I have him to seek: he is every way higher, and deeper, and broader, than the shallow and ebb hand-breadth of my short and dim light can take up; and therefore I would my heart could be silent, and sit down in the learnedly ignorant wondering at that Lord, whom men and angels cannot compre-

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hend. I know the noon-day-light of the higheſt angels, who ſee him face to face, ſeeth not the borders of his infiniteneſs: they apprehend God near hand, but they cannot comprehend him. And therefore it is my happineſs to look afar off, and to come near to the Lord's back parts, and to light my dark candle at his brightneſs, and to have leave to ſit and content myſelf with a traveller's light, without the clear viſion of an enjoyer. I would ſeek no more, till I were in my country, but a little watering and ſprinkling of a withered ſoul, with ſome half-out-breakings and half-out-lookings of the beams, and ſmall raviſhing ſmiles of the faireſt face of a revealed and believed on God-head: a little of God would make my ſoul bank-full. O that I had but Chriſt's odd off fallings, that he would let but the meaneſt of his love-rays and love-beams fall from him, ſo as I might gather and carry them with me! I would not be ill to pleaſe with Chriſt, and vailed viſions of Chriſt; neither would I be dainty in ſeeing and enjoying of him: a kiſs of Chriſt blown over his ſhoulder, the parings and crumbs of glory that fall under his table in heaven, a ſhower like a thin May-miſt of his love would make me green, and ſappy, and joyful, till the ſummer-ſun of an eternal glory break up. O that I had any thing of Chriſt! O that I had a ſip, or half a drop, out of the hollow of Chriſt's hand, of the ſweetneſs and excellency of that lovely One! O that my Lord Jeſus would rue upon me, and give me but the meaneſt alms of felt and believed ſalvation! O how little were it for that infinite Fountain of love and joy, to fill as many thouſand thouſand little veſſels the like of me, as there are minutes of hours ſince the creation of God! I find it true, that a poor ſoul finding half a ſmell of the God-head of Chriſt, hath deſires paining and wounding the poor heart ſo, with longings to be up at him, that make it ſometimes think, were it not better never to have felt any thing of Chriſt, than thus to ly dying twenty deaths, under theſe felt wounds, for the want of him! 'O where is he? O faireſt, where dwelleſt thou? O never-enough admired God-head, how can clay win up to thee? how can creatures of yeſterday be able to enjoy thee!' O what pain is it, that time and ſin ſhould be as ſo many thouſand miles betwixt a loved and longed-for Lord, and a dwining and love-ſick ſoul, who would rather than all the world have lodging with Chriſt! O let this bit love of ours, this inch and half-ſpan length of heavenly longing, meet with thy infinite love! O if the little I have were ſwallowed up with the infiniteneſs of that excellency which is in Chriſt! O that we little ones were in at the greateſt Lord Jeſus! Our wants ſhould ſoon be ſwallowed up with his fulneſs. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. May* 10. 1637.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

To

## 207. *To* ROBERT GORDON *of Knockbrex.*

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I received your letter from Edinburgh. I would not wiſh to ſee another heaven, while I get mine own heaven, but a new moon like the light of the ſun, and a new ſun like the light of ſeven days ſhining upon my poor ſelf, and the church of Jews and Gentiles, and upon my withered and ſun-burnt mother, the church of Scotland, and upon her ſiſter-churches of England and Ireland; and to have this done, to the ſetting on high our great King: it maketh not, howbeit I were ſeparate from Chriſt, and had a ſenſe of ten thouſand years pain in hell, if this were. O bleſſed nobility! O glorious renowned gentry! O bleſſed were the tribes in this land, to wipe my Lord Jeſus' weeping face, and to take the ſackcloth off Chriſt's loins, and to put his kingly robes upon him! O if the Almighty would take no leſs wager of me, than my heaven, to have it done! but my fears are ſtill for wrath once upon Scotland: but I know her day ſhall clear up, and glory ſhall be upon the tops of the mountains, and joy at the noiſe of the married wife, once again. O that our Lord would make us to contend, and plead, and wreſtle by tears and prayers, for our Huſband's reſtoring of his forfeited heritage in Scotland! Dear brother, I am for the preſent in no ſmall battle, betwixt felt guiltineſs, and pining longings and high fevers for my Well-beloved's love. Alas! I think Chriſt's love playeth the niggard to me, and I know it is not for ſcarcity of love, there is enough in him: but my hunger propheſieth of in-holding and ſparingneſs in Chriſt; for I have but little of him, and little of his ſweetneſs; it is a dear ſummer with me: yet there is ſuch joy, in the eagerneſs and working of hunger for Chriſt, that I am often at this, that if I had no other heaven, but a continual hunger for Chriſt, ſuch a heaven of ever-working hunger, were ſtill a heaven to me. I am ſure Chriſt's love cannot be cruel; it muſt be a ruing, a pitiful, a melting hearted love: but ſuſpenſion of that love, I think it half a hell, and the want of it more than a whole hell. When I look to my guiltineſs, I ſee my ſalvation one of our Saviours greateſt miracles, either in heaven or earth; I am ſure, I may defy any man to ſhew me a greater wonder: but ſeeing I have no wares, no hire, no money for Chriſt, he muſt either take me with want, miſery, corruption, or then want me. O if he would be pleaſed to be compaſſionate and pitiful hearted to my pining fevers of longing for him; or then give me a real pawn to keep, out of his own hand, till God ſend a meeting betwixt him and me! but I find neither as yet: howbeit he who is abſent be not cruel nor unkind, yet his abſence is cruel and

and unkind: his love is like itſelf; his love is his love: but the covering and the cloud, the vail and the maſk of his love, is more wiſe than kind, if I durſt ſpeak my apprehenſions. I lead no proceſs now againſt the ſuſpenſion and delay of God's love: I would with all my heart friſt till a day ten heavens, and the ſweet manifeſtations of his love. Certainly I think, I could give Chriſt much on his word: but my whole pleading is about intimated and born-in aſſurance of his love. O! if he would perſuade me of my heart's deſire of his love at all, he ſhould have the term day of payment at his own carving. But I know, raving unbelief ſpeaketh its pleaſure, while it looketh upon guiltineſs and this body of corruption. O how lothſome and burdenſome is it to carry about a dead corpſe, this old carrion of corruption! O how ſteadable a thing is a Saviour, to make a ſinner rid of his chains and fetters! I have now made a new queſtion, whether Chriſt be more to be loved for giving ſanctification, or for free juſtification? And I hold he is more and moſt to be loved for ſanctification: it is in ſome reſpect greater love in him, to ſanctify than to juſtify; for he maketh us moſt like himſelf, in his own eſſential portraiture and image, in ſanctifying us: juſtification doth but make us happy, which is to be like the angels only: neither is it ſuch a miſery, to ly a condemned man, and under unforgiven guiltineſs, as to ſerve ſin, and work the works of the devil, and therefore, I think, ſanctification cannot be bought, it is above price. God be thanked for ever, that Chriſt was a told-down price for ſanctification. Let a ſinner (if poſſible) ly in hell for ever, if he make him truly holy, and let him ly there burning in love to God, rejoicing in the Holy Ghoſt, hanging upon Chriſt by faith and hope; that is in heaven in the heart and bottom of hell. Alas! I find a very thin harveſt here, and few to be ſaved. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd.* 1637. *Yours in his lovely and longed for Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 208. *To my Lord* CRAIGHALL.

*My Lord*,

I Perſuade myſelf, notwithſtanding the greatneſs of this temptation, ye will not let Chriſt want a witneſs of you, to avow him before this evil generation. And if ye adviſe with God's truth, (the perfect teſtament of Chriſt, that forbiddeth all men's additions to his worſhip) and with the truly learned, and with all the ſanctified in this land, and with that warner within you, (that will not fail to ſpeak againſt you, in God's name, if ye be not now faſt and fixed for Chriſt) I hope then, your Lordſhip will acquit yourſelf as a man of courage for Chriſt,

and refuſe to bow your knee ſuperſtitiouſly and idolatrouſly to wood or ſtone, or any creature whatſoever. I perſuade myſelf, when ye ſhall take good night at this world, ye ſhall think it God's truth I now write. Some fear your Lordſhip have obliged yourſelf to his majeſty by promiſe to ſatisfy his deſire. If it be ſo, my dear and worthy Lord, hear me for your ſoul's good. Think upon ſwimming aſhore after this ſhipwreck, and be pleaſed to write your humble apology to his majeſty; it may be God give you favour in his eyes. However it be, far be it from you to think, a promiſe made out of weakneſs, and extorted by the terror of a king, ſhould bind you to wrong your Lord Jeſus. But for myſelf, I give no faith to that report, but I believe ye ſhall prove faſt to Chriſt; to his grace I recommend you.

*Aberd. July* 8. 1637. *Your Lordſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

209. *To my Lord* CRAIGHALL.

*My Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am not only content, but I exeeedingly rejoice, that I find any of the rulers of this land, and eſpecially your Lordſhip, ſo to affect Chriſt and his truth, as ye dare, for his name, come to yea and nay with monarchs in their face. I hope, he who hath enabled you for that, will give more, if ye ſhew yourſelf couragious, and (as his word ſpeaketh) a man in the ſtreets for the Lord: but I pray your Lordſhip, give me leave to be plain with you, as one who hath loved both your honour and your ſoul. I verily believe, there was never idolatry at Rome, never idolatry condemned in God's word by the prophets, if religious kneeling before a conſecrate creature, ſtanding in room of Chriſt crucified, in that very act, and that for reverence of the elements, (as our act cleareth) be not idolatry. Neither will your intention help, which is not of the eſſence of worſhip; for then Aaron, ſaying, To morrow ſhall be a feaſt for Jehovah, that is, for the golden calf, ſhould not have been guilty of idolatry; for he intended only to decline the laſh of the peoples fury, not to honour the calf. Your intention to honour Chriſt is nothing, ſeeing religious kneeling by God's inſtitution doth neceſſarily import religious and divine adoration, ſuppoſe our intention were both dead and ſleeping; otherwiſe kneeling before the image of God, directing prayer to God, were lawful, if our intention go right. My Lord, I cannot in this bounds diſpute; but if Cambridge and Oxford, and the learning of Britain, will anſwer this argument, and the argument from active ſcandal, which your Lordſhip ſeemeth to ſtand upon, I will turn a formaliſt, and call myſelf an arrant fool, by doing what I have done,

done, in my ſuffering for this truth. I do much reverence Mr. L's learning; but, my Lord, I will anſwer what he writes in that, to pervert you from the truth; elſe repute me, beſide, an hypocrite, an aſs alſo: I hope ye ſhall ſee ſomething upon that ſubject, if the Lord permit, that no ſophiſtry in Britain ſhall anſwer. Courtiers arguments for the moſt part, are drawn from their own ſkin, and are not worth a ſtraw for your conſcience: a marquis or a king's word, when ye ſtand before Chriſt's tribunal ſhall be lighter than the wind. The Lord knoweth, I love your true honour, and the ſtanding of your houſe; but I would not, your honour or houſe were eſtabliſhed upon ſand, and hay, and ſtubble. But let me, my very dear and worthy Lord, moſt humbly beſeech you, by the mercies of God, by the conſolations of his Spirit, by the dear blood and wounds of your lovely Redeemer, by the ſalvation of your ſoul, by your compearance before the awful face of a ſin-revenging and dreadful Judge, not to ſet in compariſon together your ſoul's peace, Chriſt's love, and his kingly honour, now called in queſtion, with your place, honour, houſe or eaſe, that an inch of time will make out of the way. I verily believe, Chriſt is now begging a teſtimony of you; and is ſaying, And will ye alſo leave me? It is poſſible, the wind ſhall not blow ſo fair for you all your life, for coming out and appearing before others, to back and countenance Chriſt, the faireſt among the ſons of men, the prince of the kings of the earth, Iſa. li. 7. *Fear not the reproaches of men, neither be afraid of their revilings.* verſe 8. *For the moth ſhall eat them up like a garment, and the worm ſhall eat them like wool.* When the Lord ſhall begin, he ſhall make an end, and mow down his adverſaries: and they ſhall ly before him like withered hay, and their bloom ſhaken off them. Conſider how many thouſands in this kingdom ye ſhall cauſe to fall and ſtumble, if ye go with them; and that ye ſhall be out of the prayers of many who do ſtand before the Lord for you and your houſe: and further, when the time of your accounts cometh, and your one foot ſhall be within the border of eternity, and the eye-ſtrings ſhall break, and the face wax pale, and the poor ſoul ſhall look out at the windows of the houſe of clay, longing to be out, and ye ſhall find yourſelf arraigned before the Judge of quick and dead, to anſwer for your putting to your hand with the reſt, confederate againſt Chriſt, to the overturning of his ark, and the looſing of the pins of Chriſt's tabernacle in this land, and ſhall certainly ſee yourſelf mired in a courſe of apoſtacy; then, then a kings favour and your worm-eaten honour ſhall be miſerable comforters to you. The Lord hath enlightened you with the knowledge of his will: and, as the Lord liveth, they lead you and others to a communion with Great Babel, the mother of fornications; and God ſaid of old, and continueth to

say the same to you, Come out of her my people, lest ye be partakers of her plagues. Will ye then go with them, and set up your lip to the whore's golden cup, and drink of the wine of the wrath of God Almighty with them? O poor hungry honour! O cursed pleasure! and O damnable ease, bought with the loss of God! how many shall pray for you! what a sweet presence shall ye find of Christ under your sufferings, if ye shall lay down your honours and place at the feet of Christ! what fair recompence of reward! I avouch before the Lord, that I am now shewing you a way, how the house of Craighall may stand on sure pillars; if ye will set it on rotten pillars, ye cruelly wrong your posterity; ye have the word of a king for an hundred-fold more in this life (if it be good for you) and for life everlasting also. Make not Christ a liar, in distrusting his promise. Kings of clay cannot back you when you stand before him; a straw for them and their hungry heaven, that standeth on this side of time; a fig for their days-smile of a worm. Consider who have gone before you to eternity, and would have given a world for a new occasion of avouching that truth; it is true, they call it not substantial, and we are made a scorn to those that are at ease, for suffering these things for it; but it is not time to judge of our losses by the morning; stay till the evening, and we shall count with the best of them. I have found by experience, since the time of my imprisonment (my witness is above) Christ sealing this honourable cause with another, and a nearer fellowship than ever I knew before; and let God weigh me in an even balance in this, if I would exchange the cross of Christ, or his truth, with the fourteen prelacies, or what else a king can give. My dear Lord, venture to take the wind on your face for Christ. I believe, if he should come from heaven in his own person, and seek the charters of Craighall from you, and a dismission of your place, and ye saw his face, ye would fall down at his feet, and say, Lord Jesus, it is too little for thee. If any man think it not a truth to die for, I am against him; I dare go to eternity with it, that this day the honour of our royal Law-giver and King, in the government of his own free kingdom (who should pay tribute to no dying king) is the true state of the question. My Lord, be ye upon Christ's side of it, and take the word of a poor prisoner, nay, the Lord Jesus be Surety for it, ye have incomparably made the wisest choice: for my own part, I have been in this prison, that I would be half ashamed to seek more till I be up at the Well-head. Few know in this world the sweetness of Christ's breath, the excellency of his love, which hath neither brim nor bottom: the world hath raised a slander upon the cross of Christ, because they love to go to heaven by dry-land, and love not sea-storms; but I write it under my hand, (and would say more, if possibly a reader would not

not deem it hypocriſy) my obligation to Chriſt for the ſmell of his garments, for his love kiſſes, theſe thirty weeks, ſtandeth ſo great, that I ſhould, and deſire alſo to chooſe to ſuſpend my ſalvation, to have many tongues looſed in my behalf to praiſe him; and ſuppoſe in perſon I never entered within the gates of the New Jeruſalem, yet ſo being Chriſt may be ſet on high, and I had the liberty to caſt in love and praiſes for ever over the wall to Chriſt, I would be ſilent and content. But O he is more than my narrow praiſes! O time, time, flee ſwiftly, that our communion with Jeſus may be perfected! I wiſh your Lordſhip would urge Mr. L. to give his mind in the ceremonies, and be pleaſed to let me ſee it as quickly as can be, and it ſhall be anſwered. To his rich grace I recommend your Lordſhip, and ſhall remain,

*Aberd. July* 8. 1637. *Yours at all reſpective obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 210. *To the Lady* CULROSS.

*Madam*,

YOUR letter came in due time to me, now a priſoner of Chriſt, and in bonds for the goſpel. I am ſentenced with deprivation, and confinement within the town of Aberdeen: but, oh, my guiltineſs, the follies of my youth, the neglects in my calling, and eſpecially in not ſpeaking more for the kingdom, crown and ſceptre of my royal and princely King Jeſus, do ſo ſtare me in the face, that I apprehend anger in that which is a crown of rejoicing to the dear ſaints of God! This, before my compearance (which was three ſeveral days) did trouble me, and burdeneth me more now; howbeit Chriſt, and, in him, God reconciled, met me with open arms, and tryſted me, preciſely at the entry of the door of the Chancellor's hall, and aſſiſted me to anſwer ſo, as the advantage that is, is not theirs, but Chriſt's. Alas! that is no cauſe of wondering, that I am thus borne down with challenges; for the world hath miſtaken me, and no man knoweth what guiltineſs is in me, ſo well as theſe two (who keep my eyes now walking, and my heart heavy) I mean, my heart and conſcience, and my Lord, who is greater than my heart. Shew your brother, that I deſire him, while he is on the watch-tower, to plead with his mother, and to plead with this land, and ſpare not to cry, for my ſweet Lord Jeſus his fair crown, that the interdicted and forbidden lords are plucking off his royal head. If I were free of challenges and a high commiſſion within my ſoul, I would not give a ſtraw to go to my Father's houſe, through ten deaths, for the truth and cauſe of my lovely, lovely One Jeſus! but I

walk

walk in heavineſs now. If ye love me, and Chriſt in me, my dear Lady, pray, pray for this only, that by-gones betwixt my Lord and me may be bygones; and that he would paſs from the ſummons of high commiſſion, and ſeek nothing from me, but what he will do for me. If your Ladyſhip knew me, as I do myſelf, ye would ſay, Poor ſoul, no marvel. It is not my apprehenſion that createth this croſs to me; it is too real, and hath ſad and certain grounds. But I will not believe that God will take this advantage of me, when my back is at the wall: he who forbiddeth to add affliction to affliction, will he do it himſelf? why ſhould he purſue a dry leaf and ſtubble? Deſire him to ſpare me now. Alſo the memory of the fair feaſt-days that Chriſt and I had in his banqueting-houſe of wine, and the ſcattered flock, once committed to me, and now taken off my hand by himſelf, becauſe I was not ſo faithful in the end, as I was the firſt two years of my entry, when ſleep departed from my eyes, becauſe my ſoul was taken up with a care for Chriſt's lambs, even theſe add ſorrow to my ſorrow. Now my Lord hath only given me this to ſay, and I write it under mine own hand, (be ye the Lord's ſervant's witneſs) welcome, welcome, ſweet, ſweet croſs of Chriſt; welcome, fair, fair, lovely, royal King, with thine own croſs: let us all three go to heaven together. Neither care I much to go from the South of Scotland to the North; and to be Chriſt's priſoner amongſt uncouth faces; a place of this kingdom, which I have little reaſon to be in love with. I know, Chriſt ſhall make Aberdeen my garden of delights. I am fully perſuaded that Scotland ſhall eat Ezekiel's book, that is written within and without, Lamentation, and mourning, and woe, Ezek. ii. 10. but the ſaints ſhall get a drink of the well, that goeth through the ſtreets of the new Jeruſalem, to put it down. Thus hoping ye will think upon the poor priſoner of Chriſt, I pray, Grace, grace be with you.

*Edin. July* 30. 1636. *Your Ladyſhip's in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 211. *To* ALEXANDER GORDON *of Earlſtoun.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

I Find ſmall hopes of Q's buſineſs. I intend after the council day to go on to Aberdeen; the Lord is with me, I care not what man can do. I burden no man, and I want nothing; no king is better provided than I am: ſweet, ſweet and eaſy is the croſs of my Lord; all men I look in the face (of whatſoever rank, nobles and poor, acquaintance and ſtrangers) are friendly to me. My Well-beloved is ſome kinder and more warmly than ordinary, and cometh and viſiteth my ſoul: my chains are over gilded

lded with gold. Only the remembrance of my fair days with hrist in Anwoth, and of my dear flock (whose case is my heart's rrow) is vinegar to my sugared wine; yet both sweet and sour ed my soul. No pen, no words, no engine can express to you e lovelineſs of my only, only Lord Jesus. Thus in haste, aking for my palace at Aberdeen, I bleſs you, your wife, your deſt ſon and other children. Grace, grace be with you.

*Edin. Sept* 5. 1636. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

212. *To* ROBERT GORDON *of Knockbrex.*

*My deareſt brother,*

I See Chriſt thinketh ſhame (if I may ſpeak ſo) to be in ſuch a poor man's common as mine. I burden no man; I want othing; no face hath gloomed upon me ſince I left you: God's un and fair weather conveyeth me to my time-paradiſe in Aberen: Chriſt hath ſo handſomely fitted for my ſhoulders this ough tree of the croſs, as that it hurteth me no ways. My reaſure is up in Chriſt's coffers; my comforts are greater than e can believe; my pen ſhall ly, for penury of words to write f them. God knoweth I am filled with the joy of the Holy Ghoſt. Only the memory of you, my deareſt in the Lord, my lock and others, keepeth me under, and from being exalted above meaſure: Chriſt's ſweet ſauce hath this ſour mixed with it; ut O ſuch a ſweet and pleaſant taſte! I find ſmall hopes of 's matter. Thus in haſte. Remember me to your wife, and o William Gordon. Grace be with you.

*Edin. Sept.* 5. 1636. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jeſus*, S. R

213. *To my Lord* LOWDON.

*Right honourable and my very worthy Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: hearing of your Lordſhip's zeal and courage for Chriſt our Lord, in owning his honourable cauſe, I am bold (and I plead pardon for it) to ſpeak n paper by a line or two to your Lordſhip, (ſince I have not acceſs any other way) beſeeching your Lordſhip, by the mercies of God, and by the everlaſting peace of your ſoul, and by the tears nd prayers of our mother church, to go on as ye have worthily begun, in purging the Lord's houſe in this land, and plucking down the ſticks of Antichriſt's filthy neſt, this wretched prelacy, and that black kingdom, whoſe wicked aims have ever been, nd ſtill are to make this fat world the only compaſs they would have Chriſt and religion to ſail by; and to mount up the man of in, their god-father the pope of Rome, upon the higheſt ſtair

of

of Chriſt's throne, and to make a velvet-church, (in regard of parliament grandeur and worldly pomp, whereof always their ſtinking breath ſmelleth) and put Chriſt and truth in ſackcloth and priſon; and to eat the bread of adverſity, and drink the water of affliction: half an eye of any, not miſted with the darkneſs of Antichriſtian ſmoke, may ſee it thus in this land; and now our Lord hath begun to awaken the nobles and others, to plead for borne-down Chriſt, and his weeping goſpel. My dear and noble Lord, the eye of Chriſt is upon you; the eyes of many noble, many holy, many learned and worthy ones, in our neighbour churches, are about upon you. This poor church, your mother and Chriſt's ſpouſe, is holding up her hands and heart to God for you, and doth beſeech you with tears, to plead for her Huſband, his kingly ſceptre, and for the liberties that her Lord and King hath given to her, as to a free kingdom, that oweth ſpiritual tribute to none on earth, as being the free-born princeſs and daughter to the King of kings. This is a cauſe that before God, his angels, the world, before ſun and moon, needeth not to bluſh. O what glory and true honour is it, to lend Chriſt your hand and ſervice, and to be amongſt the repairers of the breaches of Zion's walls, and to help to build the old waſte places, and ſtretch forth the curtains, and ſtrengthen the ſtakes of Chriſt's tent in this land! O bleſſed are they, who, when Chriſt is driven away, will bring him back again, and lend him lodging! and bleſſed are ye of the Lord! your name and honour ſhall never rot nor wither in heaven (at leaſt) if ye deliver the Lord's ſheep, that have been ſcattered in the dark and cloudy day, out of the hands of ſtrange lords and hirelings, who with rigour and cruelty have cauſed them to eat the paſtures trodden upon with their foul feet, and to drink muddy water, and who have ſpun out ſuch a world of yards of indifferencies in God's worſhip, to make and weave a web for the Antichriſt, (that ſhall not keep any from the cold) as they mind nothing elſe, but that by the bringing in of the pope's foul tail firſt upon us, (their wretched and beggarly ceremonies) that they may thruſt in after them Antichriſt's legs and thighs, and his belly, head and ſhoulders; and then cry down Chriſt and the goſpel, and up the merchandiſe and wares of the great whore. Fear not, my worthy Lord, to give yourſelf, and all ye have, out for Chriſt and his goſpel: no man dare ſay, whoever did thus hazard for Chriſt, that Chriſt paid him not hundred-fold in this life, duly, and in the life to come, life everlaſting. This is his own truth ye now plead for; for God and man cannot but commend you, to beg juſtice from a juſt prince for oppreſſed Chriſt; and to plead that Chriſt, who is the king's Lord, may be heard in a free court to ſpeak for himſelf, when the ſtanding and eſtabliſhed laws of our nation

on can ſtrongly plead for Chriſt's crown in the pulpits, and his hair, as Law-giver in the free government of his own houſe: ut Chriſt ſhall never be content and pleaſed with this land, neither ſhall his hot fiery indignation be turned away, ſo long as he prelate (the man that lay in Antichriſt's foul womb, and the Antichriſt's Lord bailiff) ſhall ſit Lord carver, in the Lord Jeus his courts: the prelate is both the egg and the neſt to cleck nd bring forth popery: plead therefore in Chriſt's behalf, for he plucking down of the neſt, and cruſhing of the egg; and et Chriſt's kingly office ſuffer no more unworthy indignities. Be valiant for your royal King Jeſus; contend for him: your dverſaries ſhall be moth-eaten worms, and ſhall die as men. Chriſt and his honour now lieth upon your ſhoulders, let him ot fall to the ground; caſt your eye upon him, who is quickly oming to decide all the controverſies in Zion; and remember, he ſand in your night-glaſs will run out; time with wings will lee away; eternity is hard upon you; and what will Chriſt's ove-ſmiles, and the light of his lovely and ſoul-delighting counenance be to you, in that day, when God ſhall take up in his ight-hand this little lodge of heaven, (like as a ſhepherd lifteth p his little tent) and fold together the two leaves of this tent, nd put the earth and all the pleniſhing of it into a fire, and turn his clay-idol, the god of Adam's ſons, into ſmoke and white ſhes! O what hire, and how many worlds would many then ive, to have a favourable decreet of the Judge? or what moneys would they not give, to buy a mountain, to be a grave above oth ſoul and body, to hide them from the aweſome looks of an ngry Lord and Judge? I hope, your Lordſhip thinketh upon his, and that ye mind loyalty to Chriſt, and to the king both. Now the very God of peace, the only wiſe God, eſtabliſh and ſtrengthen you upon the Rock laid in Zion.

*Aberd. Jan.* 4. 1636. *Your Lordſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

214. *To a Chriſtian Gentlewoman.*

*Miſtreſs,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Though not acquainted, yet at the deſire of a Chriſtian brother, I thought good to write a line unto you, intreating you in the Lord Jeſus, under your trials, to keep an ear open to Chriſt, who can ſpeak for himſelf, howbeit your viſitations, and your own ſenſe, ſhould dream hard things of his love and favour. Our Lord never getteth ſo kind a look of us, nor our love in ſuch a degree, nor our faith in ſuch a meaſure of ſtedfaſtneſs, as he getteth out of the furnace of our tempting fears and ſharp trials. I verily believe (and too ſad proofs in me ſay no leſs) that

if our Lord would grind our whoriſh luſt in powder, the very old aſhes of our corruption ſhould take life again, and live, and hold us under ſo much bondage, that may humble us, and make us ſad, till we be in that country where we ſhall need no phyſic at all. O what violent means doth our Lord uſe to gain us to him, as if indeed we were a prize worthy his fighting for! And be ſure, if leading would do the turn, he would not uſe pulling off the hair and drawing: but the beſt of us will abide a ſtrong pull of our Lord's right arm, ere we follow him. Yet I ſay not this, as if our Lord always meaſured afflictions by ſo many ounce weights, anſwerable to the grain weights of our guiltineſs: I know he doth in many (and poſſibly in you) ſeek nothing ſo much as faith, that can endure ſummer and winter in their extremity. O how precious to the Lord is faith and love, that when threſhed, beaten, and chaſed away, and boaſted (as it were) by God himſelf, doth yet look warm-like, love-like, kind-like, and life-like home over to Chriſt, and would be in at him, ill and well as it may be! Think not much, that your huſband, or the neareſt to you in the world, proveth to have the bowels and mercy of the oſtrich, hard and rigorous and cruel: for Pſalm xxvii. 10. the Lord taketh up ſuch fallen ones as theſe. I could not wiſh a more ſweet life, nor more ſatisfying expreſſions of kindneſs, till I be up at that Prince of kindneſs, than the Lord's ſaints find, when the Lord taketh up men's refuſe, and lodgeth this world's outlaws, whom no man ſeeketh after. His breath is never ſo hot, his love caſteth never ſuch a flame, as when this world, and thoſe who ſhould be the helpers of our joy, caſt water on our coal. It is a ſweet thing to ſee them caſt out, and God take in; and to ſee them throw us away, as the refuſe of men, and God take us up as his jewels and his treaſure. Often he maketh gold of droſs, as once he made the caſt-away ſtone, the *Stone rejected by the builders, the Head of the corner*. The princes of this world would not have our Lord Jeſus a pinning in the wall, or to have any place in the building: but the Lord made him the Maſter-ſtone of power and place. God be thanked, that this world hath not power to cry us down ſo many pounds, as rulers cry down light gold, or light ſilver; we ſhall ſtand for as much as our Maſter-coiner Chriſt, whoſe coin, arms, and ſtamp we bear, will have us: Chriſt hath no miſcarrying balance. Thank your Lord, who chaſeth your love through two kingdoms, and followeth you and it over ſea, to have you for himſelf, as he ſpeaketh, Hoſ. iii. For God layeth up his ſaints as the wail and choice of all the world, for himſelf: and this is like Chriſt and his love. O what, in heaven or out of heaven, is comparable to the ſmell of Chriſt's garments! Nay, ſuppoſe our Lord would manifeſt his art, and make ten thouſand

heavens

heavens of good and glorious things, and of new joys, deviſed out of the deep of infinite Wiſdom, he could not make the like of Chriſt; for Chriſt is God, and God cannot be made: and therefore let us hold us with Chriſt, howbeit we might have our wail and will of an hoſt of lovers, as many as three heavens could contain: O that he and we were together! O! when Chriſt and ye ſhall meet about the utmoſt march and borders of time, and the entry into eternity, ye ſhall ſee heaven in his face at the firſt look, and ſalvation and glory ſitting in his countenance, and betwixt his eyes. Faint not: the miles to heaven are but few and ſhort; he is making a green bed (as the word ſpeaketh, Cant i.) of love, for you: there are many heads lying in Chriſt's boſom, but there is room for yours among the reſt: and therefore go on, and let hope go before you. Sin not in your trials, and the victory is yours. Pray, wreſtle and believe, and ye ſhall overcome and prevail with God, as Jacob did: no windleſtraws, no bits of clay, no temptations, which are of no longer life than an hour, will then be able to withſtand you, when once ye have prevailed with God. Help me with your prayers, that it would pleaſe the Lord to give me houſe-room again, to ſpeak of his righteouſneſs in the great congregation, if it may ſeem good in his ſight. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. July 6.*
1637.

*Yours in his ſweet*
*Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

# THE SECOND PART.

## CONTAINING

Some LETTERS of the ſame Author, from ANWOTH, before his Confinement at ABERDEEN; and others from St. ANDREWS, LONDON, &c. after his Enlargement.

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### 1. *To the Viſcounteſs of* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

ALL dutiful obedience in the Lord remembered: I have heard of your Ladyſhip's infirmity and ſickneſs, with grief; yet I truſt ye have learned to ſay, *It is the Lord, let him do whatſoever ſeemeth good in his eyes.* It is now many years ſince the apoſtate angels made a queſtion, whether their will or the will of their Creator ſhould be done; and ſince that time, froward mankind hath always in that ſame ſuit of law compeared to plead with them againſt God, in daily repining againſt his will: but the Lord, being both party and judge, hath obtained a decreet, and ſaith, Iſa. xlvi. 10. *My counſel ſhall ſtand, and I will do all my pleaſure.* It is then beſt for us, in the obedience of faith, and in an holy ſubmiſſion, to give that to God, which the law of his Almighty and juſt power will have of us. Therefore, Madam, your Lord willeth you in all ſtates of life, to ſay *Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven:* and herein ſhall ye have comfort, that he who ſeeth perfectly through all your evils, and knoweth the frame and conſtitution of your nature and what is moſt healthful for your ſoul, holdeth every cup of affliction to your head, with his own gracious hand. Never believe, that your tender-hearted Saviour, who knoweth the ſtrength of your ſtomach will mix that cup with one dram weight of poiſon. Drink then the patience of the ſaints; and the God of patience bleſs your phyſic. I have heard your Ladyſhip complain of deadneſs, and want of the beſtirring power of the life of God; but courage; he who walked in the garden and made a noiſe, that made Adam hear his voice, will alſo ſome

ſometimes walk in your ſoul, and make you hear a more ſweet word: yet ye will not always hear the noiſe and din of his feet, when he walketh. Ye are at ſuch a time like Jacob mourning at the ſuppoſed death of Joſeph, when Joſeph was living. The new creature, the image of the ſecond Adam, is living in you; and yet ye are mourning at the ſuppoſed death of the life of Chriſt in you. Ephraim is bemoaning and mourning, Jer. xxxi. 18. when he thinketh God is far off and heareth not; and yet God is like the Bridegroom, Cant. ii. ſtanding only behind a thin wall, and laying to his ear; for he ſaith himſelf, ver. 18. *I have ſurely heard Ephraim bemoaning himſelf.* I have good confidence, Madam, that Chriſt Jeſus, whom your ſoul through foreſts and mountains is ſeeking, is within you: and yet I ſpeak not this, to lay a pillow under your head, or to diſſuade you from an holy fear of the loſs of your Chriſt, or of provoking and ſtirring up of the Beloved before he pleaſe, by ſin. I know in ſpiritual confidence, the devil will come in, as in all other good works, and cry, half mine; and ſo endeavour to bring you under a fearful ſleep, till he whom your ſoul loveth be departed from the door, and have left off knocking; and therefore, here the Spirit of God muſt hold your ſoul's feet in the golden mid-line, betwixt the confident reſting in the arms of Chriſt, and preſumptuous and drouſy ſleeping in the bed of fleſhly ſecurity. Therefore, worthy Lady, ſo count little of yourſelf, becauſe of your own wretchedneſs and ſinful drouſineſs, that ye count not alſo little of God in the courſe of his unchangeable mercy: for there be many Chriſtians, moſt like unto young ſailors, who think the ſhore and the whole land doth move, when the ſhip and they themſelves are moved; juſt ſo, not a few do imagine that God moveth, and faileth, and changeth places, becauſe their giddy ſouls are under ſail, and ſubject to alteration, to ebbing and flowing; but the foundation of the Lord abideth ſure. God knoweth, that ye are his own: wreſtle, fight, go forward, watch, fear, believe, pray; and then ye have all the infallible ſymptoms of one of the elect of Chriſt within you. Ye have now, Madam, a ſickneſs before you; and alſo after that, a death: gather then now food for the journey. God give you eyes to ſee through ſickneſs and death, and to ſee ſomething beyond death. I doubt not, but if hell were betwixt you and Chriſt, as a river which ye behoved to croſs, ere ye could come at him, but ye would willingly put in your foot, and make through, to be at him, upon hope that he would come in himſelf in the deepeſt of the river, and lend you his hand. Now I believe, your hell is dried up, and ye have only theſe two ſhallow brooks, ſickneſs and death, to paſs through; and ye have alſo a promiſe, that Chriſt ſhall do more than meet you, even that he ſhall come himſelf and

go with you foot for foot, yea, and bear you in his arms. O then! O then, for the joy that is ſet before you, for the love of the man (who is alſo God over all, bleſſed for ever) that is ſtanding upon the ſhore to welcome you, run your race with patience. The Lord go with you. Your Lord will not have you, nor any of his ſervants, to exchange for the worſe. Death in itſelf includeth both the death of the ſoul, and the death of the body; but to God's children the bounds and the limits of death are abridged, and drawn into a more narrow compaſs: ſo that when ye die, a piece of death ſhall only ſeize upon you, or the leaſt part of you ſhall die, and that is the diſſolution of the body; for in Chriſt ye are delivered from the ſecond death: and therefore, as one born of God, commit not ſin, (although ye cannot live and not ſin) and that ſerpent ſhall but eat your earthly part. As for your ſoul, it is above the law of death: but it is fearful and dangerous, to be a debtor and ſervant to ſin; for the count of ſin ye will not be able to make good before God, except Chriſt both count and pay for you. I truſt alſo, Madam, that ye will be careful to preſent to the Lord the preſent eſtate of this decaying kirk; for, what ſhall be concluded in parliament anent her, the Lord knoweth: ſure I am, the decree of a moſt fearful parliament in heaven is at the very point of coming forth, becauſe of the ſins of the land: for *we have caſt away the law of the* Lord, *and deſpiſed the words of the holy One of Iſrael*, Iſa. v. 24. *Judgment is turned away backward, and juſtice ſtandeth afar off; truth is fallen in the ſtreets, and equity cannot enter*, Iſa. lix. 14. Lo, the prophet, as if he had ſeen us and our kirk, reſembleth juſtice to be handled as an enemy, holden out at the ports of our city, ſo is ſhe baniſhed; and truth to a perſon ſickly and diſeaſed, fallen down in a deadly ſwooning fit, in the ſtreets, before he can come to an houſe. *The prieſts have cauſed many to ſtumble at the law, and have corrupted the covenant of Levi*, Mal. ii. 8. *But what will they do in the end?* Jer. v. 31. Therefore give the Lord no reſt for Zion. Stir up your huſband, your brother, and all with whom ye are in favour and credit, to ſtand upon the Lord's ſide againſt Baal. I have good hope, your huſband loveth the peace and proſperity of Zion: the peace of God be upon him, for his intended courſes, anent the eſtabliſhment of a powerful miniſtry in this land. Thus not willing to weary your Ladyſhip farther, I commend you now and always, to the grace and mercy of that God, who is able to keep you, that ye fall not. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth, July* 27. 1628. *Your Ladyſhip's ſervant at all dutiful obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 2. *To the Parishioners of* KILMACOLME.

*Worthy and well-beloved in Christ Jesus our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Your letters could not come to my hand in a greater throng of business, that I am now pressed with at this time, when our kirk requireth the public help of us all; yet I cannot but answer the heads of both your letters, with provision that ye chuse, after this, a fitter time for writing. 1. I would not have you pitch upon me, as the man able by letters to answer doubts of this kind, while there are in your bounds men of such great parts, most able for this work. I know the best are unable; yet it pleaseth that Spirit of Jesus, to blow his sweet wind through a piece of dry stick, that the empty reed may keep no glory to itself; but a minister can make no such wind as this to blow, he is scarce able to lend it a passage to blow through him. 2. Know that the wind of this spirit hath a time, when it bloweth sharp, and pierceth so strongly, that it would blow through an iron door; and this is commonly rather under suffering for Christ, than at any other time. Sick children get of Christ's pleasant things, to play them withal, because Jesus is most tender of the sufferer, for he was a sufferer himself. O if I had but the leavings and the drawing of the bye-board of a sufferer's table! But I leave this to answer yours. *First*, Ye write, That God's vows are lying on you; and security strong, and fib to nature, stealing on you who are weak. I answer, 1. Till we be in heaven, the best have heavy heads, as is evident, Cant. v. 1. Psalm xxx. 6. Job xxix. 18. Matth. xxvi. 33. Nature is a sluggard, and loveth not the labour of religion; therefore rest should not be taken, till we know the disease be over, and in the way of turning, and that it is like a fever past the cool: and the quietness and calms of the faith of victory over corruption, would be entertained in the place of security; so that if I sleep, I would desire to sleep faith's sleep in Christ's bosom. 2. Know also, none that sleep sound can seriously complain of sleepiness; sorrow for a slumbering soul, is a token of some watchfulness of spirit: but this is soon turned into wantonness, (as grace in us too often is abused) therefore our waking must be watched over, else sleep will even grow out of watching; and there is as much need to watch over grace, as to watch over sin: full men will soon sleep, and sooner than hungry men. 3. For your weakness to keep off security, that like a thief stealeth upon you, I would say two things: (1.) To want complaints of weakness, is for heaven, and angels that never sinned, not for Christians in Christ's camp on earth: I think our weakness maketh us the church of the redeemed ones, and Christ's field that the Mediator should labour in. If there were no diseases on earth, there needed no physicians on earth. If Christ had

cried

cried down weakneſs, he might have cried down his own calling; but weakneſs is our Mediator's world: ſin is Chriſt's only, only fair and market. No man ſhould rejoice at weakneſs and diſeaſes; but I think, we may have a ſort of gladneſs at boils and ſores, becauſe, without them, Chriſt's fingers, as a ſlain Lord, ſhould never have touched our ſkin. I dare not thank myſelf, but I dare thank God's depth of wiſe providence, that I have an errand in me, while I live, for Chriſt to come and viſit me, and bring with him his drugs and his balm. O how ſweet is it, for a ſinner to put his weakneſs in Chriſt's ſtrengthening hand, and to father a ſick ſoul upon ſuch a Phyſician, and to lay weakneſs before him, to weep upon him, and to plead and pray! Weakneſs can ſpeak and cry, when we have not a tongue, Ezek. xvi. 6. *And when I paſſed by thee, and ſaw thee polluted in thine own blood, I ſaid unto thee, when thou waſt in thy blood, Live.* The kirk could not ſpeak one word to Chriſt then; but blood and guiltineſs out of meaſure ſpake, and drew out of Chriſt pity, and a word of life and love. (2.) For weakneſs, we have it, that we may employ Chriſt's ſtrength becauſe of our weakneſs: weakneſs is to make us the ſtrongeſt things; that is, when having no ſtrength of our own, we are carried upon Chriſt's ſhoulders, and walk (as it were) upon his legs: if our ſinful weakneſs ſwell up to the clouds, Chriſt's ſtrength will ſwell up to the ſun, and far above the heaven of heavens. 2*dly*, Ye tell me, That there is need of counſel for ſtrengthening of new beginners. I can ſay little to that, who am not well begun myſelf; but I know, honeſt beginnings are nouriſhed by him, even by lovely Jeſus, who never yet put out a poor man's dim candle, who is wreſtling betwixt light and darkneſs. I am ſure, if new beginners would urge themſelves upon Chriſt, and preſs their ſouls upon him, and importune him for a draught of his ſweet love, they could not come wrong to Chriſt: come once in upon the right nick and ſtep of his lovely love, and I defy you to get free of him again: if any beginners fall off Chriſt again, and miſs him, they never lighted upon Chriſt as Chriſt; it was but an idol, like Jeſus, they took for him. 3*dly*, Whereas ye complain of a dead miniſtry in your bounds: ye are to remember that the Bible among you is the contract of marriage; and the manner of Chriſt's conveying his love to your heart is not ſo abſolutely dependent upon even lively preachings as that there is no converſion at all, no life of God, but that that is tied to a man's lips; the daughters of Jeruſalem have done often that which the watchmen could not do. Make Chriſt your miniſter, he can a woo a ſoul at a dyke-ſide in the field; he needeth not us, howbeit the flock be obliged to ſeek him in the ſhepherds tents. Hunger of Chriſt's making may thrive, even under

ſtewards

ſtewards who mind not the feeding of the flock. O bleſſed ſoul, that can leap over a man and look above a pulpit up to Chriſt, who can preach home to the heart, howbeit we were all dead and rotten! *4thly*, So to complain of yourſelf, as to juſtify God, is right; providing ye juſtify his Spirit in yourſelf; for men ſeldom advocate againſt Satan's work and ſin in themſelves, but againſt God's work in themſelves: ſome of the people of God ſlander God's grace in their ſouls, as ſome wretches uſed to do, who complain and murmur of want; I have nothing (ſay they) all is gone, the ground yieldeth but weeds and windleſtraws; when as their fat harveſt, and their money on bank maketh them liars. But for myſelf, alas! I think it is not my ſin, I have ſcarce wit to ſin this ſin: but I adviſe you to ſpeak good of Chriſt for his beauty and ſweetneſs, and ſpeak good of him for his grace to yourſelves. *5thly*, Light remaineth, ye ſay, but ye cannot atain to painfulneſs. See if this complaint be not booked in the New Teſtament: and the place, Rom. vii. 18. is like this, *To will is preſent with me, but how to perform that which is good I know not.* But every one hath not Paul's ſpirit in complaining: for often in us complaining is but an humble back-biting and traducing of Chriſt's new work in the ſoul. But for the matter of the complaint, I would ſay, the light of glory is perfectly obeyed in loving, and praiſing, and rejoicing, and reſting in a ſeen and known Lord: but that light is not hereaway in any clay-body; for, while we are here, light is in the moſt part broader and longer than our narrow and feckleſs obedience: but if there be light, with a fair train and a great back, I mean, armies of challenging thoughts, and ſorrow for coming ſhort of performance in what we know and ſee ought to be performed, then that ſorrow for not doing is accepted of our Lord for doing: our honeſt ſorrow and ſincere aims, together with Chriſt's interceſſion, pleading that God would welcome that which we have, and forgive what we have not, muſt be our life, till we be over the bound-road, and in the other country, where the law will get a perfect ſoul. *6thly*, In Chriſt's abſence, there is (as ye write) a willingneſs to uſe means, but heavineſs after the uſe of them, becauſe of the formal and ſlight performance. In Chriſt's abſence, I confeſs, the work lyeth behind; but if ye mean abſence of comfort, and abſence of ſenſe of his ſweet preſence, I think that abſence is Chriſt's trying of us, not ſimply our ſin againſt him: therefore, howbeit our obedience then be not ſugared and ſweetened with joy; (which is the ſweet meat bairns would ſtill be at) yet the leſs ſenſe, and the more willingneſs in obeying, the leſs formality in our obedience, howbeit we think not ſo; for I believe, many think obedience formal and lifeleſs, except the wind be fair in the Weſt, and ſails filled with joy

and ſenſe, till ſouls like a ſhip fair before the wind, can ſpread no more ſail: But I am not of their mind, who think ſo. But if ye mean, by abſence of Chriſt, the withdrawing of his working grace, I ſee not how willingneſs to uſe means can be at all under ſuch an abſence: therefore, be humbled for heavineſs in that obedience, and thankful for willingneſs: for the Bridegroom is buſking his ſpouſe oftentimes, while ſhe is half ſleeping; and your Lord is working and helping more than ye ſee. Alſo I recommend to you heavineſs for formality, and for lifeleſs deadneſs in obedience: be caſten down, as much as ye will or can, for deadneſs; and challenge that ſlow and dull carcaſe of ſin, that will neither lead nor drive, in your ſpiritual obedience. O how ſweet to lovely Jeſus are bills of grievances, given in againſt corruption and the body of ſin! I would have Chriſt, in ſuch a caſe, faſhed (if I may ſpeak ſo) and deaved with our cries, as ye ſee the apoſtle doth, Rom. vii. 24. *O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?* Proteſtations againſt the law of ſin in you, are law grounds why ſin can have no law againſt you: ſeek to have your proteſtation diſcuſſed and judged, and then ſhall ye find Chriſt on your ſide of it. 7*thly*, Ye hold, That Chriſt muſt either have hearty ſervice, or no ſervice at all. If ye mean, he will not have a heart, or have feigned ſervice, ſuch as the hypocrites give him, I grant you that; Chriſt muſt have honeſty or nothing: but if ye mean, he will have no ſervice at all, where the heart draweth back in any meaſure; I would not that were true, for my part of heaven, and all that I am worth in the world. If ye mind to walk to heaven, without a cramp or a crook, I fear ye muſt go your alone: he knoweth our droſs and defects; and ſweet Jeſus pitieth us, when weakneſs and deadneſs in our obedience is our croſs, and not our darling. 8*thly*, The liar (as ye write) challengeth the work as formal; yet ye bleſs your Cautioner for the ground-work he hath laid, and dare not ſay, but ye have aſſurance in ſome meaſure. To this I ſay, 1. It ſhall be no fault to ſave Satan's labour, and challenge it yourſelf, or at leaſt examine and cenſure; but beware of Satan's ends in challenging, for he mindeth to put Chriſt and you at odds. 2. Welcome home faith in Jeſus, who waſheth ſtill, when we have defiled our ſouls, and made ourſelves lothſome, and ſeek ſtill the blood of atonement for faults little or meikle. Know the gate to the well, and ly about it. 3. Make meikle of aſſurance, for it keepeth your anchor fixed. 9*thly*, Out-breakings (ye ſay) diſcourage you, ſo that ye know not, if ever ye ſhall win again to ſuch overjoying conſolations of the Spirit in this life, as formerly ye had; and therefore a queſtion may be, If after aſſurance and mortification, the children of God be ordinarily fed with ſenſe of joy? I anſwer, I

ſee no inconvenience to think it is enough, in a race, to ſee the gold at the ſtarting place, howbeit the runners never get a view of it, till they come to the rinks end; and that our wiſe Lord thinketh it fitteſt we ſhould not always be fingering and playing with Chriſt's apples. Our Well-beloved, I know, will ſport and play with his bride, as much as he thinketh will allure her to the rinks end: yet I judge it not unlawful to ſeek renewed conſolations, providing, 1. The heart be ſubmiſſive, and content to leave the meaſure and timeing of them to him. 3 Providing they be ſought, to excite us to praiſe, and ſtrengthen our aſſurance, and ſharpen our deſires after himſelf. 3. Let them be ſought, not for our humours or ſwelling of nature, but as the earneſt of heaven: and I think, many do attain to greater conſolations after mortification, than ever they had formerly. But I know, our Lord walketh here ſtill by a ſovereign latitude, and keepeth not the ſame way, as to one hair breadth, without a miſs, towards all his children. As for the Lord's people with you, I am not the man fit to ſpeak to them. I rejoice exceedingly, that Chriſt is engaging ſouls amongſt you: but I know, in converſion, all the winning is in the firſt buying, (as we uſe to ſay) for many lay falſe and baſtard foundations, and take up converſion at their foot, and get Chriſt for as good as half nothing, and had never a ſick night for ſin, and this maketh looſe work: I pray you dig deep; Chriſt's palace-work, and his new dwelling, laid up in hell felt and feared, is moſt firm: and heaven, grounded and laid upon ſuch a hell, is ſureſt work, and will not waſh away with winter-ſtorms. It were good that profeſſors were not like young heirs, that come to their rich eſtate, long ere they come to their wit; and ſo is ſeen on it; the tavern, and the cards, and the harlots ſteal their ridges from them, ere ever they be aware what they are doing. I know, a Chriſt bought with ſtrokes is ſweeteſt. (2.) I recommend to you conference and prayer at private meetings: for want whereof, ſee Iſa. ii. 3. Jer. l. 4, 5. Hoſ. ii. 1, 2. Ezek. viii. 20, 21, 22, 23. Mal. iii. 16. Luke xxiv. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. John xx. 19. Acts xii. 12. Col. iii. 16. and iv. 6. Epheſ. iv. 29. 1 Pet. iv. 10. 1 Theſſ. v. 14. Heb. iii. 13. and x. 25. Many coals make a good fire, and that it is a part of the communion of ſaints. I muſt entreat you, and your Chriſtian acquaintances in the pariſh, to remember me to God in your prayers, and my flock and miniſtry, and my tranſportation and removal from this place, which I fear at this aſſembly: and be earneſt with God for our mother-kirk. For want of time, I have put you all in one letter. The rich grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt be with you all.

*Anwoth, Aug.* 5. 1639.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

### 3. *To a Chriſtian Gentlewoman.*

*Miſtreſs,*

MY love in Chriſt remembered to you: I was indeed ſorrowful at my departure from you, eſpecially ſince ye were in ſuch heavineſs after your daughter's death; yet I do perſuade myſelf, ye know, that the weightieſt end of the croſs of Chriſt, that is laid upon you, lyeth upon your ſtrong Saviour: for Iſaiah ſaith, chapt. lxiii. 9. 'In all your afflictions he is afflicted:' O bleſſed Second, who ſuffereth with you! and glad may your ſoul be, even to walk in the fiery furnace, with one like unto the Son of man, who is alſo the Son of God. Courage, up your heart; when ye do tire, he will bear both you and your burden, Pſalm lv. 22. Yet a little while, and ye ſhall ſee the ſalvation of God. Remember of what age your daughter was, as long was your leaſe of her: if ſhe was eighteen, nineteen, or twenty years old, I know not; ſure I am, ſeeing her term was come, and your leaſe run out, ye can no more juſtly quarrel your great Superior for taking his own, at his juſt term day, than a poor farmer can complain, that his maſter taketh a portion of his own land to himſelf, when his leaſe is expired. Good Miſtreſs, if ye would not be content that Chriſt would hold from you the heavenly inheritance, which is made yours by his death; ſhall not that ſame Chriſt think hardly of you, if ye refuſe to give him your daughter willingly, who is a part of his inheritance and conqueſt? I pray the Lord, to give you all your own, and to grace you with patience, to give God his alſo: he is an ill debtor, who payeth that which he hath borrowed with a grudge: indeed that long loan of ſuch a good daughter, an heir of grace, a member of Chriſt, (as I believe) deſerveth more thanks at your Creditor's hand, than that ye ſhould gloom and murmur, when he craveth but his own: I believe ye would judge them to be but thankleſs neighbours who would pay you a ſum of money after this manner. But what? do ye think her loſt, when ſhe is but ſleeping in the boſom of the Almighty? Think her not abſent, who is in ſuch a friend's houſe. Is ſhe loſt to you, who is found to Chriſt? if ſhe were with a dear friend, although ye ſhould never ſee her again, your care for her would be but ſmall; Oh now, is ſhe not with a dear friend, and gone higher, upon a certain hope that ye ſhall in the reſurrection ſee her again, when (be ye ſure) ſhe ſhall neither be hectic nor conſumed in body! Ye would be ſorry either to be, or be eſteemed an atheiſt; and yet not I, but the apoſtle, 1 Theſſ. iv. 13. thinketh thoſe to be hopeleſs atheiſts, who mourn exceſſively for the dead. But this is not a challenge on my part: I do ſpeak this only fearing your weakneſs: for your daughter was a part of yourſelf; and therefore nature in you, being, as it were, cut and halved, will indeed be grieved:

grieved: but ye have to rejoice, that when a part of you is on earth, a great part of you is glorified in heaven. Follow her, but envy her not: for indeed it is ſelf-love in us, that maketh us mourn for them that die in the Lord. Why? becauſe for them we cannot mourn, ſince they are never happy till they be dead; therefore we mourn for our own private reſpect: take heed then, that in ſhewing your affection in mourning for your daughter, ye be not, out of ſelf-affection, mourning for yourſelf. Conſider what the Lord is doing in it; your daughter is plucked out of the fire, and ſhe reſteth from her labours: and your Lord in that is trying you, and caſting you in the fire: go thro' all fires to your reſt: and now remember, that the eye of God is upon the burning buſh and not conſumed; and he is gladly content, that ſuch a weak woman as ye ſhould ſend Satan away, fruſtrate of his deſign: now honour God, and ſhame the ſtrong roaring lion, when ye ſeem weakeſt. Should ſuch an one as ye faint in the day of adverſity? Call to mind the days of old: the Lord yet liveth: truſt in him, although he ſhould ſlay you. Faith is exceeding charitable, and believeth no evil of God. Now is the Lord laying in the one ſcale of the balance, your making conſcience of ſubmiſſion to his gracious will; and in the other, your affection and love to your daughter: which of the two will ye then chooſe to ſatisfy? Be wiſe then; and, as I truſt ye love Chriſt better than a ſinful woman, paſs by your daughter, and kiſs the Lord's rod. Men do lop the branches of their trees round about, to the end they may grow up high and tall: the Lord hath this way lopped your branch, in taking from you many children, to the end ye ſhould grow upward, like one of the Lord's cedars, ſetting your heart above, where Chriſt is at the right hand of the Father. What is next, but that your Lord cut down the ſtock, after he hath cutted the branches? Prepare yourſelf; ye are nearer your daughter this day, than you were yeſterday: while we prodigally ſpend time in mourning for her, ye are ſpeedily poſting after her. Run your race with patience: let God have his own, and aſk of him, inſtead of your daughter, which he hath taken from you, the daughter of faith, which is patience; and in patience poſſeſs your ſoul. Lift up your head: ye do not know how near your redemption doth draw. Thus recommending you to the Lord, who is able to eſtabliſh you, I reſt,

*Anwoth April* 23. 1628. *Your loving and affectionate friend in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

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4. *To the elect and noble Lady, my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

SALUTING your Ladyſhip with grace and mercy from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; I am ſorry

at

at my departure, leaving your Ladyſhip in grief; and would ſtill be grieved at it, if I were not aſſured, that ye have One with you in the furnace, whoſe viſage is like unto the Son of God. I am glad, that ye have been acquainted from your youth with the wreſtlings of God; and that ye get ſcarce liberty to ſwallow down your ſpittle, being caſten from furnace to furnace, knowing if ye were not dear to God, and if your health did not require ſo much of him, he would not ſpend ſo much phyſic upon you. All the brethren and ſiſters of Chriſt muſt be conform to his image and copy in ſuffering, Rom. viii. and ſome do more lively reſemble the copy than others. Think, Madam, that it is a part of your glory, to be enrolled among thoſe whom one of the elders, Rev. vii. 14. pointeth out to John, *Theſe are they which came out of great tribulation, and have waſhed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.* Behold your fore-runner going out of the world, all in a lake of blood; and it is not ill to die as he did: fulfil with joy the remnant of the grounds and remainders of the afflictions of Chriſt, in your body. Ye have loſt a child; nay, ſhe is not loſt to you, who is found in Chriſt; ſhe is not ſent away, but only ſent before; like unto a ſtar, which, going out of our ſight, doth not die and vaniſh, but ſhineth in another hemiſphere: ye ſee her not, yet ſhe doth ſhine in another country. If her glaſs was but a ſhort hour, what ſhe wanteth of time, that ſhe hath gotten of eternity: and ye have to rejoice, that ye have now ſome pleniſhing up in heaven. Build your neſt upon no tree here: for ye ſee God hath ſold the foreſt to death; and every tree, whereupon we would reſt, is ready to be cut down, to the end we may flee aud mount up, and build upon the Rock, and dwell in the holes of the Rock. What ye love beſides Jeſus your Huſband, is an adulterous lover: now it is God's ſpecial bleſſing to Judah, that he will not let her find her paths in following her ſtrange lovers, Hoſ. ii. 6. *Therefore behold I will hedge up her way with thorns, and make a wall, that ſhe ſhall not find her paths.* ver. 7. *And ſhe ſhall follow after her lovers, but ſhe ſhall not overtake them.* O thrice happy Judah, when God buildeth a double ſtone-wall betwixt her and the fire of hell! The world, and the things of the world, Madam, is the love ye naturally affect, beſide your own huſband Chriſt: the hedge of thorns, and the wall which God buildeth in your way, to hinder you from this lover, is the thorny hedge of daily grief, loſs of children, weakneſs of body, iniquity of the time, uncertainty of eſtate, lack of worldly comfort, fear of God's anger for old unrepented of ſins. What loſe ye, if God twiſt and plait the hedge daily thicker? God be bleſſed, the Lord will not let you find your paths: return to your firſt huſband; do not weary, neither think that death walketh towards you with a ſlow pace; ye

e muſt be riper ere ye be ſhaken; your days are no longer than
ob's, that were ſwifter than a poſt, and paſſed away as the
hips of deſire, and as the eagle that haſteth for the prey, Job
x. 25, 26. There is leſs ſand in your glaſs now, than there was
eſternight; this ſpan-length of ever-poſting time will ſoon be
nded: but the greater is the mercy of God, the more years ye
et to adviſe upon what terms, and upon what conditions, ye
aſt your ſoul in the huge gulf of never-ending eternity. The
Lord hath told you, what ye ſhould be doing till he come,
*wait and haſten* (ſaith Peter) *for the coming of our Lord:* all
s night that is here, in reſpect of ignorance and daily enſuing
roubles, one always making way to another, as the ninth wave
f the ſea to the tenth; therefore ſigh and long for the dawn-
ng of that morning, and the breaking of that day of the com-
ng of the Son of man, when the ſhadows ſhall flee away. Per-
uade yourſelf the King is coming: read his letter ſent before
im, Rev. iii. 11. *Behold, I come quickly*: wait with the wea-
ied night-watch for the breaking of the eaſtern ſky, and think
e have not a morrow; as the wiſe father ſaid, who, being in-
ited againſt to-morrow to dine with his friends, anſwered,
Thoſe many days I had no morrow at all. I am loth to weary
ou: ſhew yourſelf a Chriſtian, by ſuffering without murmur-
ng, for which ſin fourteen thouſand and ſeven hundred were
lain, Numb. xvi. 49. In patience poſſeſs your ſoul: they loſe
othing, who gain Chriſt. Thus, remembering my bother's
nd my wife's humble ſervice to your Ladyſhip; I commend
ou to the mercy and grace of our Lord Jeſus, aſſuring you,
hat your day is coming, and that God's mercy is abiding. The
Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth, Jan.* 5. 1929. *Yours in the Lord Jeſus at all dutiful obedience,* S. R.

## 6. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

SALUTING you in Jeſus Chriſt, to my grief I muſt bid you (it may be) for ever farewel in paper, having ſmall aſſurance ever to ſee your face again, till the laſt general aſſembly, where the whole church univerſal ſhall meet: yet promiſing, by his grace, to preſent your Ladyſhip, and your burdens to him who is able to ſave you, and give you an inheritance with the ſaints, after a more ſpecial manner than ever I have done before. Ye are going to a country, where the Sun of Righteouſneſs in the goſpel ſhineth not ſo clearly as in this kingdom: but if ye would know where he whom your ſoul loveth doth reſt, and where he feedeth at the noon tide of the day, wherever ye be, get you forth by the footſteps of the flock, and feed yourſelf beſide the ſhepherds tents, Cant. i. 7. that is, aſk for ſome of the watch-

men

men of the Lord's city, who will tell you truly, and will not lie, where ye ſhall find him whom your ſoul loveth. I truſt, ye are ſo betrothed in marriage to the true Chriſt, that ye will not give your love to any falſe Chriſt: ye know not how ſoon your marriage-day will come; nay, is not eternity hard upon you? it were time then, that ye had your wedding-garment in readineſs; be not ſleeping at your Lord's coming: I pray God, ye may be upon your feet ſtanding, when he knocketh. Be not diſcouraged to go from this country to another part of the Lord's earth: *The earth is his, and the fulneſs thereof*, Pſal. xxiv. 1. This is the Lord's lower houſe; while we are lodged here, we have no aſſurance to ly ever in one chamber, but muſt be content to remove from one corner of our Lord's nether-houſe to another, reſting in hope, that when we come up to the Lord's upper-city, Jeruſalem that is above, we ſhall remove no more; becauſe then we ſhall be at home: and your lodging is ever taken before night, ſo long as he, who is Iſrael's dwelling-houſe, is your home, Pſal. cx. 1. Believe me, Madam, my mind is, that ye are well lodged, and that in your houſe there are fair-caſe-rooms and pleaſant lights, if ye can in faith lean down your head upon the breaſts of Jeſus Chriſt; and till this be, ye ſhall never get a ſound ſleep. Jeſus, Jeſus, be your ſhadow and your covering: it is a ſweet ſoul ſleep to ly in the arms of Chriſt, for his breath is very ſweet. Pray for poor friendleſs Zion; alas! no man will ſpeak for her now, although at home in her own country, ſhe hath good friends, her Huſband Chriſt, and his Father, her Father-in-law: beſeech your huſband to be a friend to Zion, and pray for her. I have received many and divers daſhes and heavy ſtrokes, ſince the Lord called me to the miniſtry; but indeed I eſteem your departure from us amongſt the weightieſt: but I perceive, God will have us to be deprived of whatſoever we idolize, that he may have his own room. I ſee exceeding ſmall fruit of my miniſtry, and would be glad to know of one ſoul, to be my crown and rejoicing in the day of Chriſt. Though I ſpend my ſtrength in vain, yet my labour is with my God, Iſa. xlix 4. I wiſh and pray, that the Lord would harden my face againſt all, and make me to learn to go with my face againſt a ſtorm. Again, I commend you, body and ſpirit, to him, who hath loved us, and waſhed us from our ſins in his own blood. Grace, grace, grace for ever be with you. Pray, pray continually.

*Anwoth, Sept.* 14. 1629. *Your Ladyſhip's at all dutiful obedience. in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 6. *To* JOHN KENNEDY.

*My loving and moſt affectionate brother in Chriſt*,

I Salute you with grace, mercy and peace from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. I promiſed to write

to

to you, and although late enough, yet now I make it good. I heard with grief of your danger of periſhing by the ſea, but of your merciful deliverance with joy. Sure I am, brother, Satan will leave no ſtone unrolled (as the proverb is) to roll you off your Rock, or, at leaſt, to ſhake and unſettle you: for at the ſame time, the mouths of wicked men were opened in hard ſpeeches againſt you, by land; and the prince of the power of the air was angry with you, by ſea. See then how much ye are obliged to that malicious murderer, who would beat you with two rods at one time; but, bleſſed be God, his arm is ſhort: if the ſea and winds would have obeyed him, ye had never come to land. Thank your God, who ſaith, Rev. i. 11. *I have the keys of hell and of death*, Deut. xxxii. 39. *I kill and make alive.* 1 Sam. ii. 6. *The Lord bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up.* If Satan were jailor, and had the keys of death and of the grave, they ſhould be ſtored with more priſoners. Ye were knocking at theſe black gates, and ye found the doors ſhut; and we do all welcome you back again. I truſt, ye know it is not for nothing, that ye are ſent to us again: the Lord knew, ye had forgotten ſomething that was neceſſary for your journey; that your armour was not as yet thick enough againſt the ſtroke of death. Now, in the ſtrength of Jeſus, diſpatch your buſineſs; that debt is not forgiven, but friſted: death hath not bidden you farewel, but hath only left you for a ſhort ſeaſon. End your journey, ere the night come upon you; have all in readineſs againſt the time that ye muſt ſail through that black and impetuous Jordan; and Jeſus, Jeſus, who knoweth both theſe depths and the rock, and all the coaſts, be your pilot; the laſt tide will not wait for you one moment: if ye forget any thing, when your ſea is full, and your foot in that ſhip, there is no returning again to fetch it. What ye do amiſs in your life to day, ye may amend it to-morrow: for as many ſuns as God maketh to ariſe upon you, ye have as many new lives: but ye can die but once; and if ye mar or ſpill that buſineſs, ye cannot come back to mend that piece of work again; no man ſinneth twice in dying ill; as we die but once, ſo we die but ill or well once. Ye ſee how the number of your months is written in God's book; and as one of the Lord's hirelings, ye muſt work till the ſhadow of the evening come upon you, and ye ſhall run out your glaſs even to the laſt pickle of ſand: fulfil your courſe with joy; for we take nothing to the grave with us, but a good or evil conſcience. And although the ſky clear after this ſtorm, yet clouds will engender another. Ye contracted with Chriſt, I hope, when firſt ye began to follow him, that ye would bear his croſs: fulfil your part of the contract with patience, and break not to Jeſus Chriſt; be honeſt, brother, in your bargaining with him; for who knoweth better how to

bring up children than our God? For (to lay aſide his knowledge of the which there is no ſearching out) he hath been practiſed in bringing up his heirs theſe five thouſand years, and his bairns are all well brought up, and many of them are honeſt men now at home, up in their own houſe in heaven, and are entered heirs to their Father's inheritance. Now, the form of his bringing up was by chaſtiſements, ſcourging, correcting, nurturing: ſee if he maketh exception of any of his bairns, Rev. iii. 19. Heb. xii. 7, 8. No; his eldeſt Son and his Heir Jeſus, is not excepted, Heb. ii. 10. Suffer we muſt: ere we were born, God decreed it; and it is eaſier to complain of his decree, than to change it. It is true, terrors of conſcience caſt us down; and yet without terrors of conſcience we cannot be raiſed up again: fears and doubtings may ſhake us; and yet without fears and doubtings we would ſoon ſleep, and loſe our gripes of Chriſt: tribulation and temptations will almoſt looſe us at the root, and yet without tribulations and temptations, we can now no more grow, than herbs or corn without rain. Sin and Satan, and the world will ſay, and cry in our ear, that we have a hard reckoning to make in judgment: and yet none of theſe three, except they lie, dare ſay in our face, that our ſin can change the tenor of the new covenant. Forward then, dear brother, and loſe not your gripes; hold faſt the truth, for the world ſell not one drachm-weight of God's truth, eſpecially now when moſt men meaſure truth by time, like young ſeamen ſetting their compaſs by a cloud; for now time is father and mother to truth, in the thoughts and practices of our evil time. The God of truth eſtabliſh us; for, alas! now there are none to comfort the priſoners of hope, and the mourners in Zion: we can do little, except pray and mourn for Joſeph in the ſtocks: and let their tongue cleave to the roof of their mouth, who forget Jeruſalem now in her day: and the Lord remember Edom, and render to him as he hath done to us. Now, brother, I will not weary you: but I entreat you, remember my deareſt love to Mr. David Dickſon, with whom I have ſmall acquaintance; yet I bleſs the Lord, I know, he both prayeth and doth for our dying kirk. Remember my deareſt love to John Stewart, whom I love in Chriſt: and ſhew him from me, I do always remember him, and hope for a meeting: the Lord Jeſus eſtabliſh him more and more, though he be already a ſtrong man in Chriſt. Remember my heartieſt affection in Chriſt to William Rodger, whom I alſo remember to God: I wiſh the firſt news I hear of him, and you, and all that love our common Saviour, in theſe bounds, may be, that ye are ſo knit and linked, and kindly faſtened in love with the Son of God, that ye may ſay, 'Now, if we would never ſo fain eſcape out of Chriſt's hands, yet love hath ſo bound us, that we cannot get

our hands free again; he hath ſo raviſhed our hearts, that there is no looſing of his gripes; the chains of his ſoul-raviſhing love are ſo ſtrong, that the grave nor death will not break them.' I hope, brother, yea, I doubt not of it, but ye lay me, and my firſt entry to the Lord's vineyard, and my flock before him, who hath put me in his work; as the Lord knoweth, ſince I firſt ſaw you, I have been mindful of you. Marion Macknaught doth remember moſt heartily her love to you, and to John Stewart: bleſſed be the Lord, that in God's mercy I found in this country ſuch a woman, to whom Jeſus is dearer than her own heart, when there be ſo many that caſt Chriſt over their ſhoulder. Good brother, call to mind the memory of your worthy father, now aſleep in Chriſt; and, as his cuſtom was, pray continually, and wreſtle for the life of a dying breathleſs kirk: and deſire John Stewart not to forget poor Zion; ſhe hath few friends, and few to ſpeak one good word for her. Now I commend you, your whole ſoul and body and ſpirit, to Jeſus Chriſt and his keeping, hoping ye will die and live, ſtand and fall, with the cauſe of our Maſter, Jeſus. The Lord Jeſus himſelf be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth, Feb. 2.* *Your loving brother in our Lord*
1682. *Jeſus*, S. R.

## 7. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

I Have longed exceedingly to hear of your life and health, and growth in the grace of God. I lacked the opportunity of a bearer, in reſpect I did not underſtand of the haſty departure of the laſt, by whom I might have ſaluted your Ladyſhip: and therefore I could not write before this time. I intreat you, Madam, let me have two lines from you, concerning your preſent condition: I know ye are in grief and heavineſs; and if it were not ſo, ye might be afraid, becauſe then your way ſhould not be ſo like the way that the Lord ſaith, to the New Jeruſalem. Sure I am, if ye knew what were before you, or if ye ſaw but ſome glances of it, ye would with gladneſs ſwim through the preſent floods of ſorrow, ſpreading forth your arms out of deſire to be at land. If God have given you the earneſt of the Spirit, as part of payment of God's principal ſum, ye have to rejoice; for our Lord will not loſe his earneſt, neither will he go back or repent him of the bargain. If ye find at ſome time a longing to ſee God, joy in the aſſurance of that ſight (howbeit that feaſt be but like the paſſover, that cometh about only once a year) peace of conſcience, liberty of prayer, the doors of God's treaſure caſten up to the ſoul, and a clear ſight of himſelf looking out, and ſaying with a ſmiling countenance, welcome to me, afflicted ſoul; this is the earneſt that he giveth ſometimes, and

which maketh glad the heart, and is an evidence that the bargain will hold. But to the end ye may get to this earneſt, it were good to come oft in terms of ſpeech with God, both in prayer and hearing of the word: for this is the houſe of wine, where ye meet with your Well-beloved; here it is where he kiſſeth you with the kiſſes of his mouth, and where ye feel the ſmell of his garments; and they have indeed a moſt fragrant and glorious ſmell; ye muſt, I ſay, wait upon him, and be often communing with him, whoſe lips are as lilies, dropping ſweet ſmelling myrrh, and by the moving thereof he will aſſwage your grief; for the Chriſt that ſaveth you, is a ſpeaking Chriſt; the church knoweth him, Cant. ii. by his voice, and can diſcern his voice amongſt a thouſand. I ſay this, to the end ye ſhould not love thoſe maſks of Antichriſtian ceremonies, that the church, where ye are for a time, hath caſten over the Chriſt, whom your ſoul loveth; this is to ſet before you a dumb Chriſt. But when our Lord cometh, he ſpeaketh to the heart in the ſimplicity of the goſpel. I have neither tongue nor pen, to expreſs to you the happineſs of ſuch as are in Chriſt: when ye have ſold all ye have, and bought the field wherein this pearl is, ye will think it no bad market; for if ye be in him, all his is yours, and ye are in him: and *therefore becauſe he liveth, ye ſhall live alſo*, John xiv. 19. And what is that elſe, but as if the Son had ſaid, 'I will not have heaven, except my redeemed ones be with me; they and I cannot live aſunder; abide in me and I in you,' John xv. 5. O ſweet communion, when Chriſt and we are through other, and are no longer two! *Father, I will that thoſe whom thou haſt given me, be with me where I am, to behold my glory, that thou haſt given me*, John xvii. 24. Amen; dear Jeſus, let it be according to thy word. I wonder that ever your heart ſhould be caſten down, if ye believe this truth; and they are not worthy of Jeſus Chriſt, who will not ſuffer forty years trouble for him, ſince they have ſuch glorious promiſes: but we fools believe thoſe promiſes, as the man that read Plato's writings concerning the immortality of the ſoul; ſo long as the book was in his hand, he believed all was true, and that the ſoul could not die; but ſo ſoon as he laid by the book, preſently he began to imagine, that the ſoul is but a ſmoke or airy vapour, that periſheth with the expiring of the breath: ſo we at ſtarts do aſſent to the ſweet and precious promiſes; but laying aſide God's book, we begin to call in queſtion. It is faith indeed to believe without a pledge, and to hold the heart conſtant at this work, and when we doubt, to run to the law and to the teſtimony, and ſtay there. Madam, hold you here; here is your Father's teſtament, read it; in it he hath left to you remiſſion of ſins and life everlaſting. If all that ye have here be croſſes and troubles, down-caſtings, frequent deſertions, and departure

of

of the Lord, who is suiting you in marriage, courage; he who is wooer and suiter should not be an household-man with you, will ye and he come up to his Father's house together: he purposeth to do you good at your letter end, Deut. viii. 16. and to give you rest from the days of adversity, Psal. xciv. 13. *It is good to bear the yoke of God in your youth*, Lam. iii. 27. *Turn into your strong hold as a prisoner of hope*, Zech. ix. 12. *For the vision is for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, it will not tarry*, Hab. ii. 3. Hear himself, saying, Isa. xxvi. 20. *Come, my people*, (rejoice, he calleth on you) *enter into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee; hide thyself, as it were for a little moment, till the indignation be past.* Believe then, believe and be saved: think not hard, if ye get not your will, nor your delights in this life; God will have you to rejoice in nothing but himself. God forbid that ye should rejoice in any thing but in the cross of Christ, Gal. iv. 16. Our church, Madam, is decaying; she is like Ephraim's cake, and gray hairs are here and there upon her, and she knoweth it not, Hos. vii. 9. She is old and gray-haired, near the grave, and no man taketh it to heart: her wine is sour and corrupted. Now, if Phinehas's wife did live, she might travail in birth and die, to see the ark of God taken, and the glory departing from our Israel: the power and life of religion is away; *Wo be to us, for the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out*, Jer. vi. 4. Madam, Zion is the ship wherein ye are carried to Canaan; if she suffer shipwreck, ye will be casten over-board upon death and life, to swim to land upon broken boards: it were time for us, by prayer, to put upon our Master-pilot Jesus, and to cry, Master, save us, we perish. Grace, grace be with you. We would think it a blessing to our kirk, to see you here; but our sins withhold good things from us. The great Messenger of the covenant preserve you in body and spirit.

*Anwoth, Feb.* 1. 1630. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

## 8. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you. I received your Ladyship's letter, in the which I perceive your case in this world smelleth of worship and communion with the Son of God in his sufferings. Ye cannot, ye must not have a more pleasant or more easy condition here, than he had, who through afflictions was made perfect, Heb. ii. 10. We may indeed think, cannot God bring us to heaven with ease and prosperity? Who doubteth but he can? But his infinite wisdom thinketh, and decreeth the contrary; and we cannot see a reason

reaſon of it, yet he hath a moſt juſt reaſon. We never with our eyes ſaw our own ſoul, yet we have a ſoul; we ſee many rivers, but we know not the firſt ſpring and original fountain, yet they have a beginning. Madam, when ye are come to the other ſide of the water, and have ſet down your foot on the ſhore of glorious eternity, and look back again to the waters, and to your wearieſome journey, and ſhall ſee in that clear glaſs of endleſs glory, near to the bottom of God's wiſdom: ye ſhall then be forced to ſay, If God had done otherwiſe with me than he hath done, I had never come to the enjoying of this crown of glory. It is your part now to believe, and ſuffer, and hope, and wait on: for I proteſt in the preſence of that all-diſcerning Eye, who knoweth what I write, and what I think, that I would not want the ſweet experience of the conſolations of God, for all the bitterneſs of affliction: nay, whether God come to his children with a rod or a crown, if he come himſelf with it, it is well; welcome, welcome Jeſus, what way ſoever thou come, if we can get a ſight of thee. And ſure I am, it is better to be ſick, providing Chriſt come to the bed-ſide, and draw by the curtains, and ſay, Courage, I am thy ſalvation, than to enjoy health, being luſty and ſtrong, and never to be viſited of God. Worthy and dear Lady, in the ſtrength of Chriſt, fight and overcome: ye are now your alone; but ye may have, for the ſeeking, Three always in your company, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; I truſt they are near you. Ye are now deprived of the comfort of a lively miniſtry, ſo was Iſrael in their captivity; yet hear God's promiſe to them, Ezek. xi. 16. *Therefore ſay, Thus ſaith the Lord God, Although I have caſten them afar off among the heathen, and although I have ſcattered them among the countries, yet will I be to them as a little ſanctuary, in the countries where they ſhall come:* behold a ſanctuary! for a ſanctuary God himſelf, in the place and room of the temple of Jeruſalem: I truſt in God, carrying this temple about with you, ye ſhall ſee Jehovah's beauty in his houſe. We are in great fears of a great fearful trial to come upon the kirk of God; for theſe, who would build their houſes and neſts upon the aſhes of mourning Jeruſalem, have drawn our king upon hard and dangerous concluſions, againſt ſuch as are termed Puritans, for the rooting of them out. Our prelates (the Lord take the keys of his houſe from theſe baſtard porters) aſſure us, that for ſuch as will not conform, there is nothing but impriſonment and deprivation. The ſpouſe of Jeſus will ever be in the fire; but I truſt in my God, ſhe ſhall not conſume, becauſe of the good-will of him who dwelleth in the buſh, for he dwelleth in it with good-will. All ſorts of crying ſins without controulment abound in our land; the glory of the Lord is departing from Iſrael, and the Lord is looking back over his ſhoulder, to ſee if any will ſay,

Lord

Lord tarry and no man requeſteth him to ſtay. Corrupt and falſe doctrine is openly preached by the idol-ſhepherds of the land. For myſelf, I have daily griefs, through the diſobedience unto, and contempt of the word of God. I was ſummoned before the high commiſſion by a profligate perſon in this pariſh, convicted of inceſt: in the buſineſs, Mr. Alexander Colvil (for reſpect to your Ladyſhip) was my great friend, and wrote a moſt kind letter to me: The Lord give him mercy in that day. Upon the day of my compearance, the ſea and winds refuſe to give paſſage to the Biſhop of St. Andrews. I intreat your Ladyſhip to thank Mr. Alexander Colvil with two lines of a letter. My wife now, after a long diſeaſe and torment, for the ſpace of a year and month, is departed this life: the Lord hath done it, bleſſed be his name. I have been diſeaſed with a fever tertian for the ſpace of thirteen weeks, and am yet in that ſickneſs, ſo that I preach but once on the ſabbath with great difficulty: I am not able either to viſit or examine the congregation. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anweth, June* 26. 1630. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience,* S. R.

## 9. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

HAVING ſaluted you in the Lord Jeſus, I thought it my duty, having the occaſion of this bearer, to write again unto your Ladyſhip. Though I have no new purpoſe, but what I wrote of before; yet ye cannot be too often awakened to go forward toward your city, ſince your way is long, and (for any thing ye know) your day is ſhort; and your Lord requireth of you, as you advance in years, and ſteal forward inſenſibly towards eternity, that your faith may grow and ripen for the Lord's harveſt; for the great Huſbandman giveth a ſeaſon to his fruits, that they may come to maturity; and having gotten their fill of the tree, they may be then ſhaken and gathered in for his uſe: whereas the wicked rot upon the tree, and their branch ſhall not be green, Job xv. 32, 33. *He ſhall ſhake off his unripe grapes as the vine, and ſhall caſt off his flower as the olive.* It is God's mercy to you, Madam, that he giveth you your fill, even to lothing, of this bitter world, that ye may willingly leave it, and, like a full and ſatisfied banqueter, long for the drawing of the table: and at laſt, having trampled under your feet all the rotten pleaſures that are under ſun and moon, and having rejoiced as though ye rejoiced not, and having bought as though ye poſſeſſed not, 1 Cor. vii. 30. ye may, like an old crazy ſhip, arrive at your Lord's harbour, and be made welcome, as one of thoſe who have ever had one foot looſe from

from this earth, longing for that place where your ſoul ſhall feaſt and banquet for ever and ever upon a glorious ſight of the incomprehenſible Trinity, and where ye ſhall ſee the fair face of the man Chriſt, even the beautiful face, that was once, for your cauſe, more married than any of the viſages of the ſons of men, Iſa. v. 2, 14. and was all covered with ſpitting and blood. Be content to wade through the waters betwixt you and glory with him, holding his hand faſt; for he knoweth all the foords: howbeit ye may be duckt, yet ye cannot drown, being in his company; and ye may, all the way to glory, ſee the way bedewed with his blood, who is the fore-runner: be not afraid therefore, when ye come even to the black and ſwelling river of death, to put in your foot and wade after him; the current, how ſtrong ſoever, cannot carry you down the water to hell: the Son of God his death and reſurrection are ſtepping ſtones and a ſtay to you; ſet down your feet by faith on theſe ſtones, and go through as on dry land. If ye knew what he is preparing for you, ye would be too glad; he will not (it may be) give you a full draught till ye come up to the well-head, and drink, yea drink abundantly of the pure river of the water of life, that proceedeth out from the throne of God, and from the Lamb, Rev. xxii. 1. Madam, tire not, weary not; I dare find you the Son of God caution, when ye are got up thither, and have caſten your eyes to view the golden city, and the fair and never-withering tree of life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, ye ſhall then ſay, Four and twenty hours abode in that place is worth threeſcore and ten years ſorrow upon earth. If ye can but ſay, ye long earneſtly to be carried up thither, (as I hope ye cannot for ſhame deny him the honour of having wrought that deſire upon your ſoul) then hath your Lord given you an earneſt: and, Madam, do ye believe that our Lord will loſe his earneſt, and rue of the bargain, and change his mind, as if he were a man that can lie, or the ſon of man that can repent? Nay, he is unchangeable, and the ſame this year that he was the former year: and his Son Jeſus, who upon earth eat and drank with publicans and ſinners, and ſpake and conferred with whores and harlots, and put out his holy hand, and touched the lepers filthy ſkin, and came ever more nigh ſinners, even now in glory, is yet that ſame Lord: his honour and his great court in heaven hath not made him forget his poor friends on earth: in him, honours change not manners, and he doth yet deſire your company. Take him for the old Chriſt, and claim ſtill kindneſs to him, and ſay, Oh it is ſo, he is not changed, but I am changed: nay, it is a part of his unchangeable love, and an article of the new covenant, to keep you that ye cannot diſpone him, nor ſell him: he hath not played faſt and looſe with us, in the covenant of grace; ſo that

we

ye may run from him at our pleaſure; his love hath made the bargain ſurer than ſo; for Jeſus as the cautioner is bound for us, Heb. vii. 22. and it cannot ſtand with his honour to die in the burrows, (as we uſe to ſay) and loſe thee, whom he muſt render again to the Father, when he ſhall give up the kingdom to him. Conſent and ſay amen to the promiſes, and ye have ſealed that God is true, and Chriſt is yours: this is an eaſy market; ye but look on with faith; for Chriſt ſuffered all, and paid all. Madam, fearing I be too tedious to your Ladyſhip, I muſt ſtop here, deſiring always to hear that your Ladyſhip is well, and that ye have ſtill your face up the mountain. Pray for us, Madam, and for Zion, whereof ye are a part: we expect a trial; God's wheat in this land muſt go through Satan's ſieve, but their faith ſhall not fail. I am ſtill wreſtling in our Lord's work, and have been tried and tempted with brethren, who look awry to the goſpel. Now he that is able to keep you until that day, preſerve your ſoul, body and ſpirit, and preſent you before his face with his own bride, ſpotleſs and blameleſs.

*Anwoth, Nov.* 26. 1631. *Your Ladyſhip's to be commanded always in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 10. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

I Am grieved exceedingly that your Ladyſhip ſhould think, or have cauſe to think, that ſuch as love you in God, in this country, are forgetful of you: for myſelf, Madam, I owe to your Ladyſhip all evidences of my high reſpect (in the ſight of my Lord, whoſe truth I preach, I am bold to ſay it) for his rich grace in you. My communion is put off till the end of a conglome and rainy harveſt, and the preſbyterial exerciſe (as the bearer can inform your Ladyſhip) hindered me to ſee you: and for my peoples ſake (finding them like hot iron, that coolleth being out of the fire, and that is pliable to no work) I dare not ſtir abroad, neither have I left them at all, ſince your Ladyſhip was in the country, ſave at one time only, about two years ago; yet I dare not ſay but it is a fault, howbeit no defect in my affection; and I truſt to make it up again, ſo ſoon as poſſibly I am able to wait upon you. Madam, I have no new purpoſe to write unto you, but of that which I think, nay, which our Lord thinketh needful, that one thing, Mary's good part, which ye have choſen, Luke x. 42. Madam, all that God hath, both himſelf and the creatures, he is dealing and parting amongſt the ſons of Adam; there are none ſo poor, as that they can ſay in his face, he hath given them nothing; but there is no ſmall odds betwixt the gifts given to lawful bairns, and to baſtards: and the more greedy ye are in ſuiting, the more

willing is he to give, delighting to be called open-handed. I hope your Ladyſhip laboureth to get aſſurance of the ſureſt patrimony, even God himſelf. Ye will find in Chriſtianity, that God aimeth, in all his dealings with his children, to bring them to a high contempt of and deadly feud with the world; and to ſet an high price upon Chriſt, and to think him one who cannot be bought for gold, and well-worthy the fighting for: and for no other cauſe, Madam, doth the Lord withdraw from you the childiſh toys, and the earthly delights, that he giveth unto others; but that he may have you wholly to himſelf: think therefore of the Lord, as of one who cometh to woo you in marriage, when ye are in the furnace; he ſeeketh his anſwer of you in affliction, to ſee if ye will ſay, Even ſo I take him. Madam, give him this anſwer preſently, and in your mind do not ſecretly grudge nor murmur. When he is ſtriking you in love, beware to ſtrike again, that is dangerous; for thoſe who ſtrike again, ſhall get the laſt blow. If I hit not upon the right ſtring, it is becauſe I am not acquainted with your Ladyſhip's preſent condition; but I believe your Ladyſhip goeth on foot laughing, and putting on a good countenance before the world, and yet ye carry heavineſs about with you. Ye do well, Madam, not to make them witneſſes of your grief, who cannot be curers of it: but be exceeding charitable of your dear Lord. As there be ſome friends worldly, of whom ye will not entertain an ill thought; far more ought ye to believe good evermore of your dear friend, that lovely fair Perſon, Jeſus Chriſt. The thorn is one of the moſt curſed and angry and crabbed weeds, that the earth yieldeth; and yet out of it ſpringeth the roſe, one of the ſweeteſt ſmelled flowers, and moſt delightful to the eye, that the earth hath: your Lord ſhall make joy and gladneſs out of your afflictions; for all his roſes have a fragrant ſmell. Wait for the time, when his own holy hand ſhall hold them to your noſe: and if ye would have preſent comfort under the croſs, be much in prayer; for at that time your faith kiſſeth Chriſt, and he kiſſeth the ſoul. And O if the breath of his holy mouth be ſweet! I dare be caution, out of ſome ſome ſmall experience, that ye ſhall not be beguiled, for the world (yea, not a few number of God's children) know not well what that is, which they call a God-head. But, Madam, come near to the God-head, and look down to the bottom of the well; there is much in him, and ſweet were that death to drown in ſuch a well; your grief taketh liberty to work upon your mind, when ye are not buſied in the meditation of the ever-delighting and all-bleſſed God-head. If ye would lay the price ye give out (which is but ſome few years pain and trouble) beſide the commodities ye are to receive, ye would ſee they are not worthy to be laid in the balance together; but it is

is nature that maketh you look what ye give out, and weakneſs of faith that hindereth you to ſee what ye will take in. Amend your hope, and friſt your faithful Lord a while; he maketh himſelf your debtor in the new covenant; he is honeſt, take his word, Nahum i. 9. *Affliction ſhall not ſpring up the ſecond time.* Rev. xxi. 7. *He that overcometh ſhall inherit all things.* Of al things then which ye want in this life, Madam, I am able to ſay nothing, if that be not believed which ye have, Rev. ii. 7. and Rev. iii. 5. *The overcomer ſhall be clothed in white raiment,* &c. and v. 28. *To the overcomer I will give to ſit with me in my throne, as I overcame and am ſet down with my Father in his throne.* Conſider, Madam, if ye are not high up now, and far ben in the palace of our Lord, when ye are upon a throne in white raiment, at lovely Chriſt's elbow. O thrice fools are we, who like new-born princes weeping in the cradle, know not that there is a kingdom before them! then let our Lord's ſweet hand ſquare us and hammer us, and ſtrike off the knots of pride, ſelf-love, and world-worſhip, and infidelity, that he may make us ſtones and pillars in his Father's houſe, Rev. iii. 12. Madam, what think ye to take binding with the fair corner-ſtone, Jeſus? the Lord give you wiſdom to believe and hope your day is coming. I hope to be witneſs of your joy, as I have been a hearer and beholder of your grief. Think ye much to follow the heir of the crown, who had experience of ſorrows, and was acquainted with grief? Iſa. liii. It were pride to aim to be above the King's Son; it is more than we deſerve, that we are equals in glory, in a manner. Now, commending you to the deareſt grace and mercy of God, I reſt

*Anwoth, Jan.* 4. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience*
1632 *in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 11. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

UNDERSTANDING, a little after the writing of my laſt letter, of the going of this bearer, I would not omit the opportunity of remembering your Ladyſhip, ſtill harping upon that ſtring, which in our whole lifetime is never too often touched upon; nor is our leſſon well enough learned, that there is a neceſſity of advancing in the way to the kingdom of God, of the contempt of the world, of denying ourſelf, and bearing of our Lord's croſs; which is no leſs needful for us, than daily food; and among many marks that we are on this journey, and under ſail toward heaven, this is one, when the love of God ſo filleth our hearts that we forget to love, and care too much for the having or wanting of other things; as one extreme heat burneth out another. By this, Madam, we know

ye have betrothed your ſoul in marriage to Chriſt, when ye do make but ſmall reckoning of all other ſuiters or wooers, and when ye can (having little in hand, but much in hope) live as a young heir during the time of his non-age and minority, being content to be as hardly handled, and under as preciſe a reckoning, as ſervants; becauſe his hope is upon the inheritance: for this cauſe, God's bairns *take well with the ſpailing of their goods*, Heb. xi. 34. *Knowing in themſelves, that they have in heaven a better and an enduring ſubſtance.* That *day that the earth and the works therein ſhall be burned with fire*, 2 Pet. iii. 10. your hidden hope and your hidden life ſhall appear: and therefore, ſince ye have not now many years of your endleſs eterniſy, and know not how ſoon the ſky above your head will rive, and the Son of Man will be ſeen in the clouds of heaven; what better and wiſer courſe can ye take, than to think that your one foot is here, and your other foot in the life to come, and to leave off loving, deſiring, or grieving for the wants, that ſhall be made up, when your Lord and ye ſhall meet, and when ye ſhall give in your bill that day of all your wants? Here if your loſſes be not made up, ye have place to challenge the Almighty; but it ſhall not be ſo, *Ye ſhall then rejoice with joy unſpeakable and full of glory, and your joy ſhall none take from you*, John xvi. 22. It is enough, that the Lord hath promiſed you great things; only let the time of beſtowing them be in his own carving. It is not for us to ſet an hour-glaſs to the Creator of time, ſince he and we differ only in the term of payment; ſince he hath promiſed payment, and we believe it, it is no great matter, we will put that in his own will: as the frank buyer, who cometh near to what the ſeller ſeeketh, uſeth at laſt to refer the difference to his will, and ſo cutteth off the uſe of mutual prigging. Madam, do not prig with your frank-hearted and gracious Lord, about the time of the fulfilling of your joys: it will be, God hath ſaid it; bide his harveſt, wait upon his Whitſunday: his day is better than your day; he putteth not the hook in the corn, till it be ripe and full eared. 'The Great angel of the covenant bear you company till the trumpet ſhall ſound, and the voice of the arch-angel awaken the dead.' Ye ſhall find it your only happineſs, under whatever thing diſturbeth and croſſeth the peace of your mind in this life, to love nothing for itſelf, but only God for himſelf: it is the crooked love of ſome harlots, that they love bracelets, ear-rings, and rings, better than the lover that ſendeth them: God will not be ſo loved; for that were to behave as harlots, and not as the chaſte ſpouſe, to abate from our love when theſe things are pulled away. Our love to him ſhould begin on earth, as it ſhall be in heaven: for the bride taketh not by a thouſand degrees ſo much delight in her wedding garment, as ſhe doth in her bridegroom; ſo

ſo we, in the life to come, howbeit clothed with glory as with a robe, ſhall not be ſo much affected with the glory that goeth about us, as with the Bridegroom's joyful face and preſence. Madam, if ye can win to this here, the field is won; and your mind for any thing ye want, or for any thing your Lord can take from you, ſhall ſoon be calmed and quieted: get himſelf as a pawn, and keep him, till your dear Lord come and looſe the pawn, and rue upon you, and give you all again, that he took from you, even a thouſand talents for one penny. It is not ill to lend God willingly, who otherwiſe both will and may take from you againſt your will: it is good to play the uſurer with, and take in, inſtead of ten of the hundred, an hundred of ten, often an hundred of one. Madam, fearing to be tedious to you, I break off here, commending you, (as I truſt to do, while I live) your perſon, ways, burdens, and all that concerneth you, to that Almighty, who is able to bear you and your burdens: I ſtill remember you to him, who will cauſe you one day to laugh. I expect that, whatever ye can do by word or deed, for the Lord's friendleſs Zion, ye will do it: ſhe is your mother; forget her not, for the Lord intendeth to melt and try this land, and it is high time we were all upon our feet, and falling about to try what claim we have to Chriſt. It is like the Bridegroom will be taken from us, and then we ſhall mourn. Dear Jeſus remove not, elſe take us with thee! Grace, grace be with you for ever.

*Anwoth, Jan.* 14. 1632. *Your Ladyſhip's at all dutiful obedience,* S. R.

## 12. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

YOUR Ladyſhip will not (I know) weary nor offend, tho' I trouble you with many letters; the memory of what obligations I am under to your Ladyſhip is the cauſe of it. I am poſſibly impertinent in what I write, becauſe of my ignorance of your preſent eſtate: but for all that is ſaid, I have learned of Mr. W. D. that ye have not changed upon, nor wearied of your ſweet Maſter, Chriſt, and his ſervice; neither were it your part to change upon him, who reſteth in his love. Ye are among honourable company, and ſuch as affect grandeur and court. But, Madam, thinking upon your eſtate, I think I ſee an improvident wooer, coming too late to ſeek a bride, becauſe ſhe is contracted already and promiſed away to another; and ſo the wooer's buſking and bravery (who cometh to you, as who but he) is in vain: the outward pomp of this buſy wooer, a beguiling world, is now coming in to ſuit your ſoul too late, when ye have promiſed away your ſoul to Chriſt many years ago. And I know,

I know, Madam, what anſwer ye may juſtly make to the late ſuiter, even this, 'Ye are too long of coming: my ſoul the bride is away already, and the contract with Chriſt ſubſcribed; and I cannot chooſe, but I muſt be honeſt and faithful to him.' Honourable Lady, keep your firſt love, and hold the firſt match with that ſoul-delighting lovely Bridegroom, our ſweet, ſweet Lord Jeſus, fairer than all the children of men, the roſe of Sharon, and the faireſt and ſweeteſt ſmelled roſe in all his Father's garden; there is none like him: I would not exchange one ſmile of his lovely face with kingdoms. Madam, let others take their ſilly feckleſs heaven in this life, envy them not; but let your ſoul, like a tarrowing and miſlearned child, take the dorts (as we uſe to ſpeak) or caſt at all things and diſdain them, except one only; either Chriſt or nothing. Your Well-beloved Jeſus will be content, that ye be here devoutly proud, and ill to pleaſe, as one that contemneth all huſbands but himſelf: either the King's Son, or no huſband at all; this is humble and worthy ambition. What have ye to do to dally with a whoriſh and fooliſh world? your jealous Huſband will not be content that ye look by him to another; he will be jealous indeed, and offended, if ye kiſs another but himſelf. What weights do burden you, Madam, I know not; but think it great mercy, that your Lord from your youth hath been hedging in your out-ſtraying affections, that they may not go a-whoring from himſelf: if ye were his baſtard, he would not nurture you ſo; if ye were for the ſlaughter, ye would be fattened: but be content, ye are his wheat growing in our Lord's field, Matth. xiii. 25, 28. And if wheat, ye muſt go under our Lord's threſhing inſtrument, in his barn-floor, and go through his ſieve, Amos ix. 9. and through his mill to be bruiſed, as the Prince of your ſalvation was, Iſa. liii. 9. that ye may be found good bread in your Lord's houſe. Lord Jeſus, bleſs the ſpiritual huſbandry, and ſeparate you from the chaff, that dow not bide the wind. I am perſuaded, your glaſs is ſpending itſelf by little and little; and if ye knew who is before you, ye would rejoice in your tribulations. Think ye it a ſmall honour to ſtand before the throne of God and the Lamb, and to be clothed in white, and to be called to the marraige-ſupper of the Lamb, and to be led to the Fountain of living waters, and to come to the Well-head, even God himſelf, and get your fill of the clear, cold, ſweet, refreſhing Water of life, the King's own well, and to put up your ſinful hand to the tree of life, and take down and eat the ſweeteſt apple in all God's heavenly paradiſe, Jeſus Chriſt, your Life and your Lord? Up your heart, ſhout for joy, your King is coming to fetch you to his Father's houſe. Madam, I am in exceeding great heavineſs, God thinking it beſt for my own ſoul thus to exerciſe me thereby (it may be) to fit me to be his

mouth

mouth to others. I ſee and hear, at home and abroad, nothing but matter of grief and diſcouragement, which indeed maketh my life bitter; and I hope in God never to get my will in this world: and I expect ere long a fiery trial upon the church; for as many men almoſt in England and Scotland, as many falſe friends to Chriſt, and as many pulling and drawing to pull the crown off his holy head; and for fear that our beloved ſtay amongſt us (as if his room were more deſireable than himſelf) men are biding him go ſeek his lodging. Madam, if ye have a part in ſilly friendleſs Zion, (as I know ye have) ſpeak a word on her behalf to God and man: if ye can do nothing elſe, ſpeak for Jeſus, and ye ſhall thereby be a witneſs againſt this declining age. Now, from my very ſoul, laying and leaving you on the Lord, and deſiring a part in your prayers (as my Lord knoweth, I remember you) I deliver over your body, ſpirit, and all your neceſſities to the hands of our Lord, and remain for ever.

*Anwoth, Feb.* 13. 1632. *Your Ladyſhip's in your Lord Jeſus and mine,* S. R.

## 13. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

THE cauſe of my not writing to your Ladyſhip, is not my forgetfulneſs of you, but the want of the opportunity of a convenient bearer; for I am under more than a ſimple obligation to be kind (in paper, at leaſt) to your Ladyſhip. I bleſs our Lord through Chriſt, who hath brought you home again to your country, from that place, where ye have ſeen with your eyes that which our Lord's truth taught you before, to wit, that worldly glory is nothing but a vapour; a ſhadow, the foam of the water, or ſomething leſs and lighter, even nothing; and that our Lord hath not without cauſe ſaid in his word, 1 Cor. vii. 31. *The countenance or faſhion of this world paſſeth away.* In which place, our Lord compareth it to an image in a looking-glaſs for Adam's ſons: ſome come to the glaſs, and ſee in it the picture of honour, and but a picture indeed; for true honour is to be great in the ſight of God; and others ſee it in the ſhadow of riches, and but a ſhadow indeed; for durable riches ſtand, as one of the maids of wiſdom, upon her left-hand, Prov. iii. 16. and a third ſort ſee in it the face of painted pleaſures, and the beholders will not believe, but the image they ſee in this glaſs is a living man, till the Lord come and break the glaſs in pieces, and remove the face; and then, like Pharaoh awakened, they ſay, And, behold, it was a dream. I know your Ladyſhip thinketh yourſelf little in the common of this world, for the favourable aſpect of any of theſe three painted faces; and bleſſed be our Lord that it is ſo; the better for you: Mad-

am,

am, they are not worthy to be wooers to ſuit in marriage you ſoul, that looks to an higher match than to be married upon painted clay. Know therefore, Madam, the place whither our Lord Jeſus cometh to woo a bride, it is even in the furnace: for if ye be one of Zion's daughters (which I ever put beyond all queſtion, ſince I firſt had occaſion to ſee in your Ladyſhip ſuch pregnant evidences of the grace of God) the Lord, who hath his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jeruſalem, Iſa. xxxi. 9. is purifying you in the furnace: and therefore be content to live in it, and every day to be adding and ſewing to a paſſment to your wedding-garment, that ye may at laſt be decorated and trimmed as a bride for Chriſt, a bride of his own buſking, beautified in the hidden man of the heart, *forgetting your father's houſe, ſo ſhall the King greatly deſire your beauty*, Pſalm xlv. 11. If your Ladyſhip be not changed (as I hope ye are not) I believe ye eſteem yourſelf to be of thoſe, whom God hath tried theſe many years, and refined as ſilver. But, Madam, I will ſhew your Ladyſhip a privilege that others want, and ye have, in this caſe: ſuch as are in proſperity, and are fatted with earthly joys, and increaſed with children and friends, though the word of God is indeed written to ſuch for their inſtruction; yet to you who are in trouble, (ſpare me, Madam, to ſay this from whom the Lord hath taken many children, and whom he hath exerciſed otherwiſe,) there are ſome chapters, ſome particular promiſes in the word of God, made, in a moſt ſpecial manner, which ſhould never have been yours, ſo as they now are, if ye had your portion in this life, as others: and therefore all the comforts, promiſes and mercies, God offereth to the afflicted, they are as many love-letters written to you; take them to you, Madam, and claim your right, and be not robbed. It is no ſmall comfort, that God hath written ſome ſcriptures to you, which he hath not written to others: ye ſeem rather in this to be envied than pitied; and ye are indeed in this like people of another world, and thoſe that are above the ordinary rank of mankind, whom our King and Lord, our Bridegroom Jeſus, in his love-letter to his Well-beloved ſpouſe, hath named, beſide all the reſt, and hath written comforts and his hearty commendations, in the 56th of Iſaiah, verſe 4, 5. Pſalm cxlvii. 2, 3. to you: read theſe and the like, and think your God is like a friend, that ſendeth a letter to a whole houſe and family; but ſpeaketh in his letter to ſome by name, that are deareſt to him in the houſe: ye are then, Madam, of the deareſt friends of the Bridegroom; if it were lawful, I would envy you, that God honoured you ſo above many of his dear children. Therefore, Madam, your part is, in this caſe (ſeeing God taketh nothing from you, but that which he is to ſupply with his own preſence) to deſire your Lord to know his own room, and to take it even upon

upon him to come in, in the room of dead children: Jehovah, know thy own place, and take it to thee, is all you have to say. Madam, I perſuade myſelf, that this world is to you an uncouth inns; and that ye are like a traveller, who hath his bundle upon his back, and his ſtaff in his hand, and his feet upon the door threſhold: go forward, honourable and elect Lady, in the ſtrength of your Lord, (let the world bide at home and keep the houſe) with your face toward him, who longeth more for a ſight of you, than ye can do for him: ere it be long he will ſee us. I hope to ſee you laugh as chearfully after noon, as ye have mourned before noon: the hand of the Lord be with you in your journey. What have ye to do here? This is not your mountain of reſt; ariſe then, and ſet your foot up the mountain: go up out of the wilderneſs leaning upon the ſhoulder of your Beloved, Cant. viii. 5. If ye knew the welcome that abideth you when ye come home, ye would haſten your pace; for ye ſhall ſee your Lord put up his own holy hand to your face, and wipe all tears from your eyes; and I trow, then ye ſhall have ſome joy of heart. Madam, paper willeth me to end before affection. Remember the eſtate of Zion; pray that Jeruſalem may be as Zechariah propheſied, chap. xii. 13. *A burdenſome ſtone for all*, that whoſever boweth down to roll the ſtone out of the way, may hurt and break the joints of their back, and ſtrain their arms, disjoint their ſhoulder-blades; and pray Jehovah, that the ſtone may ly ſtill its own place, keep bond with the Corner-ſtone, I hope it ſhall be ſo; he is a ſkill'd Maſter-builder who laid it. I would, Madam, under great heavineſs be refreſhed with two lines from your Ladyſhip, which I refer to your own wiſdom. Madam, I would ſeem undutiful not to ſhew you, that great ſolicitation is made by the town of Kirkcudbright, for to have the uſe of my poor labours amongſt them. If the Lord ſhall call, and his people cry, who am I to reſiſt? But without his ſeen calling, and till the flock, whom I now overſee, be planted with one, to whom I dare intruſt Chriſt's ſpouſe; gold nor ſilver, nor favour of men, I hope, ſhall not looſe me. I leave your Ladyſhip, praying more earneſtly, for grace and mercy to be with you, and multiplied upon you, here and hereafter, than my pen can expreſs. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Kirkcudbright.* *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in the Lord,* S. R.

## 14. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

HAVING ſaluted you, with grace and mercy from God our Father, and from our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, I long to

ſee your Ladyſhip, and to hear how it goeth with you. I do remember you, and preſent you and your neceſſities to him, who is able to keep you, and preſent you blameleſs before his face with joy: and my prayer to our Lord is, that ye may be ſick of love for him, who died of love for you; I mean, your Saviour Jeſus: and O ſweet were that ſickneſs; to be ſoul-ſick for him! and a living death it were, to die in the fire of the love of that ſoul-lover, Jeſus! And, Madam, if ye love him, ye will keep his commandments; and this is not one of the leaſt, to lay your neck chearfully and willingly under the yoke of Jeſus Chriſt: for, I truſt, your Ladyſhip did firſt contract and bargain with the Son of God, to follow him upon theſe terms, that by his grace, ye ſhould endure hardſhip, and ſuffer affliction as the ſoldier of Chriſt; they are not worthy of Jeſus, who will not take a blow for their Maſter's ſake. For our glorious Peace maker, when he came to make up the friendſhip betwixt God and us, God bruiſed him, and ſtruck him, the ſinful world alſo did beat him, and crucify him; yet he took buffets of both the parties: and honour to our Lord Jeſus, he would not leave the field for all that, till he had made peace betwixt the parties. I perſuade myſelf, your ſufferings are but like your Saviour's, (yea, incomparably leſs and lighter) which are called but a bruiſing of his heel, Gen. iii. 15. a wound far from the heart. Your life is hid with Chriſt in God, Col. iii. 3. And therefore ye cannot be robbed of it. Our Lord handleth us, as fathers do their young children; they lay up jewels in a place above the reach of the ſhort arm of bairns, elſe bairns would put up their hands, and take them down, and loſe them ſoon: ſo hath our Lord done with our ſpiritual life; Jeſus Chriſt is the high coffer, in the which our Lord hath hid our life; we children are not able to reach up our arm ſo high as to take down that life and loſe it; it is in our Chriſt's hand: O, long, long may Jeſus be lord-keeper of our life! and happy are they that can, with the apoſtle, 2 Tim. i. lay their ſoul in pawn in the hand of Jeſus; for he is able to keep that which is committed in pawn to him againſt that day. Then, Madam, ſo long as this life is not hurt, all other troubles are but touches in the heel: I truſt ye will ſoon be cured. Ye know, Madam, kings have ſome ſervants in their courts, that receive not preſent wages in their hand, but live upon their hopes: the King of kings alſo hath ſervants in his courts, that for the preſent get little or nothing, but the heavy croſs of Chriſt, troubles without and terrors within; but they live upon hope; when it cometh to the parting of the inheritance, they remain in the houſe as heirs: it is better to be ſo, than to get preſent payment, and a portion in this life, an inheritance in this world; (God forgive me, that I ſhould honour it with the name of an

inheritance,

inheritance, it is rather a farm-room) and then in the end to be caſten out of God's houſe, with this word, Ye have received your conſolation, ye will get no more. Alas! what get they? The rich glutton's heaven. O but our Lord, Luke xvi. maketh it a ſilly heaven! he fared well (ſaith our Lord) and delicately every day: Oh! no more? a ſilly heaven! truly no more, except that he was clothed in purple, and that is all. I perſuade myſelf, Madam, ye have joy, when ye think that your Lord hath dealt more graciouſly with your ſoul. Ye have gotten little in this life, it is true, indeed: ye have then the more to crave; yea, ye have all to crave: for, except ſome taſtings of the firſt fruits, and ſome kiſſings of his mouth, whom your ſoul loveth, ye get no more. But I cannot tell you what is to come; yet I may ſpeak as our Lord doth of it: the foundation of the city is pure gold, clear as cryſtal; the twelve ports are ſet with precious ſtones: if orchards and rivers commend a ſoil upon earth, there is a paradiſe there, wherein groweth the tree of life, that beareth twelve manner of fruits every month, which is ſevenſcore and four harveſts in the year; and there is there a pure river of water of life, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb: and the city hath no need of the light of the ſun or moon, or of a candle; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb is the light thereof. Madam, believe and hope for this, till ye ſee and enjoy. Jeſus is ſaying in the goſpel, Come and ſee; and he is come down in the chariot of truth, wherein he rideth through the world, to conquer mens ſouls, Pſalm xlv. 4. and is now in the world ſaying, 'Who will go with me? will ye go? My father will make you welcome, and give you houſe-room; for in my Father's houſe are many dwelling-places.' Madam, conſent to go with him. Thus I reſt, commending you to God's deareſt mercy.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in the Lord*
*Jeſus*, S. R.

## 15. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

I Am afraid now (as many others are) that at the ſitting down of our parliament, our Lord Jeſus his ſpouſe ſhall be roughly handled: and it muſt be ſo, ſince falſe and declining Scotland, whom our Lord took off the dunghill and out of hell, and made a fair bride to himſelf, hath broken her faith to her ſweet Huſband, and hath put on the forehead of a whore; and therefore he ſaith, he will remove. Would to God we could ſtir up ourſelves to lay hold upon him, who, being highly provoked with the handling he hath met with, is ready to depart.

Alas, we do not importune him, by prayer and ſupplication, to abide amongſt us! If we could but weep upon him, and in the holy pertinacy of faith wreſtle with him, and ſay, We will not let thee go; it may be that then he, who is eaſy to be intreated, would yet, notwithſtanding of our high provocations, condeſcend to ſtay, and feed among the lilies, till that fair and deſireable day break, and the ſhadows flee away. Ah! what cauſe of mourning is there, when our gold is become dim, and the viſage of our Nazarites, ſometimes whiter than ſnow, is become blacker than a coal; and Levi's houſe, once comparable to fine gold, is now changed, and become like veſſels in whom he hath nò pleaſure? Madam, think upon this, that when our Lord, who hath his handerchief to wipe the face of the mourners in Zion, ſhall come to wipe away all tears from their eyes, he may wipe yours alſo, in paſſing, amongſt others. I am confident, Madam, that our Lord will yet build a new houſe to himſelf, of our rejected and ſcattered ſtones; for our Bridegroom cannot want a wife: can he live a widow? nay, he will embrace both us, the little young ſiſter, and the elder ſiſter, the church of the Jews: and there will yet be a day of it; and therefore we have cauſe to rejoice, yea to ſing and ſhout for joy. The church hath been, ſince the world began, ever hanging by a ſmall thread, and all the hands of hell and of the wicked have been drawing at the thread: but, God be thanked, they only break their arms by pulling, but the thread is not broken; for the ſweet fingers of Chriſt our Lord have ſpun and twiſted it: Lord, hold the thread whole. Madam, ſtir up your huſband, to lay hold upon the covenant, and to do good. What hath he to do with the world? it is not his inheritance: deſire him to make home over, and put to his hand to lay one ſtone or two upon the wall of God's houſe, before he go hence. I have heard alſo, Madam that your child is removed; but to have or want is beſt, as he pleaſeth. Whether ſhe be with you, or in God's keeping, think it all one: nay, think it the better of the two by far, that ſhe is with him. I truſt in our Lord, that there is ſomething laid up and kept for you; for our kind Lord, who hath wounded you, will not be ſo cruel, as not to allay the pain of your green wound; and therefore claim Chriſt ſtill as your own, and own him as your One thing. So reſting, I recommend your Ladyſhip, your ſoul and ſpirit, in pawn to him, who keepeth his Father's pawns, and will make an account of them faithfully, even to that faireſt amongſt the ſons of men, our ſweet Lord Jeſus, the faireſt, the ſweeteſt, the moſt delicious Roſe of all his Father's great field. The ſmell of that Roſe perfume your ſoul.

*Anwoth, April* 1. 1633. *Your Ladyſhip's in his ſweeteſt Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

16. To

## 16. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

I Determined, and was desirous also to have seen your Ladyship, but because of a pain in my arm I could not. I know ye will not impute it to any unsuitable forgetfulness of your Ladyship, from whom, at my first entry to my calling in this this country, and since also, I received such comfort in my affliction, as, I trust in God, never to forget it, and shall labour by his grace to recompense it, the only way possible to me, and that is, by presenting your soul, person, house, and all your necessities, in prayer to him, whose I hope ye are, and who is able to keep you till that day of appearance, and to present you before his face with joy. I am confident your Ladyship is going forward, in the begun journey to your Lord and Father's home and kingdom; howbeit ye want not temptations within and without: and who among the saints hath ever taken that castle without stroke of sword? The chief of the house, our elder brother, our Lord Jesus, not being excepted, who won his own house at home, due to him by birth, with much blood and many blows. Your Ladyship hath the more need to look to yourself, because our Lord hath placed you higher than the rest, and your way to heaven lyeth through a more wild and waste wilderness, than the way of many of your fellow-travellers; not only through the midst of this wood of thorns, the cumbersome world, but also through these dangerous paths, the vain glory of it: the consideration whereof hath often moved me to pity your soul, and the soul of your worthy and noble husband. And it is more to you to win heaven, being ships of greater burden, and in the main sea, than for little vessels, that are not so much in the mercy and reverence of the storms; because they may come quietly to their port by launching alongst the coast: for the which cause ye do much, if in the midst of such a tumult of business, and crowd of temptations, ye shall give Christ Jesus his own court, and his own due place in your soul. I know and am persuaded, that that lovely One Jesus is dearer to you than many kingdoms; and that ye esteem him your Well-beloved, and the Standard-bearer among ten thousand, Cant. v. 10. And it becometh him full well to take the place, and the board-head in your soul, before all the world. I knew and saw him with you in the furnace of affliction: for there he wooed you to himself, and chose you to be his; and now he craveth no hire of you but your love, and that he get no cause to be jealous of you. And therefore, dear and worthy Lady, be like to the fresh river, that keepeth its own fresh taste in the salt-sea. This world is not worthy of your soul: give it not a good-day, when Christ cometh in competition with it. Be like one of another country: home and stay not; for the sun

ſnn is fallen low, and nigh the tops of the mountains, and the ſhadows are ſtretched out in great length. Linger not by the way: the world and ſin would train you on, and make you turn aſide; leave not the way for them, and the Lord Jeſus be at the voyage! Madam, many eyes are upon you, and many would be glad your Ladyſhip ſhould ſpill a Chriſtian, and mar a good profeſſor. Lord Jeſus mar their godleſs deſires, and keep the conſcience whole without a crack! If there be a hole in it, ſo that it take in water at a leak, it will with difficulty mend again. It is a dainty delicate creature, and a rare piece of the workmanſhip of your Maker; and therefore deal gently with it, and keep it entire, that, amidſt this world's glory, your Ladyſhip may learn to entertain Chriſt; and whatſoever creature your Ladyſhip findeth not to ſmell of him, it may have no better reliſh to you than the white of an egg. Madam, it is a part of the truth of your profeſſion, to drop words in the ears of your noble huſband continually, of eternity, judgment, death, hell, heaven, the honourable profeſſion, the ſins of his father's houſe; he muſt reckon with God for his father's debt: forgetting of accounts payeth not debt; nay, the intereſt of a forgotten bond runneth up with God, to intereſt upon intereſt. I know, he looketh homeward, and loveth the truth; but I pity him, with my ſoul, becauſe of his many temptations; Satan layeth upon men a burden of cares above a load, and maketh a pack-horſe of men's ſouls, when they are wholly ſet upon this world. We owe the devil no ſuch ſervice; it were wiſdom to throw off that load into a mire, and caſt all our cares over upon God. Madam, think ye have no child; ſubſcribe a bond to your Lord, that ſhe ſhall be his, if he take her; and thanks and praiſe and glory to his holy name, ſhall be the intereſt for a year's loan of her. Look for croſſes; and while it is fair weather, mend the ſails of the ſhip. Now hoping your Ladyſhip will pardon my tedioufneſs, I recommend your ſoul and perſon in the grace and mercy of our ſweet Lord Jeſus, in whom I am

*Anwoth, Nov.* 15. 1633. *Your Ladyſhip's at all dutiful obedience in Chriſt,* S. R.

## 8. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

HAVING received a letter from ſome of the worthieſt of the miniſtry in this kingdom, the contents whereof I am deſired to communicate to ſuch profeſſors in theſe parts, as I know, love the beauty of Zion, and are afflicted to ſee the Lord's vineyard trodden under foot by the wild boars out of the wood, who lay it waſte; I could not but alſo deſire your Ladyſhip's help, to join with the reſt, deſiring you to impart it

it to my Lord your husband; and if ye think it needful, I shall write to his Lordship, as Mr. G. G. shall advertise me. Know therefore, that the best affected of the ministry have thought it convenient and necessary, at such a time as this, that all who love the truth should join their prayers together, and cry to God with humiliation and fasting: the times which are agreed upon, are the first two sabbaths of February next, and the six days interveening betwixt these sabbaths, as they may conveniently be had, and the first sabbath of every quarter: and the causes, as they are written to me, are these; 1. Besides the distresses of the reformed churches abroad, the many reigning sins of uncleanness, ungodliness, and unrighteousness in this land; the present judgments on the land, and many more hanging over us, whereof few are sensible, or yet know the right and true cause of them. 2. The lamentable and pitiful estate of a glorious church (in so short a time, against so many bonds) in doctrine, sacrament and discipline, so sore persecuted, in the persons of faithful pastors and professors, and the door of God's house kept so strait, by bastard-porters, in so much that worthy instruments, able for the work, are held at the door; the rulers having turned over religion into policy, and the multitude ready to receive any religion that shall be enjoined by authority. 3. In our humiliation, besides that we are under a necessity of deprecating God's wrath, and vowing to God sincerely new obedience; the weakness, coldness, silence and lukewarmness of some of the best of the ministry, and the deadness of professors, who have suffered the truth both secretly to be stolen away, and openly to be plucked from us, would be confessed. 4. Atheism, idolatry, profanity, and vanity would be confessed; our king's heart recommended to God; and God entreated, that he would stir up the nobles and people to turn from their evil ways. Thus, Madam, hoping that your Ladyship will join with others, that such a work be not slighted at such a necessary time, when our kirk is at the overturning, I will promise to myself your help, as the Lord in secresy and prudence shall enable you, that your Ladyship may rejoice with the Lord's people, when deliverance shall come: for true and sincere humiliation come always speed with God; and when authority, king, court, and church-men oppose the truth, what other armour have we but prayer and faith? whereby if we wrestle with him, there is ground to hope, that those who would remove the burdensome stone out of its place, shall but hurt their back, and the stone shall not be moved, at least not removed, Zech. xii. 3. Grace, grace be with you, from him who hath called you to the inheritance of the saints in light.

*Anwoth, Jan.* 23. 1634. *Your Ladyship's at all submissive obedience in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

18. *To*

## 18. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

ALL ſubmiſſive and dutiful obedience in our Lord Jeſus remembered; I truſt I need not much intreat your Ladyſhip to look to him, who hath ſtricken you at this time; but my duty, in the memory of that comfort I found in your Ladyſhip's kindneſs, when I was no leſs heavy, in a caſe not unlike that, ſpeaketh to me, to ſay ſomething now; and I wiſh I could eaſe your Ladyſhip at leaſt with words: I am perſuaded, your Phyſician will not ſlay you, but purge you; and ſeeing he calleth himſelf the Chirurgion, who maketh the wound and bindeth it up again (for to lance a wound, is not to kill, but to cure the patient) Deut. xxxii. 30. 1 Sam. ii. 6. Job vi. 18. Hoſ. vi. 1. I believe, faith will teach you to kiſs a ſtriking Lord, and ſo acknowledge the ſovereignty of God (in the death of a child) to be above the power of us mortal men, who may pluck up a flower in the bud, and not be blamed for it: if our dear Lord pluck up one of his roſes, and pull down four and green fruit before harveſt, who can challenge him? For he ſendeth us to his world, as men to a market, wherein ſome ſtay many hours, and eat and drink, and buy and ſell, and paſs through the fair, till they be weary; and ſuch are thoſe who live long, and get a hearty fill of this life: and others again come ſlipping in to the morning market, and do neither ſit nor ſtand, nor buy nor ſell, but look about them a little, and paſs preſently home again; and theſe are infants and young ones, who end their ſhort market in the morning, and get but a ſhort view of the fair. Our Lord who hath numbered man's months, and ſet him bounds that he cannot paſs, Job xiv. 5. hath written the length of our market; and it is eaſier to complain of the decree, than to change it. I verily believe, when I write this, your Lord hath taught your Ladyſhip to lay your hand on your mouth: but I ſhall be far from deſiring your Ladyſhip or any others to caſt by a croſs, like an old uſeleſs bill, that is only for the fire; but rather would wiſh, each croſs were looked in the face ſeven times, and were read over and over again. It is the meſſenger of the Lord, and ſpeaks ſomething; and the man of underſtanding will hear the rod, and him that hath appointed it: try what is the taſte of the Lord's cup, and drink with God's bleſſing, that ye may grow thereby. I truſt in God, whatever ſpeech it utter to your ſoul, this is one word in it, Job v. 17. *Behold, bleſſed is the man whom God correcteth:* and that it ſaith to you, ye are from home while here; ye are not of this world, as your Redeemer Chriſt, was not of this world. There is ſomething keeping for you, which is worth the having. All that is here is condemned to die, to paſs away like a ſnow ball before a ſummer-ſun; and ſince death took firſt poſſeſſion of ſomething of yours,

yours, it hath been and daily it creeping nearer to yourſelf, howbeit with no noiſe of feet. Your huſbandman and Lord hath lopped off ſome branches already, the tree itſelf is to be tranſplanted to the high garden; in a good time be it, our Lord ripen your Ladyſhip. All theſe croſſes (and indeed when I remember them, they are heavy and many, peace, peace be the end of them) are to make you white and ripe for the Lord's harveſt-hook. I have ſeen the Lord weaning you from the breaſts of this world: it was never his mind, it ſhould be your patrimony, and God be thanked for that; ye look the liker one of the heirs: let the moveables go, why not? they are not yours: faſten your gripes upon the heritage: and our Lord Jeſus make the charters ſure, and give your Ladyſhip to grow as a palm-tree on God's mount Zion; howbeit ſhaken with winds, yet the root is faſt. This is all I can do, to recommend your caſe to your Lord, who hath you written upon the palms of his hand. If I were able to do more, your Ladyſhip may believe me, that gladly I would. I truſt ſhortly to ſee your Ladyſhip. Now he who hath called you, confirm and eſtabliſh your heart in grace unto the day of the liberty of the ſons of God.

*Ardwel, April* 29. 1634. *Your Ladyſhip's at all ſubmiſſive obedience in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 19. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*My very noble and worthy Lady,*

SO oft as I call to mind the comforts, that I myſelf, a poor friendleſs ſtranger, received from your Ladyſhip here in a ſtrange part of the country, when the Lord took from me the delight of mine eyes, as the word ſpeaketh, Ezek. xxiv. 16. (which wound is not yet fully healed and cured.) I truſt your Lord ſhall remember that, and give you comfort now, at ſuch a time as this, wherein your deareſt Lord hath made you a widow, that ye may be a free woman for Chriſt, who is now ſuiting for marriage-love of you; and therefore, ſince you ly alone in your bed, let Chriſt be as a bundle of myrrh, to ſleep and ly all the night betwixt your breaſts, Cant. i. 13. and then your bed is better filled than before: and ſeeing, among all croſſes ſpoken of in our Lord's word, this giveth you a particular right to make God your huſband, (which was not ſo yours, while your huſband was alive) read God's mercy out of this viſitation. And albeit I muſt out of ſome experience ſay, the mourning for the huſband of your youth be by God's own mouth the heavieſt worldly ſorrow, Joel i. 8. and though this be the weightieſt burden that ever lay upon your back, yet ye know (when the fields are emptied, and your huſband now aſleep in Lord) if ye ſhall wait upon him, who hideth his face for a while,

that it lyeth upon God's honour and truth to fill the field, and to be a huſband to the widow: ſee and conſider then what ye have loſt, and how little it is. Therefore, Madam, let me entreat you in the bowels of Chriſt Jeſus, and by the comforts of his Spirit, and your appearance before him, let God, and men, and angels now ſee what is in you: the Lord hath pierced the veſſel, it will be known whether there be in it wine or water: let your faith and patience be ſeen, that it may be known your only beloved firſt and laſt hath been Chriſt: and therefore now, ware your whole love upon him; he alone is a ſuitable object for your love and all the affections of your ſoul. God hath dried up one channel of your love, by the removal of your huſband: let now that ſpeat run upon Chriſt: your Lord and Lover hath graciouſly taken out your huſband's name, and your name, out of the ſummons, that are raiſed, at the inſtance of the terrible ſin-revenging Judge of the world, againſt the houſe of Kenmure: and I dare ſay that God's hammering of you from your youth, is only to make you a fair carved ſtone, in the upper high temple of the New Jeruſalem. Your Lord never thought this world's vain painted glory a gift worthy of you; and therefore would not beſtow it on you, becauſe he is to propine you with a better portion: let the moveables go; the inheritance is yours. Ye are a child of the houſe, and joy is laid up for you; it is long in coming, but not the worſe for that. I am now expecting to ſee, and that with joy and comfort, that which I hoped of you, ſince I knew you fully; even that ye have laid ſuch ſtrength upon the holy One of Iſrael, that ye defy troubles; and that your ſoul is a caſtle that may be beſieged, but cannot be taken. What have you to do here? This world never looked like a friend upon you: ye owe it little love, it looked ever ſour like upon you; howbeit ye ſhould woo it, it will not match with you; and therefore never ſeek warm fire under cold ice. This is not a field where your happineſs groweth; it is up above, where Rev. vii. 9. there are a great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, ſtanding before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands: what ye could never get here, ye ſhall find there. And withal conſider, how in all theſe trials, (and truly they have been many) your Lord hath been looſing you at the root from periſhing things, and hunting after you, to gripe your ſoul. Madam, for the Son of God's ſake, let him not miſs his gripe, but ſtay and abide in the love of God, as Jude ſaith, ver. 21. Now, Madam, I hope your Ladyſhip will take theſe lines in good part; and wherein I have fallen ſhort and failed to your Ladyſhip, in not evidencing what I was obliged to your more than undeſerved love and reſpect, I requeſt for a full pardon for it.

it. Again, my dear and noble Lady, let me beſeech you to lift up your head, for the day of your redemption draweth near: and remember, that ſtar that ſhined in Galloway is now ſhining in another world. Now I pray that God may anſwer his own ſtile to your ſoul; and that he may be to you the God of all conſolations. Thus I remain

*Anwoth, Sept.* 14. 1634. *Your Ladyſhip's at all dutiful obedience in the Lord,* S. R.

## 20. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

ALL dutiful obedience in our Lord remembered; I know ye are now near one of thoſe ſtraits, in which ye have been before: but becauſe your outward comforts are fewer, I pray him, whoſe ye are, to ſupply what ye want, another way: for howbeit we cannot win to the bottom of his wiſe providence, who ruleth all; yet it is certain, this is not only good, which the Almighty hath done, but it is beſt: and he hath reckoned all your ſteps to heaven; and if your Ladyſhip were through this water, there are the fewer behind; and if this were the laſt, I hope your Ladyſhip hath learned by on-waiting to make your acquaintance with death, which being, to the Lord, the woman's Seed, Jeſus, only a bloody heel, and not a broken head, Gen. iii. 15. cannot be ill to his friends, who get far leſs of death than himſelf. Therefore, Madam, ſeeing ye know not but the journey is ended, and ye are come to the water-ſide, in God's wiſdom, look all your papers and your counts, and whether ye be ready to receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child, in whom there is little haughtineſs and much humility. I would be far from diſcouraging your Ladyſhip; but there is an abſolute neceſſity, that, near eternity, we look ere we leap, ſeeing no man winneth back again to mend his leap. I am confident your Ladyſhip thinketh often upon it, and that your old Guide ſhall go before you and take your hand: his love to you will not grow ſour, nor wear out of date, as the love of men, which groweth old and gray-haired often before themſelves. Ye have ſo much the more reaſon to love a better life than this, becauſe this world hath been to you a cold fire, with little heat to the body, and as little light, and much ſmoke to hurt the eyes. But, Madam, your Lord would have you thinking it but dry breaſts, full of wind, and empty of food. In this late viſitation that hath befallen your Ladyſhip, ye have ſeen God's love and care, in ſuch a meaſure, that I thought, our Lord brake the ſharp point off the croſs, and made us and your Ladyſhip ſee Chriſt take poſſeſſion, and infeftment upon earth of him, who is now reigning and triumphing with the hundred

and forty-four thouſand, who ſtand with the Lamb on mount Zion. I know, the ſweeteſt of it is bitter to you; but your Lord will not give you painted croſſes: he pareth not all the bitterneſs from the croſs, neither taketh he the ſharp edge quite from it; then it ſhould be of your wailing, and not of his, which ſhould have as little reaſon in it, as it ſhould have profit for us. Only, Madam, God commandeth you now to believe, and caſt anchor in the dark night, and climb up the mountain: he who hath called you, eſtabliſh you and confirm you to the end. I had a purpoſe to have viſited your Ladyſhip; but when I thought better upon it, the truth is, I cannot ſee what my company could profit you: and this hath broken off my purpoſe, and no other thing. I know many honourable friends and worthy profeſſors will ſee your Ladyſhip; and that the Son of God is with you, to whoſe love and mercy, from my ſoul, I recommend your Ladyſhip, and remain

*Anwoth, Nov.* 29. 1634. *Your Ladyſhip's at all dutiful obedience in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 21. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

MY humble obedience in the Lord remembered. Know, it hath pleaſed the Lord, to let me ſee, by all appearance, my labours in God's houſe here are at an end; and I muſt now learn to ſuffer, in the which I am a dull ſcholar. By a ſtrange providence, ſome of my papers, anent the corruptions of this time, are come to our king's hand: I know by the wiſe and well-affected, I ſhall be cenſured, as not wiſe nor circumſpect enough; but it is ordinary, that that ſhould be a part of the croſs of thoſe who ſuffer for him; yet I love and pardon the inſtrument: I would commit my life to him, howbeit by him this hath befallen me; but I look higher than to him. I make no queſtion of your Ladyſhip's love and care to do what ye can for my help; and I am perſuaded that in my adverſities your Ladyſhip will wiſh me well. I ſeek no other thing, but that my Lord may be honoured by me, in giving a teſtimony. I was willing to do him more ſervice; but ſeeing he will have no more of my labours, and this land will thruſt me out, I pray for grace to learn to be acquaint with miſery, if I may give ſo rough a name to ſuch a mark of thoſe who ſhall be crowned with Chriſt: and howbeit I will poſſibly prove a faint-hearted unwiſe man in that, yet I dare ſay, I intend otherwiſe: and I deſire not to go on the lee-ſide or ſunny-ſide of religion, to put truth betwixt me and a ſtorm; my Saviour did not ſo for me, who

who in his ſuffering took the windy-ſide of the hill. No further, but the Son of God be with you.

*Anwoth, Dec.* 5. 1634. *Your Ladyſhip's in the Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 22. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

I Received your Ladyſhip's letters from J. G. I thank our Lord, ye are as well, at leaſt, as one may be, who is not come home: it is a mercy, in this ſtormy ſea, to get a ſecond wind; for none of the ſaints get a firſt, but they muſt take the winds, as the Lord of the ſeas cauſeth them to blow; and the inn, as the Lord and Maſter of the inns hath ordered it: if contentment were here, heaven were not heaven. Whoever ſeek the world to be their bed, ſhall at beſt find it ſhort and ill made, and a ſtone under their ſide to hold them waking, rather than a ſoft pillow to ſleep upon. Ye ought to bleſs your Lord, that it is not worſe: we live in a ſea, where many have ſuffered ſhip-wreck, and have need that Chriſt ſit at the helm of the ſhip. It is a mercy to win to heaven, though with much hard toil and heavy labour, and to take it by violence, ill and well as it may be: better go ſwimming and wet through our waters, than drown by the way; eſpecially now when truth ſuffereth, and great men bid Chriſt ſit lower and contract himſelf in leſs bounds, as if he took too much room. I expect our new Prelate ſhall try my ſitting. I hang by a thread, but it is (if I may ſpeak ſo) of Chriſt's ſpinning: there is no quarrel more honeſt or honourable, than to ſuffer for truth; but the worſt is, that this kirk is like to ſink, and all her lovers and friends ſtand afar off, and none mourn for her. But the Lord Jeſus will not be put out of his conqueſt ſo ſoon, in Scotland: it will be ſeen, the kirk and truth will riſe again within three days, and Chriſt again ſhall ride upon his white horſe; howbeit his horſe ſeem now to ſtumble, yet he cannot fall: the fulneſs of Chriſt's harveſt in the end of the earth is not yet come in. I ſpeak not this, becauſe I would have it ſo, but upon better grounds than my naked liking. But enough of this ſad ſubject. I long to be fully aſſured of your Ladyſhip's welfare, and that your ſoul proſpereth, eſpecially now in your ſolitary life, when your comforts outward are few, and when Chriſt hath you for the very uptaking. I know his love to you is ſtill running over, and his love hath not ſo bad a memory as to forget you and your dear child, who hath two Fathers in heaven, the one the Ancient of days. I truſt in his mercy, he hath ſomething laid up for him above, however it may go with him here. I know it is long ſince your Ladyſhip ſaw this world turned your

ſtep-

ſtep-mother, and did forſake you. Madam, ye have reaſon to take in goood part a lean dinner and ſpare diet, in this life, ſeeing your large ſupper of the Lamb's preparing will recompence all: let it go, which was never your's, but only in ſight, not in property: the time of your loan will wear ſhorter and ſhorter, and time is meaſured to you by ounce weights: and then I know, your hope ſhall be a full ear of corn, and not blaſted with wind: it may be your joy, that your anchor is up within the vail, and that the ground it is caſt upon, is not falſe, but firm. God hath done his part: I hope ye will not deny to fiſh and fetch home all your love to himſelf; and it is but too narrow and ſhort for him, if it were more: if ye were before pouring all your love (if it had been many gallons more) in upon your Lord, if drops fell by in the in-pouring, he forgiveth you: he hath done now all that can be done, to win beyond it all, and hath left little to woo your love from himſelf, except one only child: what is his purpoſe herein, he knoweth beſt, who hath taken your ſoul in tutoring. Your faith may be boldly charitable of Chriſt, that, however matters go, the worſt ſhall be a tired traveller, and a joyful and ſweet welcome-home. The back of your winter night is broken: look to the eaſt, the day ſky is breaking; think not that Chriſt loſeth time, or lingereth unſuitably. O fair, fair and ſweet morning! We are but as ſea-paſſengers; if we look right, we are upon our country coaſt; our Redeemer is faſt coming, to take this old worm-eaten world, like an old moth-eaten garment, in his two hands, and to roll it up, and lay it by him. Theſe are the laſt days, and an oath is given, Rev. x. by God himſelf, that time ſhall be no more: and when time itſelf is old and gray-haired, it were good we were away. Thus Madam, ye ſee I am as my cuſtom is, tedious in my lines; your Ladyſhip will pardon it. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth, Jan.* 18. 1636. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt,* S. R.

## 23. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

I Cannot find a time for writing ſome things I intended on Job, I have been ſo taken up with the broils, that we are incumbered with in our calling: for Prelates will have us either to ſwallow our light over, and digeſt it, contrary to our ſtomachs, howbeit we ſhould vomit our conſcience and all, in this troubleſome conformity; or then he will try if deprivation can convert us to the ceremonial faith. I write to your Ladyſhip, Madam, not as diſtruſting your affection, or willingneſs to help me as your Ladyſhip is able by yourſelf or others, but to adverti ſe you, that I hang by a ſmall thread: for our learned Prelate, be-

becauſe we cannot ſee with his eyes, ſo far in a mill-ſtone, as his light doth, will not follow his Maſter, meek Jeſus, who waited upon the wearied and ſhort-breathed in the way to heaven: and where all ſee not alike, and ſome are weaker, he carrieth the lambs in his boſom, and leadeth gently thoſe that are with young. But we muſt either ſee all the evil of ceremonies to be but as indifferent ſtraws, or ſuffer no leſs than to be caſten out of the Lord's inheritance. Madam, If I had time, I would write more at length; but your Ladyſhip will pardon me, till a fitter occaſion. Grace be with you and your child, and bear you company to your beſt home.

*Anwoth, June* 8. 1636. *Your Ladyſhip's in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R

## 24. *To* EARLSTOUN *Elder.*

*Much honoured Sir,*

I Have heard of the mind and malice of your adverſaries againſt you: it is like they will extend the law they have, in length and breadth, anſwerable to their heat of mind; but it is a great part of your glory, that the cauſe is not yours, but your Lord's whom ye ſerve: and I doubt not, but Chriſt will count it his honour, to back his weak ſervant; and it were a ſhame for him (with reverence to his holy name) that he ſhould ſuffer himſelf to be in the common of ſuch a poor man as ye are, and that ye ſhould give out for him, and not get in again: write up your diſburſements for your Maſter Chriſt, and keep the count what ye give out, whether name, credit, goods, or life, and ſuſpend your reckoning till nigh the evening; and remember that a poor weak ſervant of Chriſt wrote it to you, ye ſhall have Chriſt, a King, caution for your incomes and all your loſſes. Reckon not from the forenoon: take the word of God for your warrant, and for Chriſt's act of cautionry, howbeit body, life and goods go for Chriſt your Lord, and though ye ſhould loſe the head for him; yet, Luke xxi. 18. *there ſhall not one hair of your head periſh*, verſe 19. *In patience therefore poſſeſs your ſoul.* And becauſe ye are the firſt man in Galloway called out, and queſtioned for the name of Jeſus, his eye hath been upon you, as upon one whom he deſigned to be among his witneſſes. Chriſt hath ſaid, Alexander Gordon ſhall lead the ring, in witneſſing a good confeſſion; and therefore he hath put the garland of ſuffering for himſelf firſt upon your head: think yourſelf ſo much the more obliged to him, and fear not; for he layeth his right-hand on your head. He who is dead and is alive will plead your cauſe, and will look attentively upon the proceſs from the beginning to the end: and the Spirit of glory ſhall reſt upon you, Rev. ii. 10 *Fear none of theſe things which thou ſhalt ſuffer: behold the devil ſhall caſt ſome of you into priſon*

*priſon, that ye may be tried, and ye ſhall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee the crown of life.* This lovely One Jeſus, who alſo became the Son of man, that he might take ſtrokes for you, write the croſs-ſweetening and ſoul-ſupporting ſenſe of theſe words in your heart. Theſe rumbling wheels of Scotland's ten days tribulation are under his looks, who hath ſeven eyes. Take an houſe on your head, and ſlip yourſelf by faith under Chriſt's wings, till the ſtorm be over; and remember, when they have drunk us down, Jeruſalem will be a cup of trembling and of poiſon, Zech. xii. 2. They ſhall be fain to vomit out the ſaints; for Judah, ver. 6. *ſhall be an hearth of fire in a ſheaf, and they ſhall devour all the people round about, on the right hand, and on the left.* Wo to Zion's enemies, they have the worſt of it: for we have a writ for the victory. Sir, ye were never honourable till now: this is your glory, that Chriſt hath put you in the roll with himſelf, and the reſt of the witneſſes, who are come out of great tribulation, and have waſhed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Be not caſt down, for what the ſervants of Anti-chriſt caſt in your teeth, That ye are a head to, and favourer of the Puritans, and leader to that ſect. If your conſcience ſay, Alas, here is much din and little done, (as the proverb is) becauſe ye have not done ſo much ſervice to Chriſt that way as ye might and ſhould: take courage from that ſame temptation; for your Lord Chriſt looketh upon that very challenge, as an hungering deſire in you to have done far more than ye did; and that filleth up the blank, and he will accept of what ye have done in that kind. If great men be kind to you, I pray you overlook them; if they ſmile on you, Chriſt but borroweth their face, to ſmile through them upon his afflicted ſervant: know the Well-head; and for all that, learn the way to the Well itſelf. Thank God that Chriſt came to your houſe in your abſence, and took with him ſome of your children: he preſumeth that much on your love, that ye would not offend; and howbeit he ſhould take reſt, he cannot come upon your wrong ſide: I queſtion not, if they were children of gold, but ye think them well beſtowed upon him. Expound two rods on you, one in your houſe at home, another on your own perſon abroad: love thinketh no evil, if ye were not Chriſt's wheat appointed to be bread in his houſe, he would not grind you. But keep the middle line, neither deſpiſe nor faint, Heb. xii. 6. Ye ſee your Father is homely with you: ſtrokes of a father evidence kindneſs and care; take them ſo. I hope your Lord hath manifeſted himſelf to you, and ſuggeſted theſe or more choice thoughts about his dealing with you: we are uſing our weak moyen and credit for you, up at our own court; as we

dow,

dow, we pray the king to hear us, and the Son of man to go ſide for ſide with you, and hand in hand, in the fiery oven, and o quicken and encourage your unbelieving heart, when ye droop and deſpond. Sir, to the honour of Chriſt be it ſaid, my faith goeth with my pen now: I am preſently believing Chriſt ſhall bring you out. Truth in Scotland ſhall keep the rown of the cauſeway yet; the ſaints ſhall ſee religion go naked at noon-day, free from ſhame and fear of men: we ſhall divide Shechem, and ride upon the high places of Jacob. Remember my obliged reſpects and love to my Lady Kenmure and her ſweet child.

*Anwoth, July 6.* 1636. *Yours ever in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 25. *To the Viſcounteſs of* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I know ye are near many comforters, and that the promiſed Comforter is near t hand alſo; yet, becauſe I found your Ladyſhip comfortable o myſelf, in my ſad days, that are not yet over my head, it is ny part, and more in many reſpects (howbeit I can do little, God knoweth, in that kind) to ſpeak to you in your wilderneſs ot. I know, dear and noble Lady, this loſs of your dear child ame upon you, one piece and part of it after another: and hat you was looking for it, and that now the Almighty hath rought on you that which ye feared; and that your Lord gave ou lawful warning: and I hope for his ſake, who brewed and naſked this cup in heaven, ye will gladly drink, and ſalute and elcome the croſs. I am ſure, it is not your Lord's mind to eed you with judgment and wormwood, and to give you waers of gall to drink, Ezek. xxxiv. 16. Jer. ix. 15. I know, our cup is ſugared with mercy; and that the withering of the loom, the flower, even the white and red worldly joys, is for o other end, but to buy out at the ground the reverſion of your eart and love. Madam, ſubſcribe to the Almighty's will; put our hand to the pen, and let the croſs of your Lord Jeſus ave your ſubmiſſive and reſolute AMEN. If ye aſk and try hoſe this croſs is? I dare ſay, it is not all your own, the beſt alf of it is Chriſt's; then your croſs is no born-baſtard, but wfully begotten, it ſprang not out of the duſt, Job v. 6. If hriſt and ye be halvers of this ſuffering, and he ſay, half-mine, hat ſhould ail you? And I am here right upon the ſtile of the ord of God, Phil. iii. 10. the fellowſhip of Chriſt's ſufferngs, Col. i. 29. the remnant of the afflictions of Chriſt, eb. xi. 28. reproach of Chriſt. It were but to ſhift the comrts of God, to ſay, Chriſt had never ſuch a croſs as mine, he ad never a dead child, and ſo this is not his croſs, neither

can he in that meaning be the owner of this cross: but I hope, Christ when he married you, married you and all the crosses and wae-hearts that follow you: and the word maketh no exception, Isa. lxiii. 9. In all their afflictions he was afflicted: then Christ bore the first stroke of this cross, it rebounded off him on upon you, and ye get it at the second hand, and ye and he are halvers in it: and I believe, for my part, he mindeth to distil heaven out of this loss, and all others the like; for wisdom devised it, and love laid it on, and Christ owneth it as his own, and putteth your shoulder only beneath a piece of it. Take it with joy as no bastard-cross, but as a visitation of God well-born; and spend the rest of your appointed time, till your change come, in the work of believing; and let faith that never yet made a lie to you, speak for God's part of it, *He will not, he doth not make you a sea or a whale-fish, that he keepeth you in word*, Job vii. 12. It may be, ye think not many of the children of God in such a hard case as yourself; but what would ye think of some, who would change afflictions, and give you to the boot? but I know, yours must be your own alone, and Christ's together. I confess it seemed strange to me, that your Lord should have done that which seemeth to ding out the bottom of your comforts worldly: but we see not to the ground of the Almighty's sovereignty; he goeth by on our right-hand, and on our left hand, and we see him not: we see but pieces of the broken links of the chains of his providence, and he coggeth the wheels of his own providence, that we see not. O let the Former work his own clay in what frame he pleaseth! Shall any teach the Almighty knowledge? if he pursue dry stubble, who dare say, what dost thou? do not wonder, to see the Judge of the world weave in one web, your mercies and the judgments of the house of Kenmure: he can make one web of contraries. But my weak advice, with reverence and correction, were for you, dear and worthy Lady, to see how far mortification goeth on, and what scum the Lord's fire casteth out of you. I know, ye see your knottiness, since our Lord whetteth and heweth and plaineth you: and the glancing of the furnace is to let you see what scum or refuse ye must want, and what froth is in nature, that must be boiled out, and taken off in the fire of your trials. I do not say, heavier affiictions prophesy heavier guiltiness; a cross is often but a false prophet in this kind: but I am sure, our Lord would have the tin, and the bastard metal in you, removed; lest the Lord say, *The bellows are burnt, the lead is consumed in the fire, the founder melted in vain*, Jer. vi. 29. And I shall hope, that grief shall not so far smother your light, as not to practise this so necessary a duty, to concur with him in this blessed design. I would gladly plead for the Comforter's part of it, not against you, Madam, (for I am sure ye are not his

(part)

party) but against your grief, which will have its own violent incursions in your soul; and I think it be not in your power to help it: but I must say, there are comforts allowed upon you; and therefore want them not. When ye have gotten a running over soul, joy now, that joy will never be missed out of the infinite ocean of delight, which is not diminished by drinking at it, or drawing out of it. It is a Christian art, to comfort yourself in the Lord; to say, I was obliged to render back again this child to the giver; and if I have had four years loan of him, and Christ's eternitys possession of him, the Lord hath keeped condition with me: if my Lord would not have him and me to tryst both in one hour, at death's door-threshold together, it is his wisdom so to do, I am satisfied: my tryst is suspended, not broken off, nor given up. Madam, I would I could divide sorrow with you, for your ease; but I am but a beholder, it is easy to me to speak: the God of comfort speak to you, and allure you with his feasts of love. My removal from my flock is so heavy to me, that it maketh my life a burden to me; I had never such a longing for death: the Lord help and hold up sad clay. I fear ye sin in drawing Mr. William Dagleish from this country, where the labourers are few, and the harvest great. Madam, desire my Lord Argyle to see for provision to a pastor for this poor people. Grace be with you.

*Kirkcudbright, Oct.* 1. 1649. *Your Ladyship's at all obedience in Christ,* S. R.

26. *To the persecuted church in Ireland.*

*Much honoured, reverend and dearly beloved in our Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you all. I know there are many in this nation more able than I to speak to the sufferers for, and witnesses of Jesus Christ: yet pardon me to speak a little to you, who are called in question for the gospel once committed to you. I hope ye are not ignorant, that as peace was left to you in Christ's testament, so the other half of the testament was a legacy of Christ's sufferings, John xvi. 35. *These things have I spoken, that in me ye might have peace: in the world ye shall have trouble.* Because then ye are made assigns and heirs to a life-rent of Christ's cross, think that fiery trial no strange thing: for the Lord Jesus shall be no loser by purging the dross and tin out of his church in Ireland; his wine press is but squeezing out the dregs, the scum, the froth and refuse of that church. I had once the proof of the sweet smell, and the honest and honourable peace, of that slandered thing the cross of our Lord Jesus: but though, alas, that these golden days that then I had, be now in a great part gone; yet I dare say, that the issue and outgate of your sufferings shall be the advantage, the golden reign and dominion of the gospel, and the high glo-

ry of the never enough praiſed Prince of the kings of the earth, and the changing of the braſs of the Lord's temple among you into gold, and the iron into ſilver, and the wood into braſs; your officers ſhall yet be peace, and your exactors righteouſneſs, Iſa. lx. ver. 17, 18. Your old fallen walls ſhall get a new name, and the gates of your Jeruſalem ſhall get a new ſtile; they ſhall call your walls ſalvation, and your gates praiſe. I know that deputy-prelates, papiſts, temporizing lords, and proud mockers of our Lord, crucifiers of Chriſt for his coat, and all your enemies, have neither fingers nor inſtruments of war to pick out one ſtone, out of your wall; for each ſtone of your wall is ſalvation. I dare give you my royal and Princely Maſter's word for it, that Ireland ſhall be a fair bride to Jeſus, and Chriſt ſhall build on her a palace of ſilver, Cant. viii. 9. Therefore weep not, as if there were no hope; fear not, put on ſtrength, put on your beautiful garments, Iſa. lii 1. your foundation ſhall be ſapphires, Iſa. liv. 11, 12. your windows and gates precious ſtones. Look over the water, and behold and ſee, who is on the dry-land waiting for your landing: your deliverance is concluded, ſubſcribed and ſealed in heaven: your goods that are taken from you, for Chriſt and his truth's ſake, are but arreſted and laid in pawn, and not taken a way: there is much laid up for you in his ſtore-houſe, whoſe the earth and the fulneſs thereof is: your garments are ſpun, and your flocks are feeding in the fields, your bread is laid up for you, your drink is brewn, your gold and ſilver is at the bank, and the intereſt goeth on and groweth; and yet I hear, that your taſk-maſters do rob and ſpoil you and fine you. Your priſons (my brethren) have two keys; the deputy-prelates and officers keep but the iron-keys of the priſon, wherein they put you: but he that hath created the ſmith, hath other keys in heaven; therefore ye ſhall not die in the priſon: other men's ploughs are labouring for your bread, your enemies are gathering in your rents. He that is kiſſing his bride on this ſide of the ſea in Scotland, is beating her beyond the ſea in Ireland, and feeding her with the bread of adverſity and the water of affliction; and yet he is the ſame Lord to both. Alas! I fear that Scotland be undone and ſlain with this great mercy of reformation, becauſe there is not here that life of religion, anſwerable to the huge greatneſs of the work, that dazzleth our eyes: for the Lord is rejoicing over us in this land, as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride; and the Lord hath changed the name of Scotland; they call us now no more forſaken or deſolate, but our land is called Hephzibah and Beulah, Iſa. lxii. 4. for the Lord delighteth in us, and this land is married to himſelf: there is now no high way made through our Zion, and it is called the way of holineſs, the unclean ſhall not paſs over it; the way-faring men, tho

tho' fools, ſhall not err in it: the wilderneſs doth rejoice and bloſſom as the roſe; *The ranſomed of the Lord are returned back unto Zion, with ſongs and everlaſting joy upon their heads*, Iſa. xxxv. 10. The Canaanite is put out of our Lord's houſe; there is not a beaſt left to do hurt (at leaſt profeſſedly) in all the holy mountain of the Lord. Our Lord is fallen to wreſtle his enemies, and hath brought us out of Egypt; we have the ſtrength of an unicorn, Numb. xxiii. 22. The Lord hath eaten up the ſons of Babel, he hath broken their bones, and hath pierced them thro' with his arrows; we take them captives whoſe captives we were, and we rule over our oppreſſors, Iſa. xiv. 2. It is not brick, nor clay, nor Babel's curſed timber and ſtones, that is in our ſecond temple; but our princely King Jeſus is building his houſe all palace work and carved ſtones; it is the habitation of the Lord. We do welcome Ireland and England to our Well-beloved: we invite you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, to come down to our Lord's garden, and ſeek our Well-beloved with us; for his love will ſuffice both you and us; we do ſend you love-letters over the ſea, to requeſt you to come and to marry our King, and to take part of our bed; and we truſt our Lord is fetching a blow upon the beaſt and the ſcarlet coloured-whore, to the end he may bring in his ancient widow wife, our dear ſiſter, the church of the Jews. O what a heavenly heaven were it to ſee them come in by this mean, and ſuck the breaſts of their little ſiſter, and renew their old love with their firſt huſband Chriſt our Lord! They are booked in God's word, as a bride contracted upon Jeſus! O for a ſight, in this fleſh of mine, of the propheſied marriage between Chriſt and them! 'The kings of Tarſhiſh and the Iſles muſt bring preſents to our Lord Jeſus, Pſalm lxxii. 10.' And Britain is one of the chiefeſt iſles: why then but we may believe, that our kings of this iſland ſhall come in, and bring their glory to the New Jeruſalem, wherein Chriſt ſhall dwell in the latter days? It is our part to pray, That the kingdoms of the earth may become Chriſt's. Now I exhort you in the Lord Jeſus, not to be diſmayed nor afraid for the two tails of theſe ſmoaking fire-brands, the fierce anger of the deputy with civil power, and of the baſtard-prelates with the power of the beaſt; for they ſhall be cut off: they may well eat you and drink you, but they ſhall be forced to vomit you out again alive. If two things were firmly believed, ſufferings would have no weight: if the fellowſhip of Chriſt's ſufferings were well known, who would not gladly take part with Jeſus? for Chriſt and we are halvers and joint owners of one and the ſame croſs: and therefore he that knew well what ſufferings were, as he eſteemed all things but loſs for Chriſt, and did judge them but dung, ſo did he alſo judge of them, that he might know the fellowſhip of his ſufferings, Phil. iii. 10. O

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how ſweet a ſight is it, to ſee a croſs betwixt Chriſt and us; to hear our Redeemer ſay, at every ſigh, and every blow, and every loſs of a believer, half-mine! ſo they are called, 'The ſufferings of Chriſt, and the reproach of Chriſt, Col. ii. 24. Heb. xii. 26. As when two are partners and owners of a ſhip, the gain and half of the loſs belongeth to either of the two; ſo Chriſt in our ſufferings is half-gainer and half-loſer with us; yea, the heavieſt end of the black tree of the croſs lieth on your Lord, it falleth firſt upon him, and it but reboundeth off him upon you: 'The reproaches of them that reproached thee are fallen upon me, Pſalm lxix. 9. Your ſufferings are your treaſure, and are greater riches than the treaſures of Egypt, Heb. xi. 26. And if your croſs come firſt through Chriſt's fingers ere it come to you, it receiveth a fair luſtre from him, it getteth a taſte and reliſh of the King's ſpikenard, and of heaven's perfume; and the half of the gain, when Chriſt's ſhip full of gold cometh home, ſhall be yours: it is an augmenting of your treaſure to be rich in ſufferings, 'to be in labours abundant, in ſtripes above meaſure, 2 Cor. xi. 23. and to have the ſufferings of Chriſt abounding in you, 2 Cor. i. 4. is a part of heaven's ſtock. Your goods are not loſt which they have plucked from you, for your Lord hath them in keeping; they are but arreſted and ſeized upon, he ſhall looſe the arreſt: ye ſhall be fed with the heritage of Jacob your father, for the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it, Iſa. lviii. 14. Till I ſhall be in the hall-floor of the higheſt palace, and get a draught of glory out of Chriſt's hand, above and beyond time and beyond death, I will never (it is like) ſee fairer days, than I ſaw under that bleſſed tree of my Lord's croſs: his kiſſes then were king's kiſſes, theſe kiſſes were ſweet and ſoul-reviving; one of them at the ſame time was worth two and a half (if I may ſpeak ſo) of Chriſt's week-days kiſſes. O ſweet, ſweet for evermore, to ſee a roſe of heaven growing in as ill ground as hell; and to ſee Chriſt's love, his embracements, his dinners and ſuppers of joy, peace, faith, goodneſs, long-ſuffering and patience, growing and ſpringing, like the flowers of God's garden, out of ſuch ſtony and curſed ground as the hatred of the prelates, and the malice of their high commiſſion, and the Antichriſt's bloodly hand and heart? is not here art and wiſdom? is not here heaven indented in hell (if I may ſay ſo) like a jewel ſet with ſkill in a ring with the enamel of Chriſt's croſs? the ruby and riches of glory, that groweth up out of his croſs, is beyond telling. Now the blackeſt and hotteſt wrath, and moſt fiery and all-devouring indignation of the Judge of men and angels, ſhall come upon them who deny our ſweet Lord Jeſus, and put their hand to that oath of wickedneſs now preſſed. The Lord's coal at their heart

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ſhall burn them up both root and branch; the eſtates of great men that have done ſo, if they do not repent, ſhall conſume away, and the ravens ſhall dwell in their houſes, and their glory ſhall be ſhame. Oh, for the Lord's ſake, keep faſt by Chriſt, and fear not man that ſhall die, and wither as the graſs. The deputy's bloom ſhall fall, and the prelates ſhall caſt their flower, and the eaſt wind of the Lord, of the Lord ſtrong and mighty, ſhall blaſt and break them: therefore fear them not; they are but idols, that can neither do evil nor good. Walk not in the way of thoſe people that ſlander the footſteps of our royal and princely anointed King, Jeſus, now riding upon his white horſe in Scotland; let Jehovah be your fear. That decree of Zion's deliverance, paſſed and ſealed up before the throne, is now ripe, and ſhall bring forth a child, even the ruin and fall of the black kingdom, and the Antichriſt's throne, in theſe kingdoms: the Lord hath begun, and he ſhall make an end. Who did ever hear the like of this? Before Scotland travailed, ſhe brought forth; and before her pain came, ſhe was delivered of a man-child, Iſa. lxvi. 7, 8. And when all is done ſuppoſe there were no ſweetneſs in our Lord's croſs, yet it is ſweet for his ſake, for that lovely One, Jeſus Chriſt; whoſe crown and royal ſupremacy is the queſtion this day in Great-Britain, betwixt us and our adverſaries: and who would not think him worthy of the ſuffering for? What is burning quick? what is drinking of our own heart's blood? and what is a draught of melted lead for his glory? leſs than a draught of cold water for a thirſty man, if the right price and due value were put on that worthy, worthy Prince, Jeſus. Oh, who can weigh him! Ten thouſand heavens would not be one ſcale, or the half of the ſcale of the balance to lay him in. Oh, black angels, in compariſon of him! Oh, dim and dark and lightleſs ſun, in regard of that fair Sun of righteouſneſs! Oh, feckleſs and worthleſs heaven of heavens, when they ſtand beſide my worthy and lofty, and high and excellent Well-beloved! Oh, weak and infirm clay-kings! Oh, ſoft and feeble mountains of braſs, and weak created ſtrength, in regard of our mighty and ſtrong Lord of armies! Oh, fooliſh wiſdom of men and angels, when it is laid in the balance beſide that ſpotleſs ſubſtantial wiſdom of the Father! If heaven and earth, and ten thouſand heavens, even round about theſe heavens that now are, were all in one garden of paradiſe, decked with all the roſes, flowers and trees that can come forth from the art of the Almighty himſelf; yet ſet but our one Flower, that groweth out of the root of Jeſſe, beſide that orchard of pleaſure, one look of him, one view, one taſte, one ſmell of his God-head, would infinitely exceed and go beyond the ſmell, colour, beauty and lovelineſs of that paradiſe. O to be with child of his love! and to be ſuffocate (if

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that could be) with the ſmell of his ſweetneſs, were a ſweet fill and lovely pain. Oh, worthy, worthy lovelineſs! Oh, leſs of the creatures, and more of thee! Oh, open the paſſage of the well, of love and glory on us, dry pits and withered trees? Oh, that Jewel and Flower of heaven! If our Beloved were not miſtaken by us, and unknown to us, he would have no ſcarcity of wooers and ſuitors; he would make heaven and earth both ſee, that they cannot quench his love, for his love is a ſea: Oh, to be a thouſand fathoms deep in this ſea of love! He, he himſelf, is more excellent than heaven: for heaven, as it comth into the ſouls and ſpirits of the glorified, is but a creature; and he is ſomething, and a great ſomething more than a creature. Oh, what a life were it, to ſit beſide this well of love, and drink and ſing, and ſing and drink; and then to have deſires and ſoul-faculties ſtretched and extended out many thouſand fathoms in length and breadth, to take in ſeas and rivers of love! I earneſtly deſire to recommend this love to you, that this love may cauſe you to keep his commandments, and to keep clean fingers, and make clean feet, that ye may walk as the redeemed of the Lord. Wo, wo be to them that put on his name, and ſhame this love of Chriſt with a looſe and profane life: their feet, tongue, and hands, and eyes, give a ſhameleſs lie to the holy goſpel, which they poſſeſs. I beſeech you in the Lord, keep Chriſt, and walk with him; let not his fairneſs be ſpotted and ſtained by godleſs living. Oh! who can find in their heart to ſin againſt love? and ſuch a love as the glorified in heaven ſhall delight to dive into, and drink for ever; for they are evermore drinking in love, and the cup is ſtill at their head, and yet without lothing; for they ſtill drink, and ſtill deſire to drink for ever and ever: is not this a long-laſting ſupper? Now, if any of our country-people profeſſing Chriſt Jeſus have brought themſelves under the ſtroke and wrath of the Almighty, by yielding to Antichriſt in an hair-breadth, but eſpecially by ſwearing and ſubſcribing that blaſphemous oath (which is the church of Ireland's black hour of temptation) I would entreat them, by the mercies of God at their laſt ſummons, to repent and openly confeſs before the world, to the glory of the Lord, their denial of Chriſt: or otherwiſe, if either man or woman will ſtand and abide that oath, then, in the name and authority of the Lord Jeſus, I let them ſee that they forfeit their part of heaven, and let them look for no leſs than a back-burden of the pure unmixed wrath of God, and the plague of apoſtates and deniers of our Lord Jeſus. Let not me, a ſtranger to you, who never ſaw your face in the fleſh, be thought bold in writing to you: for the hope I have of a glorious church in that land, and the love of Chriſt conſtraineth me. I know, the worthy ſervants of Chriſt, who once laboured among you, ceaſe not to write

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to you alſo, and I ſhall deſire to be excuſed that I do join with them. Pray for your ſiſter-church in Scotland, and let me entreat you for the aid of your prayers for myſelf and flock and miniſtry, and my fear of tranſportation from this place of the Lord's vineyard. Now the very God of peace ſanctify you throughout. Grace be with you all.

*Anwoth*, 1639. *Your brother and companion in the kingdom and patience of Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R

27. *To his Reverend and much honoured brother*, *Dr.* ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, *Chriſt's priſoner in bonds at London.*

*Reverend and much honoured priſoner of hope*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. It was not my part whom our Lord hath enlarged, to forget you his priſoner. When I conſider how long your night hath been, I think Chriſt hath a mind to put you in free grace's debt ſo much the deeper, as your ſufferings have been of ſo long a continuance. But what if Chriſt mind you no joy but public joy with enlarged and triumphing Zion; I think, Sir, ye would love it beſt to ſhare and divide your ſong of joy with Zion, and to have myſtical Chriſt in Britain halver and compartner with your enlargement. I am ſure, your joy bordering and neighbouring with the joy of Chriſt's bride, would be ſo much the ſweeter that it were public. I thought if Chriſt had halved my mercies, and delivered his bride and not me, that his praiſes ſhould have been double to what they are: but now two rich mercies conjoined in one have ſtolen from our Lord more than half praiſes: Oh that mercy ſhould ſo beguile us, and ſteal away our counts and acknowledgments! Worthy Sir, I hope I need not exhort you to go on, in hoping for the ſalvation of God: there hath not been ſo much taken from your time of eaſe and created joys, as eternity ſhall add to your heaven: ye know when one day in heaven hath paid you, yea, and over-paid your blood, bonds, ſorrow and ſufferings, that it would trouble angels underſtanding to lay the count of that ſuperplus of glory, which eternity can and will give you. O but your ſand-glaſs of ſufferings and loſſes cometh to little, when it ſhall be counted and compared with the glory that bideth you on the other ſide of the water! Ye have no leiſure to rejoice and ſing here while time goeth about you, and where your pſalms will be ſhort: therefore ye will think eternity and the long day of heaven that ſhall be meaſured with no other ſun nor horologe than the long life of the Ancient of days, to meaſure your praiſes, little enough for you: if

your ſpan-length of time be cloudy, ye cannot but think, your Lord can no more take your blood and your bands without the income and recompenſe of free grace, than he would take ſufferings of Paul and his other dear ſervants that were well paid home beyond all counting, Rom. viii. 18. If the wiſdom of Chriſt hath made you Antichriſt's eye-ſore and his envy, ye are to thank God that ſuch a piece of clay as ye are is made the field of glory to work upon: it was the Potter's aim that the clay ſhould praiſe him, and I hope it ſatisfieth you that your clay is for his glory. Oh who can ſuffer enough for ſuch a Lord! and who can lay out in bank enough of pain, ſhame, loſſes, tortures, to receive in again the free intereſt of eternal glory! 2 Cor. iv. 17. Oh how advantageous a bargaining is it with ſuch a rich Lord! If your hand and pen had been at leiſure to gain glory in paper, it had been but paper glory: but the bearing of a public croſs ſo long for the now controverted privileges of the crown and ſceptre of free King Jeſus, the Prince of the kings of the earth, is glory booked in heaven. Worthy and dear brother, if ye go to weigh Jeſus his ſweetneſs, excellency, glory and beauty, and lay fore-againſt him your ounces or drachms of ſuffering for him, ye ſhall be ſtraitened two ways, 1. It will be a pain to make the compariſon, the diſproportion being by no underſtanding imaginable: nay, if heavens arithmetic and angels were ſet to work, they ſhould never number the degrees of difference. 2. It ſhould ſtraiten you to find a ſcale for the balance to lay that high and lofty One, that over-tranſcending Prince of excellency into: if your mind could fancy as many created heavens as time hath had minutes, trees have had leaves, and clouds have had rain-drops, ſince the firſt ſtone of the creation was laid, they ſhould not make half a ſcale to bear and weigh boundleſs excellency into. And therefore the King whoſe marks ye are bearing, and whoſe dying ye carry about with you in your body, is, out of all cry and conſideration, beyond and above all our thoughts. For myſelf, I am content to feed upon wondering ſometimes at the beholding but of the borders and ſkirts of the incomparable glory which is in that exalted Prince; and I think, ye could wiſh for more ears to give than ye have, ſince ye hope theſe ears ye now have given him ſhall be paſſages to take in the muſic of his glorious voice. I would fain both believe and pray for a new bride of Jews and Gentiles to our Lord Jeſus, after the land of graven images ſhall be laid waſte; and that our Lord Jeſus is on horſe-back, hunting and purſuing the beaſt; and that England and Ireland ſhall be well ſweeped chambers for Chriſt and his righteouſneſs to dwell in; for he hath opened our graves in Scotland, and the two dead and buried witneſſes are riſen again, and are prophe-ying. Oh that Princes would glory and boaſt themſelves

ſelves in carrying the train of Chriſt's robe-royal in their arms! Let me die within half an hour after I have ſeen the Son of God his temple enlarged, and the cords of Jeruſalem's tent lengthened, to take in a more numerous company for a bride to the Son of God. Oh, if the corner or foundation-ſtone of that houſe, that new houſe were laid above my grave! Oh! who can add to him, who is that great All? If he would create ſuns and moon, new heavens, thouſand thouſand degrees more perfect than theſe that now are; and again, make a new creation ten thouſand thouſand degrees in perfection beyond that new creation; and again, ſtill for eternity multiply new heavens; they ſhould never be a perfect reſemblance of that infinite excellency, order, weight, meaſure, beauty and ſweetneſs that is in him. Oh, how little of him do we ſee! Oh how ſhallow are our thoughts of him! Oh, if I had pain for him, and ſhame and loſes for him, and more clay and ſpirits for him; and that I could go upon earth without love, deſire, hope, becauſe Chriſt hath taken away my love, deſire and hope to heaven with him! I know, worthy Sir, your ſufferings for him are your glory; and therefore weary not: his ſalvation is near at hand, and ſhall not tarry. Pray for me. His grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, Nov.* 22. 1639. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

28. *To Mr.* HENRY STEWART, *his wife, and two daughters, all priſoners of Chriſt at Dublin.*

Rev. iii. 10. *Fear none of theſe things which ye ſhall ſuffer*, &c.

*Truly honoured and dearly beloved*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you from God our Father and our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Think it not ſtrange, beloved in our Lord Jeſus, that Satan can command keys of priſons, and bolts, and chains; this is a piece of the devil's princedom that he hath over the world. Interpret and underſtand our Lord well in this! be not jealous of his love, though he make devils and men his under-ſervants to ſcour the ruſt off your faith, and purge you from your droſs. And let me charge you, O priſoners of hope, to open your window, and to look out by faith: behold heaven's poſt, that ſpeedy and ſwift ſalvation of God, that is coming to you. It is a broad river that faith will not look over; it is a mighty and a broad ſea, that they of a lively hope cannot behold the fartheſt bank and other ſhore thereof: look over the water, your anchor is fixed within the vail; the one end of the cable is about the priſoner of Chriſt, and the other is entered within the vail, whither the Fore-runner is entered

for you, Heb. vi. 19, 20. It can go ſtraight through the flames of the fire of the wrath of men, devils, loſſes, tortures, death, and not a thread of it be ſinged or burnt; men and devils have no teeth to bite it in two. Hold faſt till he come: your croſs is of the colour of heaven and Chriſt, and pavmented over with the faith and comforts of the Lord's faithful covenant with Scotland; and that dye and colour dow abide fair weather, and neither be ſtained nor caſt the colour; yea it reflects a ſcad, like the croſs of Chriſt, whoſe holy hands many a day lifted up to God, praying for ſinners, were fettered, and bound, as if theſe bleſſed hands had ſtolen, and ſhed innocent blood: when your lovely, lovely Jeſus had no better than the thief's doom, it is no wonder, that your proceſs be lawleſs and turned upſide down; for he was taken, fettered, buffetted, whipped, ſpitted upon, before he was convicted of any fault, or ſentenced. Oh ſuch a pair of ſufferers and witneſſes, as high and royal Jeſus, and a poor piece guilty clay marrowed together under one yoke! Oh how lovely is the croſs with ſuch a ſecond! I believe that your priſon is enacted in God's court, not to keep you till your hope breath out its life and laſt; your croſs is under law to reſtore you again ſafe to your brethren and ſiſters in Chriſt: take heaven and Chriſt's back-bond for a fair back-door out of your ſuffering. The Saviour is on his journey with ſalvation and deliverance for mount Zion; and the ſword of the Lord is drunk with blood, and made fat with fatneſs; his ſword is bathed in heaven againſt Babylon, for it is the day of the Lord's vengeance and the year of recompenſe for the controverſy of Zion: and perſuade yourſelves, the ſtreams of the river of Babylon ſhall be pitch, and the duſt of the land brimſtone and burning pitch, Iſa. xxxiv. 8. And if your deliverance be joined with the deliverance of Zion, it ſhall be two ſalvations to you. It were good to be armed before-hand for death or bodily tortures for Chriſt; and to think what a crown of honour it is, that God hath given you pieces of living clay, to be tortured witneſſes for ſaving truth; and that ye are ſo happy, as to have ſome pints of blood to give out for the crown of that royal Lord, who hath cauſed you to avouch himſelf before men: if ye can lend fines of three thouſand pounds Sterling for Chriſt, let heaven's regiſter and Chriſt's count-book keep in reckoning your depurſements for him; it ſhall be engraven and printed in great letters upon heaven's throne, what you are willing to give for him: Chriſt's papers of that kind cannot be loſt or fall by. Do not wonder to ſee clay boaſt the great Potter, and to ſee blinded men threaten the goſpel with death and burial and to raze out truth's name. But where will they make a grave for the goſpel and the Lord's bride? earth and hell ſhall be but little bounds for their burial; lay all the clay and rubbiſh of this inch of the whole earth a-

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bove our Lord's ſpouſe, yet it will not cover her, nor hold her down; ſhe ſhall live and not die, ſhe ſhall behold the ſalvation of God. Let your faith triſt God a little, and be not afraid for a ſmoaking fire-brand; there is more ſmoke in Babylon's furnace than there is fire: till dooms-day ſhall come, they ſhall never ſee the kirk of Scotland and our covenant burnt to aſhes; or if it ſhould be thrown in the fire, yet it cannot be ſo burnt or buried, as not to have a reſurrection: angry clay's wind ſhall ſhake none of Chriſt's corn; he will gather in all his wheat into his barn: only let your fellowſhip with Chriſt be renewed. Ye are ſibber to Chriſt now, when you are impriſoned for him, than before? for now the ſtrokes laid on you do come in remembrance before our Lord, and he can own his own wounds: a drink of Chriſt's love, which is better than wine, is the drink-ſilver which ſuffering for his Majeſty leaves behind it. It is not your ſins which they perſecute in you, but God's grace and loyalty to King Jeſus: they ſee no treaſon in you to your Prince the king of Britain, albeit they ſay ſo; but it is heaven in you that earth is fighting againſt, and Chriſt is owning his own cauſe: grace is a party that fire will not burn, nor water drown; when they have eaten and drunken you, their ſtomach ſhall be ſick, and they ſhall ſpue you out alive. O what glory is it, to be ſuffering abjects for the Lord's glory and royalty! Nay, though his ſervants had a body to burn for ever for this goſpel, ſo being that triumphing and exalted Jeſus his high glory did riſe out of theſe flames, and out of that burning body, Oh, what a ſweet fire! Oh what ſoul-refreſhing torment ſhould that be! what if the pickles of duſt and aſhes of the burnt and diſſolved body were muſicians to ſing his praiſes, and the highneſs of that never-enough exalted Prince of ages! O what love is it in him, that he will have ſuch muſicians as we are, to tune that pſalm of his everlaſting praiſes in heaven! Oh what ſhining and burning flames of love are thoſe, that Chriſt will divide his ſhare of life, of heaven and glory with you! Luke xxii. 29. John xvii. 24. Rev. iii. 21. A part of his throne, one draught of his wine (his wine of glory and life, that comes from under the throne of God, and of the Lamb) and one apple of the tree of life, will do more than make up all the expences and charges of clay, lent out for heaven. Oh! Oh! but we have ſhort, and narrow, and creeping thoughts of Jeſus, and do but ſhape Chriſt in our conceptions, according to ſome created portraiture! O angels, lend in your help to make love-books and ſongs of our fair, and white, and ruddy Standard-bearer amongſt ten thouſand! O heavens! O heaven of heavens! O glorified tenants, and triumphing houſholders with the Lamb, put in new pſalms, and love-ſonnets of the excellency of our Bridegroom, and help us to ſet him on high! O indwellers

lers of earth and heaven, ſea and air, and O all ye created beings, within the boſom of the outmoſt circle of this great world, O come help to ſet on high the praiſes of our Lord! O fairneſs of creatures, bluſh before his uncreated beauty! O created ſtrength, be amazed to ſtand before your ſtrong Lord of hoſts! O created love, think ſhame of thyſelf before this unparalleled love of heaven! O angel of wiſdom, hide thyſelf before our Lord, whoſe underſtanding paſſeth finding out! O ſun in thy ſhining beauty, for ſhame put on a web of darkneſs, and cover thyſelf before thy brighteſt Maſter and Maker! Oh, who can add glory, by doing or ſuffering to this never-enough admired and praiſed Lover! Oh, we can but bring our drop to this Sea, and our candle, dim and dark as it is, to this clear and lightſome Sun of heaven and earth! Oh, but we have cauſe to drink ten deaths in one cup dry, to ſwim through ten ſeas, to be at that land of praiſes, where we ſhall ſee that wonder of wonders, and enjoy this Jewel of heaven's jewels! O death, do thy utmoſt againſt us! O torments, O malice of men and devils, waſte thy ſtrength on the witneſſes of our Lord's teſtament! O devils, bring hell to help you, in tormenting the followers of the Lamb! we will defy you to make us too ſoon happy, and to waft us too ſoon over the water, to the land where the noble Plant of renown, groweth. O cruel time, that torments us, and ſuſpends our deareſt enjoyments, that we wait for, when we ſhall be bathed and ſteeped, ſoul and body, down to the depths of this love of loves! O time, I ſay, run faſt! O motions, mend your pace! O Well-beloved, be like a young roe upon the mountains of ſeparation! Poſt, poſt, and haſten our deſired and hungered-for meeting; love is ſick to hear tell of to-morrow: and what then can come wrong to you, O honourable witneſſes of his kingly truth? Men have no more of you to work upon, but ſome few inches and ſpan-lengths of ſick, coughing and phlegmatic clay: your ſpirits are above their benches, courts, or high commiſſions; your ſouls, your love to Chriſt, your faith cannot be ſummoned, nor ſentenced, nor accuſed, nor condemned by pope, deputy-prelate, ruler or tyrant; your faith is a free Lord, and cannot be a captive: all the malice of hell and earth can but hurt the ſcabbard of a believer; and death at the worſt can get but a clay pawn in keeping, till your Lord make the king's keys, and open your graves. Therefore upon luck's head, (as we uſe to ſay) take your fill of his love, and let a poſt-way or cauſeway be laid, betwixt your priſon and heaven, and go up and viſit your treaſure. Enjoy your Beloved, and dwell upon his love, till eternity come in time's room, and poſſeſs you of your eternal happineſs. Keep your love to Chriſt, lay up your faith in heaven's keeping, and follow the chief of the houſe of the martyrs, that witneſſed a fair confeſſion before Pontius

us Pilate; your cauſe and his is all one. The oppoſers of his auſe are like drunken judges and tranſported, who in their cups ould make acts and laws in their drunken courts, that the n ſhould not riſe and ſhine on the earth; and ſend their of-cers and purſeivants, to charge the ſun and moon to give no ore light to the world; and would enact in their court-books, at the ſea, after once ebbing, ſhould never flow again: but ould not the ſun, moon, and ſea break theſe acts, and keep eir Creator's directions? The devil, the great fool, and fa-er of thoſe under-fools, is older, and more malicious than iſe, that ſets the ſpirits in earth on work, to contend and claſh ith heaven's wiſdom, and to give mandates and law-ſummons our Sun, to our great Star of heaven, Jeſus, not to ſhine, the beauty of his goſpel, to the choſen and bought ones. 'O hou fair and faireſt Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe and ſhine in thy rength, whether earth or hell will or not: O victorious, O oyal, O ſtout, princely Soul-conqueror, ride proſperouſly upon uth; ſtretch out thy ſceptre, as far as the ſun ſhines, and the oon waxeth and waineth. Put on thy glittering crown, O hou Maker of kings, and make but one ſtride, or one ſtep of he whole earth, and travel in the greatneſs of thy ſtrength, ſa. lxiii. 1, 2. And let thy apparel be red, and all dyed with he blood of thy enemies; thou art fallen righteous Heir by ine to the kingdoms of the world. Laugh ye at the giddy-eaded clay-pots, and ſtout brain-ſick worms, that dare ſay in ood earneſt, This man ſhall not reign over us; as though they ere caſting the dice for Chriſt's crown, who of them ſhould ave it. I know, ye believe the coming of Chriſt's kingdom: nd that there is a hole out of your priſon, through which ye ee day-light; let not faith be dazzled with the temptations rom a dying deputy, and from a ſick prelate; believe under cloud, and wait for him, when there is no moon-light nor ar-light: let faith live and breathe, and lay hold on the ſure alvation of God, when clouds and darkneſs are about you, and ppearance of rotting in the priſon before you. Take heed of nbelieving hearts, which can father lies upon Chriſt; beware f, doth his promiſe fail for evermore? Pſalm lxxvii. 8. For t was a man and not God, that ſaid it, who deemed that a pro-niſe of God could fail, fall a-ſwoon or die. We can make God ick, or his promiſes weak, when we are pleaſed to ſeek a plea ith Chriſt. O ſweet, O ſtout word of faith, Job xiii. ver. 15. *Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him!* O ſweet epitaph, ritten upon the grave-ſtone of a dying believer, *viz.* I died, oping, and my duſt and aſhes believe life! Faith's eyes, that an ſee through a mill-ſtone, can ſee through a gloom of God, nd under it read God's thoughts of love and peace. Hold faſt Chriſt in the dark; ſurely ye ſhall ſee the ſalvation of God.

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Your adverſaries are ripe and dry for the fire; yet a little while, and they ſhall go up in a flame; the breath of the Lord, like a river of brimſtone, ſhall kindle about them, Iſa. xxx. 33. What I write to one, I write to you all, that are ſound-hearted in that kingdom, whom, in the bowels of Chriſt, I would exhort not to touch that oath: albeit the adverſaries put a fair meaning on it, yet the ſwearer muſt ſwear according to the profeſſed intent and godleſs practice of the oath-makers, which is known to the world; otherwiſe I might ſwear that the creed is falſe, according to this private meaning and ſenſe put upon it. Oh let them not be beguiled, to waſh perjury, and the denial of Chriſt and the goſpel, with ink-water, ſome foul and rotten diſtinctions. Waſh, and waſh again and again the devil and the lie, it ſhall be long ere their ſkin be white. I profeſs it ſhould beſeem men of great parts, rather than me, to write to you; but I love your cauſe, and deſire to be excuſed; and muſt entreat for the help of your prayers, in this my weighty charge here for the univerſity and pulpit, and that ye would entreat your acquaintance alſo to help me. Grace be with you all. Amen.

*St. Andrews*, 1640.

*Your brother and companion in the patience and kingdom of Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R.

## 29. *To Mrs.* PONT, *priſoner at Dublin.*

*Worthy and dear Miſtreſs*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. The cauſe ye ſuffer for, and your willingneſs to ſuffer, is ground enough of acquaintance for me to write to you; although I do confeſs myſelf unable to ſpeak for a priſoner of Chriſt's encouragement. I know, ye have advantage beyond us, who are not under ſufferings: for your ſighing (Pſalm cxx. 20.) it is a written bill, for the ears of your head, the Lord Jeſus; and your breathing. Lam. iii. 51. and your looking up, Pſal. v. 3. and lxix. 3. And therefore your meaning half-ſpoken, half-unſpoken, will ſeek no jaylor's leave, but will go to heaven without leave of prelate or deputy, and be heartily welcome: ſo that ye may ſigh and groan out your mind, to him, who hath all the keys of the king's three kingdoms and dominions. I dare believe your hopes ſhall not die; your trouble is a part of Zion's burning, and ye know who guides Zion's furnace, and who loves the aſhes of his burnt bride, becauſe his ſervants love them, Pſalm cii. 14. I believe your aſhes, if ye were burnt for this cauſe, ſhall praiſe him: for the wrath of men and their malice ſhall make a pſalm to praiſe the Lord, Pſalm lxxvi. 10. And therefore ſtand ſtill, and behold, and ſee what the Lord is to do for this

this iſland; his work is perfect, Deut. xxxii. 4. The nations have not ſeen the laſt end of his work, his end is more fair and more glorious than the beginning. Ye have more honour than ye can be able to guide well, in that your bonds are made heavy for ſuch an honourable cauſe. The ſeals of a controuled goſpel, and the ſeals by bonds, and blood and ſufferings, are not committed to every ordinary profeſſor. Some that would back Chriſt honeſtly in ſummer-time, would but ſpoil the beauty of the goſpel, if they were put to ſuffering. And therefore let us believe, that Wiſdom diſpenſeth to every one here, as he thinks good, who bears them up that bear the croſs: and ſince our Lord hath put you to that part, which was the flower of his own ſufferings, we all expect, that as ye have in the ſtrength of our Captain begun, ſo ye will go on without fainting. Providence maketh uſe of men and devils, for the refining of all the veſſels of God's houſe, ſmall and great; and for doing of two great works at once in you, both for ſmoothing a ſtone, to make it take bond with Chriſt, in Jeruſalem's wall; and for witneſſing to the glory of this reproached and borne-down goſpel, which cannot die, though hell were made a grave about it. It ſhall be timeous joy for you, to divide joy betwixt you and Chriſt's laughing bride, in theſe three kingdoms: and what if your mourning continue till myſtical Chriſt in Ireland and in Britain, and ye, laugh both together? Your laughing and joy were the more bleſſed, that one ſun ſhould ſhine upon Chriſt, the goſpel, and you, laughing altogether, in theſe three kingdoms. Your time is meaſured, and your days and hours of ſuffering from eternity were by infinite Wiſdom conſidered: if heaven recompenſe not to your own mind inches of ſorrow, then I muſt ſay, that infinite Mercy cannot get you pleaſed; but if the firſt kiſs of the white and ruddy cheek of the Standard-bearer and Chief among ten thouſand, Cant. v. 10. ſhall overpay your priſon at Dublin in Ireland, then ye ſhall have no counts unanſwered, to give into Chriſt: if your faith cannot ſee a nearer term day, yet let me charge your hope to give Chriſt a new day, till eternity and time meet in one point. A paid ſum, if ever paid, is paid, if no day be broken to the hungry creditor; take heaven's bond and ſubſcribed obligation for the ſum, John xiv. 3. If hope can truſt Chriſt, I know he can, and will pay: but when all is done and ſuffered by you, ten hundred deaths for lovely, lovely Jeſus, is but eternity's half-penny; figures and cyphers cannot lay the proportion. Oh, but the ſuperplus of Chriſt's glory is broad and large! Chriſt's items of eternal glory are hard and cumberſome to tell; and if ye borrow by faith and hope ten days, or ten hundred years from that eternity of glory that abides in you; ye are paid, and more in your own hand. Therefore, O priſoner of hope, wait

on; posting, hasting salvation sleeps not. Antichrist is bleeding, and in the way to death; and he bites forest, when he bleeds fastest. Keep your intelligence betwixt you and heaven, and your court with Christ; he hath in heaven the keys of your prison, and can set you at liberty when he pleaseth: his rich grace support you. I pray you help me with your prayers. Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews,* 1640. *Your brother in the patience and kingdom of Jesus Christ,* S. R.

## 30. *To Mr.* JAMES WILSON.

*Dear brother,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you. I bless our rich and only wise Lord, who careth so for his new creation, that he is going over it again, and trying every piece in you, and blowing away the motes of his new work in you. Alas! I am not so fit a physician as your disease requireth: sweet, sweet, lovely Jesus be your physician, where his underchirurgeon cannot do any thing for putting in order the wheels, paces and goings of a married soul. I have little time; but yet the Lord hath made me so concern myself in your condition, that I do not, I dare not be altogether silent. First, Ye doubt from 2 Cor. xiii. 5. whether ye be in Christ or not? and so, whether ye be a reprobate or not? I answer three things to the doubt: 1. Ye owe charity to all men, but most of all to lovely and loving Jesus, and some also to yourself, especially to your renewed self; because your new self is not yours, but another Lord's, even the work of his own Spirit: therefore to slander his work, is to wrong himself. Love thinketh no evil, if ye love grace, think not ill of grace in yourself; and ye think ill of grace in yourself, when ye make it but a bastard and a work of nature. For a holy fear that ye be not Christ's, and withal a care and a desire to be his, and not your own, is not, nay cannot be bastard nature. The great Advocate pleadeth hard for you; be upon the Advocate's side, O poor eared client of Christ! stay and side with such a Lover, who pleadeth for no other man's goods but his own; (for he, if I may say so, scorneth to be enriched with an unjust conquest) and yet he pleadeth for you, whereof your letter (though too full of jealousy) is a proof; for if ye were not his, your thoughts, which I hope are but the suggestions of his Spirit, (that only bringeth the matter in debate, to make it sure to you) would not be such, nor so serious as these, Am I his? or, Whose am I? 2. Dare ye forswear your Owner, and say in cold blood, I am not his? What nature or corruption saith at starts in you, I regard not: your thoughts of yourself, when sin and guiltiness round you in the ear, and when you have a sight of your deservings,

ſervings, are apocrypha, and not ſcripture, I hope. Hear what he Lord ſaith of you, He will ſpeak peace: if your Maſter ſay, I quit you, I ſhall then bid you eat aſhes for bread, and drink waters of gall and worm-wood. But, howbeit Chriſt out of his own mouth ſhould ſeem to ſay, I come not for thee, as he did, Mat. xv. 24. yet let me ſay, The words of tempting Jeſus are not to be ſtretched as ſcripture beyond his intenti n, ſeeing his intention in ſpeaking them is to ſtrengthen, not to deceive; and therefore here faith may contradict what Chriſt ſeemeth at firſt to ſay, and ſo may ye. I charge you, by the mercies of God, be not that cruel to grace and the new birth, as to caſt water on your own coal by miſbelief: if ye muſt die, (as I know ye ſhall not) it were a folly to ſlay yourſelf. 3. I hope ye love the new birth and a claim to Chriſt, howbeit ye do not make it good; and if ye were in hell, and ſaw the heavenly face of lovely, ten thouſand times lovely Jeſus, that hath God's hue, and God's fair, fair and comely red and white, wherewith it is beautified beyond compariſon and imagination, ye could not forbear to ſay, Oh if I could but blow a kiſs from my ſinful mouth, from hell up to heaven, upon his cheeks, that are a bed of ſpices, as ſweet flowers, Cant. v. 13. I hope ye dare ſay, 'O faireſt ſight of heaven! O boundleſs maſs of crucified and ſlain Love for me, give me leave to wiſh to love thee! O Flower and Bloom of heaven and earth's love! O angels Wonder! O thou, the Father's eternal ſealed Love! and O thou, God's old delight! and give me leave to ſtand beſide thy love, and look in and wonder, and give me leave to wiſh to love thee, if I can do no more.' 4. We being born in atheiſm, and pairns of the houſe that we are come of, it is no new thing, my dear brother, for us to be under jealouſies and miſtakes about the love of God. What think ye of this, that the man Chriſt was tempted to believe there were but two perſons in the bleſſed God-head, and that the Son of God, the ſubſtance and co-eternal Son, was not the lawful Son of God? Did not Satan ſay, If thou be the Son of God? 5. Ye ſay, that ye know not what to do. Your Head ſaid once that ſame word, or not far from it, John xii. 27 Now is my ſoul troubled, and what ſhall I ſay? And faith anſwered Chriſt's What ſhall I ſay? with theſe words, O tempted Saviour, aſkeſt thou, What ſhall I ſay? Say, Pray, Father, ſave me from this hour? What courſe can ye take but pray and friſt Chriſt his own comforts? He is no lyvour, take his word. Oh (ſay ye) I cannot pray. Anſwer, Honeſt ſighing is faith breathing and whiſpering in the ear: the life is not out of faith, where there is ſighing, looking up with the eyes, and breathing toward God. Lam. iii. 36. Hide not thine ear at my breathing. But what ſhall I do in ſpiritual exerciſes? ye ſay. Anſw. 1. If ye knew particularly what to do,

it were not a ſpiritual exerciſe. 2. In my weak judgment ye would firſt ſay, I will glorify God in believing David's ſalvation, and the bride's marriage with the Lamb, and love the church's ſlain huſband, although I cannot for the preſent believe mine own ſalvation. 3. Say, I will not paſs from my claim; ſuppoſe Chriſt would paſs from his claim to me, it ſhall not go back upon my ſide: howbeit my love to him be not worth a drink of water, yet Chriſt ſhall have it ſuch as it is. 4. Say, I ſhall rather ſpill twenty prayers, than not pray at all: let my broken words go up to heaven: when they come up to the great Angel's golden cenſer, that compaſſionate Advocate will put together my broken prayers, and perfume them: words are but accents of prayer. Oh (ſay ye) I am ſlain with hardneſs of heart, and troubled with confuſed and melancholious thoughts. Anſw. My dear brother, What would ye conclude thence, that ye know not well who aught you? I grant: Oh, my heart is hard! Oh, my thoughts of faithleſs ſorrow! Ergo, I know not who aught me, were good logic in heaven amongſt angels and the glorified; but down in Chriſt's hoſpital, where ſick and diſtempered ſouls are under cure, it is not worth a ſtraw: give Chriſt time to end his work in your heart; hold on in feeling and bewailing your hardneſs, for that is ſoftneſs to feel hardneſs. 2. I charge you to make pſalms of Chriſt's praiſes for his begun work of grace; make Chriſt your muſic and your ſong; for complaining and feeling of want doth often ſwallow up your praiſes. What think you of thoſe who go to hell never troubled with ſuch thoughts? If your exerciſe be the way to hell, God help me; I have a cold coal to blow at, and a blank paper for heaven; I give you Chriſt's caution, and my heaven ſurety for your ſalvation. Lend Chriſt your melancholy, for Satan hath no right to make a chamber in your melancholy; borrow joy and comforts from the comforter; bid the Spirit do his office in you; and remember that faith is one thing, and the feeling and notice of faith another: God forbid that feeling were *proprium quarto modo* to all the ſaints; and that this were good reaſoning, no feeling, no grace. I am ſure, ye were not always, theſe twenty years by paſt, actually knowing that ye live; yet all this time ye are living: ſo is it with the life of faith. But, alas! dear brother, it is eaſy for me to ſpeak words and ſyllables of peace; but Iſa lvii. 19. telleth you, I create peace; there is but one Creator, ye know. Oh, that ye may get a letter of peace ſent you from heaven! Pray for me, and for grace to be faithful, and gifts to be able with tongue and pen to glorify God. I forget you not.

*St. Andrews, Jan.* 8. 1640.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 31. *To my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam,*

I Received your Ladyship's letter; but, because I was still going through the country for the affairs of the church, I have had no time to answer it. I had never more cause to fear than I have now, when my Lord hath restored me to my second created heaven on earth, and hath turned my apprehended fears into joys, and great deliverance to his church, whereof I have my share and part. Alas, that weeping prayers, answered and sent back from heaven with joy, should not have laughing praises! O that this land would repent, and lay burdens of praises upon the top of fair mount Zion! Madam, except this land be humbled, a reformation is rather my wonder than belief at this time; but surely it must be a wonder, and what is done already is a wonder: our Lord must restore beauty to his churches without hire; for we were sold without money, and now our buyers repent them of the bargain, and would gladly give again better cheap than they bought us: they devoured Jacob, and ate up his people as bread; now Jacob is grown a living child in their womb, and they would fain be delivered of the child, and render the birth; our Lord shall be Midwife. Oh that this land be not like Ephraim, an unwise son, that stayeth too long in the place of breaking forth of children! Your Ladyship is blessed with children, who are honoured to build up Christ's waste places again; I believe your Ladyship will think them well bestowed on that work, and that Zion's beauty is your joy: this is a mark and evidence from heaven, which helpeth weak ones to hold their grip, when other marks fail them. I hope your Ladyship is at a good understanding with Christ; and that, as becometh a Christian, ye take him up aright (for many mistake and misshape Christ) in his comings and goings; your wants and falls proclaim, ye have nothing of your own, but what ye borrow; (nay, yourself is not your own) but Christ hath given himself to you: put Christ to the bank, and heaven shall be your interest and income; love him, for ye cannot over-love him; take up your house in Christ, let him dwell in you, and abide in him; and then ye may look out of Christ, and laugh at the clay-heavens, that the sons of men are seeking after in this side of the water. Christ mindeth to make your losses grace's great advantage: Christ will lose nothing of you; nay, not your sins, for he hath an use for them, as well as for your service; howbeit ye are to lothe yourself for these. I hope ye fetch all the heaven ye have here in this life from that which is up above; and that your anchor is casten as high and deep as Christ; oh, but it is far and many a mile to his bottom! if I had known long since, as I do now, (though still, alas! I am ignorant) what was in Christ, I would not have been so late in start-

ſtarting to the gate to ſeek him. Oh, what can I do or ſay to him, who hath made the north render me back again! A grave is no ſure priſon to him for the keeping of dry bones. Woe is me, that my fooliſh ſorrow and unbelief, being on horſe-back, did ride ſo proudly and witleſsly over my Lord's providence: but when my faith was aſleep, Chriſt was awake; and now, when I am awake, I ſay, he did all things well. Oh, infinite wiſdom! Oh, incomparable loving kindneſs! Alas that the heart I have, is ſo little and worthleſs for ſuch a Lord as Chriſt is! Oh, what odds find the ſaints in hard trials, when they feel ſap at their roots, betwixt them and ſun burnt withered profeſſors! croſſes and ſtorms cauſe them to caſt their blooms and leaves. Poor worldlings, what will ye do, when the ſpan-length of your forenoon's laughter is ended, and when the weeping ſide of providence is turned to you? I put all the favours ye have beſtowed on my brother upon Chriſt's ſcore, in whoſe books are many ſuch counts, and who will requite them: I wiſh you to be builded more and more upon the ſtone laid in Zion, and then ye ſhall be the more fit to have a hand in rebuilding our Lord's fallen tabernacle in this land, in which ye ſhall find great peace, when ye come to grips with death, the king of terrors. The God of peace be with your Ladyſhip, and keep you blameleſs till the day of our Lord Jeſus.

*St. Andrews.* *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in his ſweet Lord and Maſter,* S. R.

32. *To his very dear friend,* JOHN FENNICK.

*Much honoured and dear friend,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: the neceſſary impediments of my calling have hitherto kept me from making a return to your letter, the heads whereof I ſhall now briefly anſwer; as, 1. I approve your going to the Fountain, when your own ciſtern is dry: a difference there muſt be betwixt Chriſt's well and your borrowed water; and why but ye have need of emptineſs and drying up, as well as ye have need of the well? want, and a hole, there muſt be in our veſſel, to leave room to Chriſt's art; his well hath its own need of thirſty drinkers, to commend infinite love, which from eternity did brew ſuch a cellar of living waters for us. Ye commend his free love; and it is well done: oh, if I could help you, and if I could be maſter-conveener, to gather an earth-full and an heaven-full of tongues, dipped and ſteeped in my Lord's well of love, or his wine of love, even tongues drunken with his love, to raiſe a ſong of praiſes to him, betwixt the eaſt and weſt end, and furtheſt points of the broad heavens! if I were in your caſe (as alas! my dry and dead heart is not now in that garden) I would borrow leave to come, and ſtand upon the banks and

coaſts

coaſts of that ſea of love, and be a feaſted ſoul, to ſee love's fair tide, free love's high and lofty waves, each of them higher than ten earths, flowing in upon pieces of loſt clay. O welcome, welcome, great ſea! Oh, if I had as much love for wideneſs and breadth, as twenty outmoſt ſhells and ſpheres of heaven of heavens, that I might receive in a little flood of his free love! Come, come, dear friend, and be pained, that the King's wine cellar of free love and his banqueting houſe (O ſo wide, ſo ſtately! O ſo God-like, ſo glory-like!) ſhould be ſo abundant, ſo overflowing, and your ſhallow veſſel ſo little, to take in ſome part of that love: but ſince it cannot come into you, for want of room, enter yourſelf in this ſea of love, and breathe under theſe waters, and die of love, and live as one dead and drowned of this love. But why do ye complain of waters going over your ſoul, and that the ſmoke of the terrors of a wrathful Lord doth almoſt ſuffocate you, and bring you to death's brink? I know the fault is in your eyes, not in him; it is not the rock that fleeth and moveth, but the green ſailor; if your ſenſe and apprehenſion be made judge of his love, there is a graven image made preſently, even a changed god, and a foe-god, who was once (when ye waſhed your ſteps with butter, and the rock poured you out rivers of oil, Job xxix. 6.) a Friend-God. Either now or never let God work: ye had never, ſince ye was a man, ſuch a fair field of faith; for a painted hell, and an apprehenſion of wrath from your Father is faith's opportunity to try what ſtrength is in it. Now give God as large a meaſure of charity as ye have of ſorrow: now ſee faith to be faith indeed, if ye can make your grave betwixt Chriſt's feet, and ſay, Though he ſhould ſlay me, I will truſt in him; his believed love ſhall be my winding-ſheet, and all my grave-clothes; I ſhall roll and ſew in my ſoul, my ſlain ſoul, in that web, his ſweet and free love: and let him write upon my grave, 'Here lieth a believing dead man, breathing out and making an hole in death's broad-ſide, and the breath of faith cometh forth thro' the hole.' See now if ye can overcome and prevail with God, and wreſtle God's tempting to death quite out of breath, as that renowned wreſtler did, Hoſ. xii. 3. *And by his ſtrength he had power with God:* ver. 4. *Yea, he had power over the Angel, and prevailed.* He is a ſtrong man indeed, who overmatcheth heaven's ſtrength, and the holy One of Iſrael, the ſtrong Lord, which is done by a ſecret ſupply of divine ſtrength within, wherewith the weakeſt being ſtrengthened, overcome and conquer. It ſhall be great victory, to blow out the flame of that furnace ye are now in, with the breath of faith: and when hell, men, malice, cruelty, falſhood, devils, the ſeeming glooms of a ſweet Lord, meet you in the teeth, if ye then, as a captive of hope, as one fettered in hope's priſon, run to your ſtrong-hold, even

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from God glooming to God glooming; and believe the ſalvation of the Lord in the dark, which is your only victory: your enemies are but pieces of malicious clay; they ſhall die as men, and be confounded. But that your troubles are many at once, and arrows come in from all airths, from country, friends, wife, children, foes, eſtate, and right-down from God, who is the hope and ſtay of your ſoul, I confeſs is more, and very heavy to be born: yet all theſe are not more than grace; all theſe bits of coals, caſten in your ſea of mercy, cannot dry it up. Your troubles are many and great, yet not an ounce weight beyond the meaſure of infinite wiſdom, I hope, nor beyond the meaſure of grace that he is to beſtow; for our Lord never yet brake the back of his child, nor ſpilt his own work: nature's plaiſtering and counterfeit-work he doth often break in ſheards and putteth out a candle not lighted at the Sun of Righteouſneſs; but he muſt cheriſh his own reeds, and handle them ſoftly; never a reed getteth a thruſt with the Mediator's hand, to lay together the two ends of the reed. O what bonds and ligaments hath our Chirurgeon of broken ſpirits, to bind up all his lame and bruiſed ones with! caſt your disjointed ſpirit in his lap, and lay your burden upon One, who is ſo willing to take your cares and your fears off you, and to exchange and niffer your croſſes, and to give you new for old, and gold for iron, even to give you garments of praiſe for the ſpirit of heavineſs. It is true in a great part what ye write of this kirk, that the letter of religion only is reformed, and ſcarce that: I do not believe, our Lord will build his Zion in this land, upon this ſkin of reformation: ſo long as our ſcum remaineth, and our heart-idols are keeped, this work muſt be at a ſtand; and therefore our Lord muſt yet ſift this land, and ſearch us with candles; and I know, he ſhall give and not ſell us his kingdom. His grace and our remaining guiltineſs muſt be compared, and the one muſt be ſeen in the glory of it, and the other in the ſinfulneſs of it; but I deſire to believe, and would gladly hope to ſee, that the glancing and ſhining luſtre of glory, coming from the diamonds and ſtones ſet in the crown of our Lord Jeſus, ſhall caſt rays and beams many thouſand miles about. I hope Chriſt is upon a great marriage; and that his wooing and ſuiting of his excellent bride doth take its beginning from us, the ends of the earth. O what joy and what glory would I judge it, if my heaven ſhould be ſuſpended till I might have leave to run on foot to be a witneſs of that marriage-glory, and ſee Chriſt put on the glory of his laſt married bride, and his laſt marriage love on earth, when he ſhall enlarge his love-bed, and ſet it upon the top of the mountains, and take in the elder ſiſter, the Jews, and the fulneſs of the Gentiles! It were heaven's honour and glory upon earth, to be his lackey, to run at his horſe's foot, and hold up

the

e train of his marriage-robe-royal, in the day of our high and yal Solomon's eſpouſals. But O what glory to have a ſeat bed in Jeſus's chariot, that is bottomed with gold, and pav-, and lined over, and floored within with love for the daugh-rs of Jeruſalem! Cant. iii. 10. To ly upon ſuch a King's ve, were a bed next to the flower of heaven's glory. I am rry to hear you ſpeak, in your letter, of a God angry at you, nd of the ſenſe of his indignation, which only ariſeth from ffering, for ſuffering for Jeſus, all that is now come upon ou. Indeed apprehended wrath flameth out of ſuch aſhes as pprehended ſin, but not from ſuffering for Chriſt: but, ſup-oſe ye were in hell, for by-gones and for old debt, I hope ye we Chriſt a great ſum of charity, to believe the ſweetneſs of is love. I know what it is to ſin in that kind; if is to ſin ut (if it were poſſible) the unchangeableneſs of a God-head out f Chriſt, and to ſin away a lovely unchangeable God. Put more oneſt apprehenſions upon Chriſt, put on his own maſk upon his ce, and not your vail made of unbelief, which ſpeaketh as if he orrowed love to you from you, and your demerits and ſinful de-ervings. Oh, no! Chriſt is man, but he is not like man; he hath an's love in heaven, but it is luſtred with God's love, and it is ery God's love ye have to do with: when your wheels go about, e ſtandeth ſtill. Let God be God, and be ye a man, and have e the deſerving of man, and the ſin of one, who hath ſuffer-d your Well-beloved to ſlip away, nay, he hath refuſed him, ntrance, when he was knocking, till his head and locks were rozen: yet what is that to him? His book keepeth your name, nd is not printed and re-printed, and changed and corrected: nd why, but he ſhould go to his place and hide himſelf? how-beit his departure be his own good work, yet the belief of it in hat manner is your ſin; but wait on till he return with ſalvati-n, and cauſe you rejoice in the latter end. It is not much to omplain; but rather believe than complain, and ſit in the duſt, and cloſe your mouth, till he make your ſown light grow gain: for your afflictions are not eternal, time will end them, nd ſo ſhall ye at length ſee the Lord's ſalvation; his love ſleep-th not, but is ſtill in working for you; his ſalvation will not arry nor linger; and ſuffering for him is the nobleſt croſs that s out of heaven. Your Lord hath the wail and choice of ten houſand other croſſes, beſide this, to exerciſe you withal; but his wiſdom and his love wailed and chooſed out this for you, be-ide them all: and take it as a choice one, and make uſe of it, ſo as ye look to this world as your ſtep-mother, in your borrow-ed priſon; for it is a love-look to heaven, and the other ſide of the water, that God ſeeketh: and this is the fruit, the flow-er and bloom growing out of your croſs, that ye be a dead man to time, to clay, to gold, to country, to friends, wife, chil-

dren, and all pieces of created nothings; for in them there is not a seat nor bottom for soul's love. O what room is for your love (if it were as broad as the sea) up in heaven and in God! and what would not Christ give for your love? God gave so much for your soul; and blessed are ye if ye have a love for him, and can call in your soul's love from all idols, and can make a God of God, a God of Christ, and draw a line betwixt your heart and him. If your deliverance come not, Christ's presence and his believed love must stand as caution and surety for your deliverance, till your Lord send it in his blessed time; for Christ hath many salvations, if we could see them: and I would think it better born comfort and joy, that cometh from the faith of deliverance, and the faith of his love, than that which cometh from deliverance itself. It is not much matter, if ye find ease to your afflicted soul, what be the means, either of your own wishing, or of God's choosing; the latter I am sure is best, and the comfort strongest and sweetest: let the Lord absolutely have the ordering of your evils and troubles, and put them off you, by recommending your cross and your furnace to him, who hath skill to melt his own metal, and knoweth well what to do with his own furnace; let your heart be willing, that God's fire have your tin, and brass, and dross; to consent to want corruption, is a greater mercy than many professors do well know; and to refer the manner of God's physic to his own wisdom, whether it be by drawing blood, or giving sugared drinks: that he cureth sick folks without pain, it is a great point of faith; and to believe Christ's cross to be a friend, as he himself is a Friend, is also a special act of faith: but when ye are over the water, this case shall be a yesterday, past an hundred years ere ye were born; and the cup of glory shall wash the memory of all this away, and make it as nothing: only now take Christ in with you under your yoke, and let patience have her perfect work; for this haste is your infirmity. The Lord is rising up to do you good in the latter end: put on the faith of his salvation, and see him posting and hasting towards you. Sir, my employments, being so great, hinder me to write at more length; excuse me: I hope to be mindful of you. I shall be obliged to you, if ye help me with your prayers for this people, this college, and my own poor soul. Grace be with you. Remember my love to your wife.

*St. Andrews, Feb.* 13. 1640. *Yours in Christ Jesus*, S. R.

33. *To the much honoured* PETER STIRLING.

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

I Received yours, and cannot but be ashamed that mistaking love hath brought me in court and account in the heart of God's

God's children, eſpecially of another nation. I ſhould not make a lie of the grace of God, if I ſhould think I have little ſhare of it myſelf: O how much better were it for me, to ſtand in the counting table of many for a half-penny, and to be eſteemed a liker, rather than a lover of Chriſt? If I were weighed, vanity ſhould bear down the ſcale, as having weight in the balance above me, except my lovely Saviour ſhould caſt in beſide me ſome of his borrowed worth. And, Oh, if I were writing now ſincerely in this extenuation, which may be, and I fear is, ſubtile and cozening pride! I would I could love ſomething of heaven's worth, in you and all of your metal. O how happy were I, if I could regain and conquer back from the creature my ſold and loſt love, that I might lay it upon heaven's Jewel, that ever, ever blooming Flower of the higheſt garden, even my ſoul-redeeming and never-enough prized Lord Jeſus! O that he would waſh my love, and put it on the Mediator's wheel, and refine it from its droſs and tin, that I might propine and gift that Lord, ſo love-worthy, with all my love! O if I could ſet a leaſe of thouſands of years, and a ſuſpenſion of my part of heaven's glory, and friſt till a long day my deſired ſalvation, ſo being I could, in this lower kitchen and under-vault of this creation, be feaſted with his love, and that I might be a foot-ſtool to his glory, before men and angels! Oh if he would let out heaven's fountain upon withered me, dry and ſapleſs me! if I were but ſick of love for his love, (and Oh, how would that ſickneſs delight me!) how ſweet would that eaſing and refreſhing pain be to my ſoul? I ſhall be glad to be a witneſs to behold the kingdoms of the world become Chriſt's: I could ſtay out of heaven many years, to ſee that victorious triumphing Lord act that propheſied part of his ſoul-conquering love, in taking into his kingdom the greater ſiſter, that kirk of the Jews, who ſometimes courted our Well-beloved for her little ſiſter, Cant. viii. 8. to behold him ſet up as an enſign and banner of love, to the ends of the world. And truly we are to believe, that his wrath is ripe for the land of graven images, and for the falling of that mill-ſtone in the midſt of the ſea. Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, March* 6. 1640.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R

## 34. *To the Lady* FINGASK.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: though not acquainted, yet, at the deſire of a Chriſtian, I make bold to write a line or two unto you by way of counſel, (howbeit I be moſt unfit for that.) I hear, and I bleſs the Father of lights for it,

that ye have a ſpirit ſet to ſeek God, and that the poſture of your heart is to look heaven-ward; which is a work and craft of the Mediator Chriſt's right-hand, who putteth on the heart a new frame, for the which I would have your Ladyſhip to ſee a tye and bond of obedience laid upon you, that all may be done, not ſo much from obligation of law, as from the tye of free love; that the law of ranſom paying by Chriſt may be the chief ground of all your obedience, ſeeing that ye are not under the law, but under grace. Withal, know, that unbelief is a ſpiritual ſin, and ſo not ſeen by nature's light; and that all conſcience faith is not ſcripture: ſuppoſe your heart bear witneſs againſt you, for ſins done long ago; yet, becauſe many have pardon with God, that have not peace with themſelves, ye are to ſtand and fall by Chriſt's eſteem and verdict of you, and not by that which your heart ſaith. Suppoſe it may by accident be a good ſign, to be jealous of your heavenly Huſband's love, yet it is a ſinful ſign; as there be ſome happy ſins (if I may ſpeak ſo) not of themſelves, but becauſe they are neighboured with faith and love. And ſo, worthy Lady, I would have you hold by this, that the ancient love of an old Huſband ſtandeth firm and ſure; and let faith hing by this ſmall thread, that he loved you before he laid the corner-ſtone of the world; and therefore he cannot change his mind, becauſe he is God, and reſts in his love. Neither is ſin in you a good reaſon, wherefore ye ſhould doubt of him, or think, becauſe ſin hath put you in the courteſy and reverence of juſtice, that therefore he is wroth with you: neither is it preſumption in you, to lay the burden of your ſalvation upon One mighty to ſave; ſo being ye lay aſide all confidence in yourſelf, your worth and righteouſneſs. True faith is humble, and ſeeth no way to eſcape but only in Chriſt: and I believe ye have put an eſteem and high price upon Chriſt; and they cannot but believe, and ſo be ſaved, who love Chriſt, and to whom he is precious: for the love of Chriſt hath choſen Chriſt as a Lover; and it were not like God, if ye ſhould chooſe him as your liking, and he not chooſe you again: nay, he hath prevented you in that; for ye have not choſen him, but he hath choſen you. O conſider his lovelineſs and beauty, and that there is nothing which can commend and make fair heaven or earth, or the creature, that is not in him, in infinite perfection; for fair ſun and fair moon are black, and think ſhame to ſhine before his fairneſs, Iſa. xxiv. 23. Base heavens and excellent Jeſus; weak angels, and ſtrong and mighty Jeſus; fooliſh angel wiſdom, and only wiſe Jeſus; ſhort living creature, and long living, and ever living Ancient of days; miſerable and ſickly, and wretched are thoſe things that are within time's circle, and only, only bleſſed Jeſus! If ye can wind in his love (and he giveth you leave to [illegible] him, and allurements alſo) what a ſecond heaven's paradiſe, a you

young heaven's glory is it to be hot and burned with fevers of love-ſickneſs for him? and the more your Ladyſhip drinks of his love, there is the more room, and the greater delight and deſire for this love. Be homely, and hunger for a feaſt and fill of his love: for that is the borders and march of heaven: nothing hath a nearer reſemblance to the colour and hue and luſtre of heaven than Chriſt loved, and to breathe out love-words, and love-ſighs for him. Remember what he is; when twenty thouſand millions of heaven's lovers have worn their heart's thread bare of love, all is nothing, yea, leſs than nothing to his matchleſs worth and excellency: O ſo broad and ſo deep as the ſea of his deſireable lovelineſs is! glorified ſpirits, triumphing angels, the crowned and exalted lovers of heaven, ſtand without his lovelineſs, and cannot put a circle on it. Oh, if ſin and time were from betwixt us, and that royal and King's love, that high Majeſty, eternity's Bloom, and Flower of high luſtred beauty might ſhine upon pieces of created ſpirits, and might bedew and overflow us, who are portions of endleſs miſery, and lumps of redeemed ſin! Alas, what do I? I but ſpill and loſe words in ſpeaking highly of him, who will bide and be above the muſic and ſongs of heaven, and never be enough praiſed by us all; to whoſe boundleſs and bottomleſs love I recommend your Ladyſhip, and am

*St. Andrews, March* 27. 1640. *Your Ladyſhip's in Chriſt Jeſus*, S. R.

35. *To his reverend and dear brother, Mr.* DAVID DICKSON.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

YE look like the houſe whereof ye are a branch; the croſs is a part of the life-rent, that lieth to all the ſons of the houſe. I deſire to ſuffer with you, if I could take a lift of your houſe-trial off you; but ye have preached it, ere I knew any thing of God: your Lord may gather his roſes, and ſhake his apples, at what ſeaſon of the year he pleaſeth; each huſbandman cannot make harveſt when he pleaſeth, as he can do: ye are taught to know and adore his ſovereignty, which he exerciſeth over you, which yet is luſtred with mercy. The child hath but changed a bed in the garden, and is planted up higher nearer the ſun, where he ſhall thrive better than in this out-field moor-ground: ye muſt think your Lord would not want him one hour longer; and ſince the date of your loan of him was expired (as it is if ye read the leaſe) let him have his own with gain, as good reaſon were. I read on it an exaltation and a richer meaſure of grace, as the ſweet fruit of your croſs; and I am bold to ſay, that that college, where your Maſter hath ſet you

now

now, ſhall find it. I am content, that Chriſt is ſo homely with my dear brother, David Dickſon, as to borrow and lend, and take and give with him; and ye know, what are called the viſitations of ſuch a friend; it is to come to the houſe, and be homely with what is yours. I perſuade myſelf upon his credit, he hath left drink money, and that he hath made the houſe the better of him: I envy not his waking love, who ſaw that this water was to be paſt through, and that now the number of croſſes lying in your way to glory are fewer by one than when I ſaw you; they muſt decreaſe. It is better than any ancient or modern commentary on your text, that ye preach upon, in Glaſgow: read and ſpell right, for he knoweth what he doth; he is only lopping and ſnedding a fruitful tree, that it may be more fruitful. I congratulate heartily with you his new welcome to your new charge. Deareſt brother, go on and faint not; ſomething of yours is in heaven, beſide the fleſh of your exalted Saviour, and ye go on after your own. Time's thread is ſhorter by one inch than it was: an oath is ſworn and paſt the ſeals, whether afflictions will or not, ye muſt grow and ſwell out of your ſhell, and live, and triumph, and reign, and be more than a conqueror: for your Captain, who leadeth you on, is more than Conqueror, and he makes you partaker of his conqueſt and victory. Did not love to you compel me, I would not fetch water to the well, and ſpeak to one who knoweth better than I can do what God is doing with him. Remember my love to your wife, to Mr. John, and all friends there. Let us be helped by your prayers, for I ceaſe not to make mention of you to the Lord as I dow. Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, May* 28. 1640. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 26. *To my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Impute it not to diſreſpective forgetfulneſs of your Ladyſhip, who miniſtred to me in my bonds, that I write not to you: I wiſh I could ſpeak or write what might do good to your Ladyſhip; eſpecially now, when I think ye cannot but have deep thoughts of the deep and bottomleſs ways of our Lord, in taking away, with a ſudden and wonderful ſtroke, your brethren and friends. Ye may know, all that die for ſin, die not in ſin; and that none can teach the Almighty knowledge: he anſwereth none of our courts; and no man can ſay, What doſt thou? It is true your brethren ſaw not many ſummers; but adore and fear the ſovereignty of the great Potter, who maketh and marreth his clay-veſſels, when and how it pleaſeth him. The under-garden

is

absolutely his own, and all that groweth in it: his absolute berty is law-biding; the flowers are his own: if some be but mmer-apples, he may pluck them down before others. O hat wisdom is it to believe, and not to dispute, to subject the houghts to his court, and not to repine at any act of his justice? he hath done it, all flesh be silent. It is impossible to be ubmissive and religiously patient, if ye stay your thoughts down mong the confused rollings and wheels of second causes; as, Oh, the place! Oh, the time! Oh, if this had been, this had ot followed! Oh, the linking of this accident with this time nd place! Look up to the master-motion and the first wheel; ee and read the decree of heaven and the Creator of men, who reweth death to his children, and the manner of it: and they ee far in a mill-stone, and have eyes that make a hole to see hrough the one side of a mountain to the other, who can take p his ways; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! His providence halteth not, but goeth with even and equal legs; yet are they not the greatest sinners pon whom the tower of Siloam fell. Was not time's lease expired, and the sand of heaven's sand-glass set by our Lord run out? Is not he an unjust debitor, who payeth due debt with chiding? I believe, Christian Lady, your faith leaveth that much credit to our Lord's judgments, as to believe, howbeit ye be in blood sib to that cross, that yet ye are exempted and freed from the gall and wrath that is in it. I dare not deny but (Job xviii. 15.) The king of terrors dwelleth in the wicked man's tabernacle; brimstone shall be scattered on his habitation; yet, Madam, it is safe for you to live upon the faith of his love, whose arrows are over-watered and pointed with love and mercy to his own, and who knoweth how to take you and yours out of the roll and book of the dead. Our Lord hath not the eyes of flesh, in distributing wrath to the thousandth generation without exception. Seeing ye are not under the law, but under grace, and married to another Husband; wrath is not the court that ye are liable to. As I would not wish, neither do I believe your Ladyship doth despise; so neither faint. Read and spell aright all the words and syllables in the visitation, and miscall neither letter nor syllable in it. Come along with the Lord, and see, and lay no more weight upon the law than your Christ hath laid upon it. If the law's bill get an answer from Christ, the curses of it can do no more: and I hope ye have resolved, that if he should grind you to powder, your dust and powder shall believe his salvation. And who can tell, what thoughts of love and peace our Lord hath to your children? I trust he shall make them famous, in executing the written judgments upon the enemies of the Lord; this honour have all his saints, Psalm cxlix. 9. and that they shall bear stones on their

their ſhoulders for building that fair city, that is called, Ezek. xlvi. 35. The Lord is there. And happy ſhall they be, who have a hand in the ſacking of Babel, and come out in the year of vengeance, for the controverſy of Zion, againſt the land of graven images. Therefore, Madam, let the Lord make out of your father's houſe any work, even of judgment that he pleaſeth: what is wrath to others, is mercy to you and your houſe. It is faith's work, to claim and challenge loving kindneſs out of all the roughest ſtrokes of God. Do that for the Lord, which ye will do for time; time will calm your heart at that which God hath done, and let our Lord have it now. What love ye did bear to friends now dead, ſeeing they ſtand now in no need of it, let it fall as juſt legacy to Chriſt. Oh, how ſweet to put out many ſtrange lovers, and to put in Chriſt! It is much for our half-ſlain affections, to part with that, which we believe we have right unto: but the ſervant's will ſhould be our will; and he is the beſt ſervant, who retaineth leaſt of his own will, and moſt of his maſter's. That much wiſdom muſt be aſcribed to our Lord, that he knoweth how to lead his own in-through and out-through the little time-hells, and the pieces of time-during wraths in this life; and yet keep ſafe his love without any blur upon the old and great ſeal of free election: and ſeeing his mountains of braſs, the mighty and ſtrong decrees of free grace in Chriſt, ſtand ſure, and the covenant ſtandeth faſt for ever, as the days of heaven, let him ſtrike and nurture: his ſtriking muſt be a very act of ſaving: ſeeing ſtrokes upon his ſecret ones come from the ſoft and heavenly hand of the Mediator, and his rods are ſteeped and watered in that flood and river of love, that cometh from the God-man's heart of our ſoul-loving and ſoul-redeeming JESUS. I hope ye are content to friſt the Cautioner of mankind his own conqueſt, heaven, till he pay it you, and bring you to a ſtate of glory, where he ſhall never crook a finger upon, nor lift a hand to you again: and be content, and withal greedily covetous of grace, the intereſt and pledge of glory. If I did not believe your crop to be on the ground, and your part of that heaven of the ſaints heaven, white and ruddy, fair, fair and beautiful Jeſus were come to the bloom and the flower, and near your hook, I would not write this: but ſeeing time's thread is ſhort, and ye are upon the entry of heaven's harveſt, and Chriſt, the field of heaven's glory is white and ripe like, the loſſes I write of to your Ladyſhip are but ſummer-ſhowers, that will only wet your garments for an hour or two, and the ſun of the New Jeruſalem ſhall quickly dry the wet coat; eſpecially ſeeing rains of affliction cannot ſtain the image of God, or cauſe grace caſt the colour. And ſince ye will not alter upon him, who will not change upon you, I durſt in weakneſs think myſelf no ſpiritual ſeer, if I ſhould not pro-

pheſy,

esy, that day-light is near, when such a morning-darkness is on you; and that this trial of your Christian mind towards m, whom ye dare not leave, howbeit he should slay you, shall ose with a doubled mercy. It is time for faith to hold fast as uch of Christ as ever ye had, and to make the grip stronger, d to cleave closer to him; seeing Christ loveth to be believed , and trusted to. The glory of laying strength upon One that mighty to save, is more than we can think: that piece of rvice of believing in a smiting Redeemer, is a precious part obedience. O what glory to him, to lay over the burden of r heaven upon him, that purchased for us an eternal king-om! O blessed soul, who can adore and kiss his lovely, free ace. The rich grace of Christ be with your spirit.

*St. Andrews, Oct.* 15. 1640. *Yours at all obedience in Christ Jesus*, S. R.

## 37. *To* AGNES MACKMATH.

*Dear sister*,

IF our Lord hath taken away your child, your lease of him is expired; and seeing Christ should want him no longer, is your part to hold your peace, and worship and adore the vereignty and liberty that the Potter hath over the clay, and eces of clay-nothings, that he gave life unto: and what is an, to call and summon the Almighty to his lower court down ere? for he giveth account of none of his doings. And if ye ill take a loan of a child, and give him back again to our ord, laughing, as if his borrowed goods should return to m; believe, he is not gone away, but sent before; and that e change of the country should make you think, he is not st to you, who is found to Christ; and that he is now before u, and that the dead in Christ shall be raised again. A go-g down star is not annihilate, but shall appear again: if he ath casten his bloom and flower, the bloom is fallen in heaven, Christ's lap; and as he was lent a while to time, so is he gi-n now to eternity, which will take yourself: and the differ-nce of your shipping and his to heaven and Christ's shore, the nd of life, is only in some few years, which weareth every y shorter, and some short and soon-reckoned summers will ive you a meeting with him; but what, with him? nay, with tter company, with the Chief and Leader of the heavenly oops, that are riding on white horses, that are triumphing in lory. If death were asleep that had no wakening, we might rrow: but our Husband shall quickly be at the bed-sides of l that ly geeping in the grave, and shall raise their mortal bo-ies. Christ was death's Cautioner, who gave his word to come nd loose all the clay pawns, and set them at his own right-hand;

and our Cautioner, Chriſt, hath an act of law-ſurety upon death, to render back his captives: and that the Lord Jeſus, who knoweth the turnings and windings that are in that black trance of death, hath numbred all the ſteps of the ſtair up to heaven; he knoweth how long the turn-pike is, or how many pair of ſtairs high it is; for he aſcended that way himſelf, Rev. i. 18. I was dead, and am alive. And now he liveth at the right-hand of God, and his garments have not ſo much as a ſmell of death. Your afflictions ſmell of the children's caſe; the bairns of the houſe are ſo nurtured: and ſuffering is no new life, it is but the rent of the ſons; baſtards have not ſo much of the rent. Take kindly and heartſomely with his croſs, who never yet ſlew a child with the croſs. He breweth your cup; therefore drink it patiently, and with the better will. Stay and wait on till Chriſt looſe the knot, that faſteneth his croſs on your back; for he is coming to deliver: and I pray you, ſiſter, learn to be worthy of his pains, who correcteth; and let him wring, and be ye waſhen; for he hath a Father's heart and a Father's hand, who is training you up, and making you meet for the high hall. This ſchool of ſuffering is a preparation for the King's higher houſe; and let all your viſitations ſpeak all the letters of your Lord's ſummons. They cry, 1. O vain world! 2. O bitter ſin! 3. O ſhort and uncertain time! 4. O fair eternity, that is above ſickneſs and death! 5. O kingly and princely Bridegroom! haſten glory's marriage, ſhorten time's ſhort-ſpun and ſoon-broken thread, and conquer ſin! 6. O happy and bleſſed death, that golden bridge laid over by Chriſt my Lord, betwixt time's clay-banks and heaven's ſhore! And the Spirit and the bride ſay, Come! and anſwer ye with them, Even ſo, come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, Oct.* 15. 1640. *Your brother in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 38. *To Mr.* MATTHEW MOWAT.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

WHAT am I to anſwer you? Alas! my books are all bare, and ſhew me little of God: I would fain go beyond books, into his houſe of love, to himſelf. Dear brother, neither ye nor I are parties worthy of his love or knowledge. Ah! how hath ſin bemiſted and blinded us, that we cannot ſee him? But for my poor ſelf, I am pained and like to burſt, becauſe he will not take down the wall, and fetch his uncreated Beauty, and bring his matchleſs, white and ruddy face out of heaven: one's errand, that I may have heaven meeting me ere I go to it, in ſuch a wonderful ſight. Ye know that majeſty and love do humble

umble, becauſe homely love to ſinners dwelleth with him in
ajeſty: ye ſhould give him all his own court-ſtiles, his high
nd heaven names. What am I, to ſhape conceptions of my
igheſt Lord? How broad, and how high, and how deep he
, above and beyond what theſe conceptions are, I cannot tell:
ut for my own weak practice (which, alas! can be no rule to
ne ſo deep in love ſickneſs with Chriſt as ye are) I would fain
dd to my thoughts and eſteem of him, and make him more
igh, and would wiſh an heart and love ten thouſand times
ider than the utmoſt circle and curtain that goeth about the
eaven of heavens, to entertain him, in that heart, and with
hat love. But that which is your pain, my dear brother, is
ine alſo; I am confounded with the thoughts of him. I know
God is caſten (if I may ſpeak ſo) in a ſweet Mould, and lovely
mage, in the Perſon of that heaven's Jewel, the Man Chriſt;
nd that the ſteps of that ſteep aſcent and ſtair to the God-head
the fleſh of Chriſt, the new and living Way; and there is
oting for faith in that curious ark of the humanity; therein
welleth the God-head, married upon our humanity. I would
e in heaven, ſuppoſe I had not another errand, but to ſee that
ainty golden ark, and God perſonally looking out at ears and
es and a body, ſuch as we ſinners have, that I might wear my
nful mouth in kiſſes on him for evermore: and I know, all
he three bleſſed Perſons ſhould be well pleaſed that my piece
faint and created love ſhould firſt coaſt upon the Man Chriſt;
ſhould ſee them all through him. I am called from my writ-
g by my great employments in this town, and have ſaid no-
ing: but what can I ſay of him? Let us go and ſee.

*St. Andrews*, 1640. *Yours in his ſweet Lord*
*Jeſus*, S. R.

## 39. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Ladyſhip. I am
heartily ſorry that your Ladyſhip is deprived of ſuch an
uſband, and the Lord's kirk of ſo active and faithful a friend.
know your Ladyſhip long ago made acquaintance with that,
herein Chriſt will have you joined in a fellowſhip with himſelf,
ven with his own croſs; and hath taught you to ſtay your ſoul
pon the Lord's good-will, who giveth not account of his mat-
rs to any of us: when he hath led you through this water,
hat was in your way to glory, there are fewer behind; and his
rder in diſmiſſing us, and ſending us out of the market, one
efore another, is to be reverenced. One year's time of hea-
n ſhall ſwallow up all ſorrows, even beyond all compariſon:
hat then will not a duration of bleſſedneſs ſo long as God ſhall

live fully and abundantly recompenſe? It is good that our Lord have given a debitor, obliged by gracious promiſes, for more in eternity than time can take from you; and I believe your Ladyſhip hath been now many years adviſing and thinking what that glory will be, which is abiding the pilgrims and ſtrangers on the earth, when they come home, and which we may think of, love, and thirſt for, but we cannot comprehend it, nor conceive of it as it, far leſs can we over-think or over-love it. O ſo long a chapter, or rather ſo long a volume as Chriſt is, in that divinity of glory! There is no more of him let down now, to be ſeen and enjoyed by his children, but as much as may feed hunger in this life, but not ſatisfy it. Your Ladyſhip is a debitor to the Son of God's croſs, that is wearing out love and affiance in the creature out of your heart by degrees; or rather the obligation ſtandeth to his free grace, who careth for your Ladyſhip in this gracious diſpenſation, and who is preparing and making ready the garments of ſalvation for you; and who calleth you with a new name, that the mouth of the Lord hath named, and purpoſeth to make you a crown of glory, and a royal diadem in the hand of your God, Iſa. lxii. 2, 3. Ye are obliged to friſt him more than one heaven; and yet he craveth not a long day; it is faſt coming, and is ſure payment. Tho' ye give no hire for him, yet hath he given a great price and ranſom for you: and if the bargain were to make again, Chriſt would give no leſs for you, than what he hath already given; he is far from ruing. I ſhall wiſh you no more till time be gone out of the way, than the earneſt of that which he hath purchaſed and prepared for you, can never be fully preached, written, or thought of, ſince it hath not entered into the heart to conſider it. So, recommending your Ladyſhip to the rich grace of our Lord Jeſus, I am and reſt

*St. Andrews.* *Your Ladyſhip's at all reſpective obſervance, in Chriſt Jeſus,* S. R.

## 40. *To Mrs.* TAYLOR.

*Miſtreſs,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Though I have no relation worldly or acquaintance with you, yet (upon the teſtimony and importunity of your elder ſon now at London, where I am, but chiefly becauſe I eſteem Jeſus Chriſt in you to be in place of all relations) I make bold in Chriſt to ſpeak my poor thoughts to you concerning your ſon lately fallen aſleep in the Lord (who was ſome time under the miniſtry of the worthy ſervant of Chriſt, my fellow labourer, Mr. Blair, by whoſe miniſtry I hope he reaped no ſmall advantage) I know, grace rooteth not out the affections of a mother, but putteth them on his wheels,

wheel, who maketh all things new, that they may be refined; therefore ſorrow for a dead child is allowed to you, though by meaſure and ounce weights: the redeemed of the Lord have not a dominion or Lordſhip over their ſorrow and other affections, to laviſh out Chriſt's goods at their pleaſure: for ye are not your own, but bought you with a price; and your ſorrow is not your own, nor hath he redeemed you by halves; and therefore ye are not to make Chriſt's croſs no croſs. He commandeth you to weep; and that princely One, who took up to heaven with him a man's heart to be a compaſſionate High-prieſt, became your Fellow and Companion on earth, by weeping for the dead, John xi. 35. And therefore ye are to love that croſs, becauſe it was once on Chriſt's ſhoulders before you; ſo that by his own practice, he hath over-gilded and covered your croſs with the Mediator's luſtre: the cup ye drink was at the lip of ſweet Jeſus, and he drank of it; and ſo it hath a ſmell of his breath; and I conceive ye love it not the worſe that it is thus ſugared; therefore drink, and believe the reſurrection of your ſon's body. If one coal of hell could fall off the exalted head Jeſus, Jeſus the Prince of the kings of the earth, and burn me to aſhes, knowing I were a partner with Chriſt, and a fellow-ſharer with him, (though the unworthieſt of men) I think I ſhould die a lovely death in that fire, with him. The worſt things of Chriſt, even his croſs, have much of heaven from himſelf; and ſo hath your Chriſtian ſorrow being of kin to Chriſt's in that kind: if your ſorrow were a baſtard, and not of Chriſt's houſe, (becauſe of the relation ye have to him in conformity with his death and ſufferings) I ſhould the more compaſſionate your condition; but kind and compaſſionate Jeſus, at every ſigh you give for the loſs of your now glorified child, (ſo I believe, as is meet) with a man's heart crieth, Half mine. I was not a witneſs to his death, being called out of the kingdom; but ye ſhall credit thoſe whom I do credit, (and I dare not lie) he died comfortably. It is true, he died before he did ſo much ſervice to Chriſt on earth, as I hope, and heartily deſire, your ſon Mr. Hugh (very dear to me in Jeſus Chriſt) ſhall do: but that were a real matter of ſorrow, if this were not to counterbalance it, that he hath changed ſervice houſes, but hath not changed ſervice or Maſter, Rev. xxii. 3. *And there ſhall be no more curſe: but the throne of God and of the Lamb ſhall be in it, and ſervants ſhall ſerve him.* What he could have done in this lower houſe, he is now upon that ſame ſervice, in the higher houſe; and it is all one, it is the ſame ſervice, and the ſame Maſter, only there is a change of conditions: and ye are not to think it a bad bargain for your beloved ſon, where he hath gold for copper and braſs, eternity for time. I believe Chriſt hath taught you (for I give credit to ſuch a witneſs of you, as your ſon Mr. Hugh) not to ſorrow becauſe he

[illegible] died:

died: all the knot muſt be, he died too ſoon, he died too young, he died in the morning of his life; this is all: but Sovereignty muſt ſilence your thoughts. I was in your condition; I had but two children, and both are dead ſince I came hither. The ſupreme and abſolute Former of all things giveth not an account of any of his matters: the good Huſbandman may pluck his roſes, and gather in his lilies at mid-ſummer, and, for ought I dare ſay, in the beginning of the firſt ſummer-month; and he may tranſplant young trees out of the lower ground to the higher, where they may have more of the ſun, and a more free air, at any ſeaſon of the year: what is that to you or me? the goods are his own. The creator of time and winds did a merciful injury (if I dare borrow the word) to nature, in landing the paſſenger ſo early. They love the ſea too well, who complain of a fair wind and a deſireable tide, and a ſpeedy coming aſhore, eſpecially a coming aſhore in that land where all the inhabitants have everlaſting joy upon their heads. He cannot be too early in heaven; his twelve hours were not ſhort hours; and withal, if ye conſider this, had ye been at his bed-ſide, and ſhould have ſeen Chriſt coming to him, ye would not, ye could not, have adjourned Chriſt's free love, who would want him no longer. And dying in another land, where his mother could not cloſe his eyes, is not much: who cloſed Moſes's eyes? and who put on his winding-ſheet? for ought I know, neither father nor mother, nor friend, but God only: and there is as expedite, fair, and eaſy a way betwixt Scotland and heaven, as if he had died in the very bed he was born in. The whole earth is his Father's; any corner of his Father's houſe is good enough to die in. It may be, the living child (I ſpeak not of Mr. Hugh) is more grief to you than the dead: you are to wait on, if at any time God ſhall give him repentance; Chriſt waited as long poſſibly on you and me, certainly longer on me; and if he ſhould deny repentance to him, I could ſay ſomething to that; but I hope better things of him. It ſeemeth that Chriſt will have this world your ſtep dame: I love not your condition the worſe; it may be a proof that ye are not a child of this lower houſe, but a ſtranger: Chriſt ſeeth it not good only, but your only good, to be led thus to heaven; and think this a favour, that he hath beſtowed upon you free, free grace, that is, mercy without hire: ye paid nothing for it: and who can put a price upon any thing of royal and princely Jeſus Chriſt? And that God hath given to you to ſuffer for him the ſpoiling of your goods, eſteem it as an act of free grace alſo; ye are no loſer, having himſelf: and I perſuade myſelf, if ye could prize Chriſt, nothing could be bitter to you. Grace, grace be with you.

*London*, 1645. *Your brother and well-wiſher*, S. R.

41. *To*

## 41. To BARBARA HAMILTON.

*Worthy friend,*

GRACE be to you. I do unwillingly write unto you of that which God hath done concerning your ſon-in law; only believe, ye look not below Chriſt, and the higheſt and moſt ſupreme act of providence, which moveth all wheels. And certainly, what came down enacted and concluded in the great book before the throne, and ſigned and ſubſcribed with the Hand which never did wrong, ſhould be kiſſed and adored by us. We ſee God's decrees, when they bring forth their fruits, all actions, good and ill, ſweet and ſour, in their time; but we ſee not preſently the after-birth of God's decree, viz. his bleſſed end, and the good that he bringeth out of the womb of his holy and ſpotleſs counſel: we ſee his working, and ſorrow; the end of his counſel and working lieth hidden and underneath the ground, and therefore we cannot believe. Even amongſt men, we ſee hewn ſtones, timber, and an hundred ſcattered parcels and pieces of an houſe, all under tools, hammers, and axes, and ſaws; yet the houſe, the beauty and eaſe of ſo many lodgings and eaſe-rooms, we neither ſee nor underſtand for the preſent; theſe are but in the mind and head of the builder, as yet. We ſee red earth, unbroken clods, furrows and ſtones; but we ſee not the ſummer lillies, roſes, and the beauty of a garden. If ye give the Lord time to work (as often he that believeth not maketh haſte, but not ſpeed) his end is under the ground; and ye ſhall ſee it was your good, that your ſon hath changed dwelling-places, but not his Maſter: Chriſt thought good to have no more of his ſervice here; yet, Rev. xxii. 3. His ſervants ſhall ſerve him: he needeth not us nor our ſervice, either in earth or in heaven; but ye are to look to him, who giveth the hireling both his leave and his wages, for his naked aim and purpoſe to ſerve Chriſt, as well as for his labours; it is put up in Chriſt's account, ſuch a labourer did ſweet forty years in Chriſt's vineyard; howbeit he got not leave to labour ſo long, becauſe he who accepteth of the will for the deed counteth ſo: none can teach the Lord to lay an account; he numbereth the drops of rain, and knoweth the ſtars by their names: it would take us much ſtudying, to give a name to every ſtar in the firmament, great or ſmall. See Lev. x. 3. And Aaron held his peace; ye know his two ſons were ſlain, whilſt they offered ſtrange fire to the Lord. Command your thoughts to be ſilent: if the ſoldiers of Newcaſtle had done this, ye might have ſtomached; but the weapon was in another hand: hear the rod what it preacheth, and ſee the name of God, Micah vi. 9. and know that there is ſomewhat of God and heaven in the rod. The majeſty of the unſearchable and bottomleſs ways and judgments of God is not ſeen in the rod, and the ſeeing of them requireth the

eyes

eyes of the man of wiſdom. If the ſufferings of ſome other with you in that loſs could eaſe you, ye want them not. But he can do no wrong, he cannot halt; his goings are equal, who hath done it. I know our Lord aimeth at more mortification; let him not come in vain to your houſe, and loſe the pains of a merciful viſit. God, the Founder, never melteth in vain; howbeit to us he ſeemeth often to loſe both fire and metal: but I know ye are more in this work than I can be; there is no cauſe to faint or weary. Grace be with you, and the rich conſolations of Jeſus Chriſt ſweeten your croſs, and ſupport you under it. I reſt

*London*, Oct. 15. 1645. *Yours in his Lord and Maſter*, S. R.

## 42. *To Mrs.* HUME

*Loving ſiſter*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: if ye have any thing better than the huſband of your youth, ye are Jeſus Chriſt's debtor for it; pay not then your debts with grudging. Sorrow may diminiſh from the ſweet fruit of righteouſneſs; but quietneſs, ſilence, ſubmiſſion, and faith, put a crown upon your ſad loſſes: ye know whoſe voice the voice of a crying rod is, Micah vi. 9. The name and majeſty of the Lord is written on the rod; read and be inſtructed. Let Chriſt have the room of the huſband: he hath now no need of you, or of your love; for he enjoyeth as much of the love of Chriſt, as his heart can be capable of. I confeſs, it is a dear bought experience, to teach you to undervalue the creature; yet it is not too dear if Chriſt think it ſo. I know, that the diſputing of your thoughts againſt his going thither, the way and manner of his death, the inſtruments, the place, the time, will not eaſe your ſpirits, except ye riſe higher than ſecond cauſes, and be ſilent becauſe the Lord hath done it; if we meaſure the goings of the Almighty and his ways, the bottom whereof we ſee not, we quite miſtake God. O how little a portion of God ſee we! he is far above our ebb and narrow thoughts; he ruleth the world in wiſdom, ere we, creatures of yeſterday, were born, and ſhall rule it when we ſhall be lodging beſide the worms and corruption. Only learn heavenly wiſdom, ſelf denial, and mortification by this ſad loſs; I know that it is not for nothing (except ye deny God to be wiſe in all he doth) that ye have loſt one in earth. There hath been too little of your love and heart in heaven, and therefore the jealouſy of Chriſt hath done this; it is a mercy that he contendeth with you and all your lovers: I ſhould deſire no greater favour for myſelf, than that Chriſt laid a neceſſity, and took on ſuch bonds upon himſelf; ſuch an one I muſt have, and

and ſuch a ſoul I cannot live in heaven without, John x. 16. Believe it, it is incomprehenſible love, that Chriſt ſaith, *If I enjoy the glory of my Father, and the crown of heaven far above men and angels, I muſt uſe all means, though never ſo violent, to have the company of ſuch an one for ever and ever.* If with the eyes of wiſdom, as a child of wiſdom, ye juſtify your mother, the wiſdom of God (whoſe child ye are) ye ſhall kiſs and embrace this loſs, and ſee much of Chriſt in it. Believe and ſubmit, and refer the income of the conſolations of Jeſus, and the event of the trial, to your heavenly Father, who numbereth all your hairs: and put Chriſt in his own room in your love; it may be he hath either been out of his own place, or in a place of love inferior to his worth. Repair Chriſt in all his wrongs done to him, and love him for a Huſband; and he that is a Huſband to the widow, ſhall be that to you which he hath taken from you. Grace be with you.

*London, Oct.* 15. 1645. *Your ſympathizing brother,* S. R.

## 43. *To* BARBARA HAMILTON.

*Loving ſiſter,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I have heard with grief, that Newcaſtle hath taken one more, in a bloody account, than before, even your ſon-in-law, and my friend; but I hope ye have learned that much of Chriſt, as not to look to wheels rolled round about on earth: earthen veſſels are not to diſpute with their Former: pieces of ſinning clay may, by reaſoning and contending with the Potter, mar the work of him, who hath his fire in Zion, and his furnace in Jeruſalem; as bullocks, ſweating, and wreſtling in the furrow, make their yoke more heavy: in quietneſs and reſt ye ſhall be ſaved: if men do any thing contrary to your heart, we may aſk both, who did it? and what is done? and why? When God hath done any ſuch thing, we are to enquire who hath done it? and to know that this cometh from the Lord, who is wonderful in counſel; but we are not to aſk what or why? If it be from the Lord, (as certainly there is no evil in the city without him, Amos iii. 6.) it is enough; the faireſt face of his ſpotleſs way is but coming, and ye are to believe his works as well as his word. Violent death is a ſharer with Chriſt in his death, which was violent: it maketh not much what way we go to heaven; the happy home is all, where the roughneſs of the way ſhall be forgotten. He is gone home to a Friend's houſe, and made welcome, and the race is ended: time is recompenſed with eternity, and copper with gold. God's order is in wiſdom, the huſband goes home before the wife, and the throng of the market ſhall be over ere it be long, and another generation where

we now are; and at length an empty houſe, and not one of mankind ſhall be upon the earth, within the ſixth part of an hour, after the earth and the works therein ſhall be burnt up with fire: I fear more that Chriſt is about to remove, when he carrieth home ſo much of his pleniſhing beforehand. We cannot teach the Almighty knowledge: when he was directing the bullet againſt his ſervant, to fetch out the ſoul, no wiſe man could cry to God, Wrong, wrong, Lord, for he is thine own. There is no miſt over his eyes, who is wonderful in counſel: if Zion be builded with your ſon-in-law's blood, the Lord (deep in counſel) can glew together the ſtones of Zion with blood, and with that blood which is precious in his eyes. Chriſt hath fewer labourers in his vineyard than he had, but ſome more witneſſes for his cauſe, and the Lord's covenant with the three nations. What is Chriſt's gain, is not your loſs; let not that, which is his holy and wiſe will, be your unbelieving ſorrow. Though I really judge I had intereſt in his dead ſervant, yet, becauſe he now liveth to Chriſt, I quit the hopes I had of his ſucceſsful labouring in the miniſtry: I know he now praiſeth the grace that he was to preach; and if there were a better thing on his head now in heaven than a crown, or any thing more excellent than heaven, he would caſt it down before his feet, who ſitteth on the throne: give glory therefore to Chriſt, as he now doth, and ſay, Thy will be done. The grace and conſolation of Chriſt be with you.

*London, Nov.* 15. 1645.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 44. *To the Viſcounteſs of* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy, and peace be to your Ladyſhip. Though Chriſt loſe no time, yet when ſinful men drive his chariot, the wheels of his chariot move ſlowly: the woman, Zion, as ſoon as ſhe travailed, brought forth her children; yea, Iſa. lxvi. 7. *Before ſhe travailed, ſhe brought forth; before her pain came, ſhe was delivered of a man-child:* yet the deliverance of the people was with the woman's going with child ſeventy years, that is, more than nine months. There be many oppoſitions in carrying on the work: but, I hope, the Lord will build his own Zion, and evidence to us, that it is done, not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord. Madam, I have heard of your infirmities of body and ſickneſs: I know the iſſue ſhall be mercy to you; and that God's purpoſe which lieth hidden under ground to you, is, to commend the ſweetneſs of his love and care to you from your youth. And if all the ſad loſſes, trials, ſickneſſes, infirmities, griefs, heavineſs, and inconſtancy of the creature, be expounded (as ſure I am they are) the

the rods of the jealouſy of an Huſband in heaven, contending with all your lovers on earth (tho' there were millions of them) for your love, to fetch more of your love home to heaven, to make it ſingle, unmixt, and chaſte to the faireſt in heaven and earth, to Jeſus the Prince of ages; ye will forgive (to borrow that word) every rod of God, and not let the ſun go down on your wrath, againſt any meſſenger of your afflicting and correcting Father. Since your Ladyſhip cannot but ſee that the mark at which Chriſt hath aimed, theſe twenty-four years and above, is, to have the company and fellowſhip of ſuch a ſinful creature, in heaven with him, for all eternity; and becauſe he will not (ſuch is the power of his love) enjoy his Father's glory, and that crown due to him by eternal generation, without you by name, John xvii. 24. Job x. 16. John xiv. 3. Therefore, Madam, believe no evil of Chriſt: liſten to no hard reports that his rods make of him to you: he hath loved you, and waſhed you from your ſins; and what would ye have more? Is that too little, except he adjourn all croſſes, till ye be where ye ſhall be out of all capacity to ſigh, or to be croſſed? I hope ye can deſire no more, no greater, nor more excellent ſuit, than Chriſt and the fellowſhip of the Lamb for evermore; and if that deſire be anſwered in heaven (as I am ſure it is, and ye cannot deny but it is made ſure to you) the want of theſe poor accidents, of a living huſband, of many children, of an healthful body, of a life of eaſe in the world, without one knot in the ruſh, are nobly made up, and may be comfortably borne. Grace, grace be with your Ladyſhip.

*London, Oct.* 16. 1645. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in Chriſt,* S. R.

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45. *To a Chriſtian friend, upon the death of his wife.*

*Worthy friend,*

I Deſire to ſuffer with you, in the loſs of a loving and good wife, now gone before (according the method and order of him, of whoſe underſtanding there is no ſearching out) whither ye are to follow. He that made yeſterday to go before this day, and the former generation, in birth and life, to have been before this preſent generation, and hath made ſome flowers to grow, and die, and wither in the month of May, and others in June, cannot be challenged in the order he hath made of things without ſouls: and ſome order he muſt alſo keep here, that one might bury another; therefore, I hope, ye ſhall be dumb and ſilent, becauſe the Lord hath done it: what creatures, or under cauſes do in ſinful miſtakes, are ordered in wiſdom by your Father, at whoſe feet your own ſoul and your heaven lieth, and ſo the days of your wife. If the place ſhe hath left were an o-

ther than a priſon of ſin, and the home ſhe is gone to any other than where her Head and Saviour is King of the land, your grief had been more rational; but I truſt, your faith of the reſurrection of the dead in Chriſt to glory and immortality, will lead you to ſuſpend your longing for her, till the morning and dawning of that day, when the archangel ſhall deſcend with a ſhout, to gather all his priſoners out of the grave up to himſelf. To believe this is beſt for you, and to be ſilent becauſe he hath done it, is your wiſdom. It is much to come out of the Lord's ſchool of trial wiſer and more experienced in the ways of God: and it is our happineſs when Chriſt openeth a vein; he taketh nothing but ill blood from his ſick ones. Chriſt hath ſkill to do, and (if our corruption mar not) the art of mercy in correcting. We cannot of ourſelves take away the tin, the lead, and the ſcum that remaineth in us; and if Chriſt be not Maſter-of-work, and if the furnace go its alone, he not ſtanding nigh the melting of his own veſſel, the labour were loſt, and the founder ſhould melt in vain: God knoweth, ſome of us have loſt much fire, ſweating and pains to our Lord Jeſus; and the veſſel is almoſt marred, the furnace and rod of God ſpilt, and day light burnt, and the reprobate metal not taken away, ſo as ſome are to anſwer to the Majeſty of God for the abuſe of many good croſſes, and rich affections loſt without the quiet fruit of righteouſneſs; and it is a ſad thing, when the rod is curſed, that never fruit ſhall grow on it; and, except Chriſt's dew fall down, and his ſummer-ſun ſhine, and his grace follow afflictions, to cauſe them bring forth fruit to God, they are ſo fruitleſs to us, that our evil ground (rank and fat enough for briars) caſteth up a crop of noiſome weeds. *The rod* (as the prophet ſaith, Ezek. vii. 10, 11.) *bloſſometh, pride buddeth forth, violence riſeth up into a rod of wickedneſs:* and all this hath been my caſe under many rods ſince I ſaw you. Grace be with you.

*London*, 1645. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 46. *To a Chriſtian brother.*

*Reverend and beloved in the Lord,*

IT may be I have been too long ſilent, but I hope ye will not impute it to forgetfulneſs of you. As I have heard of the death of your daughter, with heavineſs of mind on your behalf; ſo I am much comforted, that ſhe hath evidenced to yourſelf and other witneſſes the hope of the reſurrection of the dead. As ſown corn is not loſt, (for there is more hope of that which is ſown than that which is eaten, 1 Cor. xv. 42.) ſo alſo it is in the reſurrection of the dead; the body is *ſown in corruption, it is raiſed in incorruption; it is ſown in diſhonour, it is raiſed in glory.* I hope ye wait for the crop and harveſt, 1 Theſſ. iv. 14.

For

*For if we believe that Jeſus died and roſe again, even ſo alſo them which ſleep in Jeſus will God bring with him.* Then they are not loſt, who are gathered into that congregation of the firſt-born, and the general aſſembly of the ſaints. Though we cannot out-run nor overtake them that are gone before, yet we ſhall quickly follow them; and the difference is, that ſhe hath the advantage of ſome months or years of the crown, before you and her mother: and we do not take it ill, if our children out-run in the life of grace; why then are we ſad, if they out-ſtrip us in the attainment of the life of glory? It would ſeem, that there is more reaſon to grieve that children live behind us, than that they are glorified and die before: all the difference is in ſome poor hungry accidents of time, leſs or more, ſooner or later: ſo the godly child, though young, died an hundred years old; and ye could not now have beſtowed her better, tho' the choice was Chriſt's, not yours. And I am ſure, Sir, ye cannot now ſay, ſhe is married againſt the will of her parents; ſhe might more readily, if alive, fall in the hands of a worſe huſband: but can ye think, that ſhe could have fallen in the hands of one better? And if Chriſt marry with your houſe, it is your honour, not any cauſe of grief, that Jeſus ſhould portion any of yours, ere ſhe enjoy your portion; is it not great love? The patrimony is more than any other could give: as good a huſband is impoſſible; to ſay a better, is blaſphemy. The King and Prince of ages can keep them better than ye can do. While ſhe was alive, ye could intruſt her to Chriſt, and recommend her to his keeping: now, by an after-faith, ye have reſigned her unto him, in whoſe boſom do ſleep all that are dead in the Lord; ye would have lent her to glorify the Lord upon earth, and he hath borrowed her (with promiſe to reſtore her again, 1 Cor. xv. 53. 1 Theſſ. iv. 15, 16.) to be an organ of the immediate glorifying of himſelf in heaven. Sinleſs glorifying of God is better than ſinful glorifying of him. And ſure your prayers concerning her are fulfilled. I ſhall deſire, if the Lord ſhall be pleaſed the ſame way to diſpoſe of her mother, that ye have the ſame mind. Chriſt cannot multiply injuries upon you; if the fountain be the love of God, (as I hope it is) ye are enriched with loſſes. Ye know all I can ſay better, before I was in Chriſt, than I can expreſs it. Grace be with you.

*London, Jan.* 6. 1646.

*Yours in Chriſt, Jeſus*, S. R.

## 47. *To a Chriſtian Gentlewoman.*

*Miſtreſs,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. If death, which is before you and us all, were any other thing but a friendly diſſolution, and a change, not a deſtruction of life, it would

ſeem

ſeem a hard voyage, to go through ſuch a ſad and dark trance, ſo thorny a valley, as is the wages of ſin: but I am confident, the way ye know, though your foot never trod in that black ſhadow; the loſs of life is gain to you: if Chriſt Jeſus be the Period, the End and Lodging-home, at the end of your journey, there is no fear, ye go to a Friend: and ſince ye have had a communion with him in this life, and he hath a pawn or pledge of yours, even the largeſt ſhare of your love and heart, ye may look death in the face with joy. If the heart be in heaven, the remnant of you cannot be kept the priſoner of the ſecond death: but though he be the ſame Chriſt in the other life ye found him to be here, yet he is ſo far in his excellency, beauty, ſweetneſs, irradiations and beams of majeſty, above what he appeared here, when he is ſeen as he is, that ye ſhall miſken him, and he ſhall appear a new Chriſt; and his kiſſes, breathings, embracements, the perfume, the ointment of his name poured out on you, ſhall appear to have more of God, and a ſtronger ſmell of heaven, of eternity, of a God-head, of majeſty and glory there than here: as water at the fountain, apples in the orchard and beſide the tree, have more of their native ſweetneſs, taſte and beauty, than when tranſported to us ſome hundred miles. I mean not that Chriſt can loſe any of his ſweetneſs in the carrying, or that he in his God head and lovelineſs of preſence can be changed to the worſe, betwixt the little ſpot of the earth ye are in, and the right-hand of the Father, far above all heavens; but the change will be in you, when ye ſhall have new ſenſes, and the ſoul ſhall be a more deep and more capacious veſſel, to take in more of Chriſt; and when means, the chariot, the goſpel, that he is now carried in, and ordinances that convey him, ſhall be removed. Sure ye cannot now be ſaid to ſee him face to face, or to drink of the wine of the higheſt Fountain, or to take in ſeas and tides of freſh love immediately, without veſſels, midſes or meſſengers, at the Fountain itſelf, as ye ſhall do a few days hence, when ye ſhall be ſo near as to be with Chriſt, Luke xxiii. 43. John xvii. 24. Phil. i. 23. 1 Theſſ. iv. 17. Ye would (no doubt) beſtow a day's journey, yea, many days journey on earth, to go up to heaven, and fetch down any thing of Chriſt; how much more may ye be willing to make a journey to go in perſon to heaven, (it is not loſt time, but gained eternity) to enjoy the full God-head; and then in ſuch a manner, as he is not there in his week-days apparel, as he is here with us, in a drop or the tenth part of a night's dewing of grace and ſweetneſs; but he is there in his marriage-robe of glory, richer, more coſtly, more precious, in one hem or button of that garment of Fountain majeſty than a million of worlds. Oh the well is deep! ye ſhall then think that preachers, and ſinful ambaſſadors on earth, did but ſpill

and

and mar his praiſes, when they ſpoke of him and preached his beauty. Alas! we but make Chriſt black, and leſs lovely, in making ſuch inſignificant, and dry, and cold, and low expreſſions of his higheſt and tranſcendent ſuper-excellency, to the daughters of Jeruſalem. Sure, I have often, for my own part, ſinned in this thing: no doubt, angels do not fulfil their taſk according to their obligation, in that Chriſt kept their feet from falling with the loſt devils; though I know, they are not behind in going to the utmoſt of created power: but there is ſin in our praiſing, and ſin in the quantity, beſides other ſins. But I muſt leave this: it is too deep for me. Go and ſee, and we deſire to go with you; but we are not maſters of our own diet. If in that laſt journey ye tread on a ſerpent in the way, and thereby wound your heel, as Jeſus Chriſt did before you, the print of the wound ſhall not be known at the reſurrection of the juſt. Death is but an awſome ſtep over time and ſin to ſweet Jeſus Chriſt, who knew and felt the worſt of death; for death's teeth hurt him: we know death hath no teeth now, no jaws, for they are broken; it is a free priſon, citizens pay nothing for the grave; the goaler, who had the power of death, is deſtroyed: praiſe and glory be to the firſt begotten of the dead. The worſt poſſibly that may be, is, that ye leave behind your children, huſband, and the church of God in miſeries; but ye cannot get them to heaven with you for the preſent; yet ſhall not miſs them, and Chriſt cannot miſcount one of the pooreſt of his lambs: no lad, no girl, no poor one ſhall be amiſſing, ere ye ſee them again in the day that the Son ſhall render up the kingdom to his Father. The evening and the ſhadow of every poor hireling is coming; the church of Chriſt's ſun in this life is declining low: not a ſoul of the militant company will be here within few generations; our Huſband will ſend for them all. It is a rich mercy, we are not married to time, longer than the courſe be finiſhed. Ye may rejoice, that ye got not to heaven, till ye knew that Jeſus is there before you, that when ye come thither, at your firſt entry, ye may find the ſmell of his ornaments, his myrrh, aloes, and caſſia. And this firſt ſalutation of his will make you find, it is no uncomfortable thing to die. Go and enjoy your gain: live on Chriſt's love while ye are here, and all the way. As for the church ye leave behind you, the government is upon Chriſt's ſhoulders, and he will plead for the blood of his ſaints; the buſh hath been burning above five thouſand years, and we never yet ſaw the aſhes of this fire: yet a little while, and the viſion ſhall not tarry; it ſhall ſpeak and not lie. I am more afraid of my duty, than of the Head Chriſt's government: he cannot fail to bring judgment to victory. O that we could wait for our hidden life! O that Chriſt would remove the covering, draw

aſide

aſide the curtain of time, and rend the heavens and come down? O that ſhadows and night were gone, that the day would break, and he that feedeth among the lillies would cry to his heavenly trumpeters, Make ready, let us go down and fold together the four corners of the world, and marry the bride! His grace be with you. Now, if I have found favour with you, and if ye judge me faithful, my laſt ſuit to you is, that ye would leave me a legacy, and that is, that my name may be at the very laſt in your prayers; as I deſire alſo, it may be in the prayers of thoſe of your Chriſtian acquaintance with whom ye have been intimate.

*London, Jan.* 9. 1646.

*Your brother in his own Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 48. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. It is the leaſt of the princely and royal bounty of Jeſus Chriſt, to pay a king's debts, and not to have his ſervants at a loſs. His gold is better than yours, and his hundred-fold is the income and rent of heaven and far above your revenues: ye are not the firſt who have caſten up your accounts that way. Better have Chriſt your Factor than any other; for he tradeth to the advantage of his poor ſervants. But if the hundred-fold in this life be ſo well told, as Chriſt cannot pay you with miſcounting or deferred hope; O what muſt the rent of that land be, which rendereth every day, and every hour of the years of long eternity, the whole rent of a year, yea, of more than thouſand thouſands of ages, even the weighty income of a rich kingdom, not every ſummer once, but every moment! That ſum of glory will take you and all the angels telling. To be a tenant to ſuch a Landlord, where every berry and grape of the large field beareth no worſe fruit than glory, fulneſs of joy, and pleaſures that endure for evermore; I leave it to yourſelf to think what a ſummer, what a ſoil, what a garden muſt be there; and what muſt be the commodities or that higheſt land, where ſun and moon are under the feet of the inhabitants. Surely the land cannot be bought with gold, blood, baniſhment, loſs of father and mother, huſband, wife, children. We but dwell here becauſe we can do no better; it is need, not virtue, to be ſojourners in a priſon; to weep, and ſigh, and, alas! to ſin ſixty or ſeventy years in a land of tears; the fruits that grow here are all ſeaſoned and ſalted with ſin. O how ſweet is it, that the company of the Firſt-born ſhould be divided in two great bodies of an army, and ſome in their country, and ſome in the way to their country! If it were no more but to ſee once the face

face of the Prince of this good land, and to be feaſted for eternity with the fatneſs, ſweetneſs, dainties of the rays and beams of matchleſs glory, and incomparable fountain-love, it were a well ſpent journey to creep hands and feet, thro' ſeven deaths and ſeven hells, to enjoy him up at the well-head. Only let us not weary, the miles to that land are fewer and ſhorter than when we firſt believed; ſtrangers are not wiſe to quarrel with their hoſt, and complain of their lodging; it is a foul way, but a fair home. O that I had but ſuch grapes and cluſters out of the land as I have ſometime ſeen and taſted in the place whereof your Ladyſhip maketh mention! but the hope of it in the end is an heartſome convoy in the way. If I ſee little more of the gold till the race be ended, I dare not quarrel; it is the Lord: I hope his chariot ſhall go through theſe three kingdoms, after our ſuffering ſhall be accompliſhed. Grace be with you.

*London*, *Jan.* 26. 1646. *Your Ladyſhip's in Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R.

## 49. *To Mr.* J. G.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

I Shall with my ſoul deſire the peace of theſe kingdoms, and I do believe it ſhall at laſt come, as a river and as the mighty waves of the ſea; but O that we were ripe and in readineſs to receive it! The preſerving of two or three or four or five berries, in the outmoſt boughs of the olive-tree, after the vintage, is like to be a great matter ere all be done; yet I know a cluſter in both kingdoms ſhall be ſaved, for a bleſſing is in it: but it is not (I fear) ſo near to the dawning of the day of ſalvation, but that clouds muſt ſend down more ſhowers of blood to water the vineyard of the Lord, and to cauſe it to bloſſom. Scotland's ſcum is not yet removed; nor is England's droſs and tin taken away; nor the filth of our blood purged by the ſpirit of judgment, and the ſpirit of burning: but I am too much on this ſad ſubject. As for myſelf, I do eſteem nothing out of heaven, and next to a communion with Jeſus Chriſt, more than to be in the hearts and prayers of the ſaints; I know he feedeth there amongſt the lilies, till the day break: but I am at a low ebb, as to any ſenſible communion with Chriſt; yea, as low as any ſoul can be, and do ſcarce know where I am; and do now make it a queſtion, if any can go to him, who dwelleth in light inacceſſible, thro' nothing but darkneſs? Sure, all that come to heaven, have a ſtock in Chriſt; but I know not where mine is. It cannot be enough for me believe the ſalvation of others, and to know Chriſt to be the honey-comb, the roſe of Sharon, the paradiſe and Eden of the ſaints and firſt-born written in heaven, and not to ſee after the borders of that good land. But what

aside the curtain of time, and rend the heavens and come down! O that shadows and night were gone, that the day would break, and he that feedeth among the lillies would cry to his heavenly trumpeters, Make ready, let us go down and fold together the four corners of the world, and marry the bride! His grace be with you. Now, if I have found favour with you, and if ye judge me faithful, my last suit to you is, that ye would leave me a legacy, and that is, that my name may be at the very last in your prayers; as I desire also, it may be in the prayers of those of your Christian acquaintance with whom ye have been intimate.

*London, Jan.* 9. 1646.

*Your brother in his own Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 48. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. It is the least of the princely and royal bounty of Jesus Christ, to pay a king's debts, and not to have his servants at a loss. His gold is better than yours, and his hundred-fold is the income and rent of heaven and far above your revenues: ye are not the first who have casten up your accounts that way. Better have Christ your Factor than any other; for he tradeth to the advantage of his poor servants. But if the hundred-fold in this life be so well told, as Christ cannot pay you with miscounting or deferred hope; O what must the rent of that land be, which rendereth every day, and every hour of the years of long eternity, the whole rent of a year, yea, of more than thousand thousands of ages, even the weighty income of a rich kingdom, not every summer once, but every moment! That sum of glory will take you and all the angels telling. To be a tenant to such a Landlord, where every berry and grape of the large field beareth no worse fruit than glory, fulness of joy, and pleasures that endure for evermore; I leave it to yourself to think what a summer, what a soil, what a garden must be there; and what must be the commodities or that highest land, where sun and moon are under the feet of the inhabitants. Surely the land cannot be bought with gold, blood, banishment, loss of father and mother, husband, wife, children. We but dwell here, because we can do no better; it is need, not virtue, to be sojourners in a prison; to weep, and sigh, and, alas! to sin sixty or seventy years in a land of tears; the fruits that grow here are all seasoned and salted with sin. O how sweet is it, that the company of the First-born should be divided in two great bodies of an army, and some in their country, and some in the way to their country! If it were no more but to see once the face

face of the Prince of this good land, and to be feaſted for eternity with the fatneſs, ſweetneſs, dainties of the rays and beams of matchleſs glory, and incomparable fountain-love, it were a well ſpent journey to creep hands and feet, thro' ſeven deaths and ſeven hells, to enjoy him up at the well-head. Only let us not weary, the miles to that land are fewer and ſhorter than when we firſt believed; ſtrangers are not wiſe to quarrel with their hoſt, and complain of their lodging; it is a foul way, but a fair home. O that I had but ſuch grapes and cluſters out of the land as I have ſometime ſeen and taſted in the place whereof your Ladyſhip maketh mention! but the hope of it in the end is an heartſome convoy in the way. If I ſee little more of the gold till the race be ended, I dare not quarrel; it is the Lord: I hope his chariot ſhall go through theſe three kingdoms, after our ſuffering ſhall be accompliſhed. Grace be with you.

*London, Jan.* 26. 1646. *Your Ladyſhip's in Jeſus Chriſt,* S. R.

## 49. *To Mr.* J. G.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Shall with my ſoul deſire the peace of theſe kingdoms, and I do believe it ſhall at laſt come, as a river and as the mighty waves of the ſea; but O that we were ripe and in readineſs to receive it! The preſerving of two or three or four or five berries, in the outmoſt boughs of the olive-tree, after the vintage, is like to be a great matter ere all be done; yet I know a cluſter in both kingdoms ſhall be ſaved, for a bleſſing is in it: but it is not (I fear) ſo near to the dawning of the day of ſalvation, but that clouds muſt ſend down more ſhowers of blood to water the vineyard of the Lord, and to cauſe it to bloſſom. Scotland's ſcum is not yet removed; nor is England's droſs and tin taken away; nor the filth of our blood purged by the ſpirit of judgment, and the ſpirit of burning: but I am too much on this ſad ſubject. As for myſelf, I do eſteem nothing out of heaven, and next to a communion with Jeſus Chriſt, more than to be in the hearts and prayers of the ſaints; I know he feedeth there amongſt the lilies, till the day break: but I am at a low ebb, as to any ſenſible communion with Chriſt; yea, as low as any ſoul can be, and do ſcarce know where I am; and do now make it a queſtion, if any can go to him, who dwelleth in light inacceſſible, thro' nothing but darkneſs? Sure, all that come to heaven, have a ſtock in Chriſt; but I know not where mine is. It cannot be enough for me believe the ſalvation of others, and to know Chriſt to be the honey-comb, the roſe of Sharon, the paradiſe and Eden of the ſaints and firſt-born written in heaven, and not to ſee after the borders of that good land. But what

ſhall I ſay? either this is the Lord making grace a new creation, where there is pure nothing and ſinful nothing to work upon, or I am gone. I ſhould count my ſoul engaged to yourſelf, and others there with you, if ye would but carry to Chriſt for me a letter of cyphers and nonſenſe; (for I know not how to make language of my condition) only ſhewing that I have need of his love: for I know many fair and waſhen ones ſtand now in white before the throne, who were once as black as I am. If Chriſt paſs his word to waſh a ſinner it is leſs to him than a word to make fair angels of black devils; only let the art of free grace be engaged. I have not a cautioner to give ſurety, nor doth a Mediator, ſuch as he is in all perfection, need a Mediator: but what I need, he knoweth; only, it is his depth of wiſdom, to let ſome paſs millions of miles over ſcore in debt, that they may ſtand between the winning and the loſing, in need of more than ordinary free grace. Chriſt hath been multiplying grace by mercy above theſe five thouſand years: and the latter-born heirs have ſo much greater guiltineſs, that Chriſt hath paſſed more experiments and multiplied eſſays of heart-love on others, by miſbelieving, after it is paſt all queſtion, many hundred of ages, that Chriſt is the undeniable and now uncontroverted Treaſurer of multiplied redemptions; ſo now he is ſaying, The more of the diſeaſe there is, the more of the Phyſician's art, of grace and tenderneſs, there muſt be: only I know, no ſinner can put infinite grace to it, ſo as the Mediator ſhall have difficulty, or much ado, to ſave this or that man; millions of hells of ſinners cannot come near to exhauſt infinite grace. I pray you (remembering my love to your wife, and friends there) let me find that I have ſollicitors there amongſt your acquaintance; and forget not Scotland.

*London, Jan.* 30. 1646. *Your brother in Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R.

## 50. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

IT is too like, the Lord's controverſy with theſe two nations is but yet beginning, and that we are ripened and white for the Lord's ſickle. For the particular condition your Ladyſhip is in, another might ſpeak (if they would ſay all) of more ſad things. If there were not a fountain of free grace to water dry ground, and an uncreated wind to breathe on withered and dry bones, we were gone. The wheels of Chriſt's chariot to pluck us out of the womb of many deaths, are winged like eagles. All I have, is, to deſire to believe, that Chriſt will ſhew all good will to ſave: and as for your Ladyſhip, I know that the Lord carrieth on no deſign againſt you, but ſeeketh to ſave and redeem

deem you; he lieth not in wait for your falls, except it be to take you up. His way of redeeming is raviſhing and taking; there are more miracles of glorified ſinners in heaven, than can be on earth. Nothing of you, Madam, nay, not your leaf, can wither. Verily, it is a king's life to follow the Lamb; but when ye ſee him in his own country at home, ye will think ye never ſaw him before: *He ſhall be admired of all them that believe*, 2 Theſſ. i. 12. Ye may judge how far now all your ſad days and toſſings, changes, loſſes, wants, conflicts, ſhall then be below you. Ye look to the croſs, now it is above your head, and ſeems to threaten death, as having a dominion; but it ſhall then be ſo far below your thoughts, or your thoughts ſo far above it, that ye ſhall have no leiſure to lend one thought to old dated croſſes, in youth, in age, in this country or in that, from this inſtrument or from another; except it be to the heightening of your conſolation, being now got above and beyond all theſe. Old age, and waxing old as a garment, is written on the faireſt face of the creation, Pſalm cii. 26, 27. Death from Adam to the ſecond Adam's appearance, playeth the king, and reigneth over all; the prime heir died, his children, which the Lord hath given, follow him. And we may ſpeak freely of the life which is here; were it heaven, there were not much gain in godlineſs: but there is a reſt for the people of God. Chriſtman poſſeſſeth it now one thouſand ſix hundred years before many of his members; but it weareth not out. Grace be with you.

*London, Feb.* 16. 1640. *Your Ladyſhip's in Chriſt Jeſus*, S. R.

## 51. *To the Lady* ARDROSS.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: it hath ſeemed good (as I hear) to him who hath appointed a bounds for the number of our months, to gather in a ſheaf of ripe corn (in the death of your Chriſtian mother) into his garner: it is the more evident, that winter is near, when apples, without violence of wind, do of their own accord fall off the tree. She is now above the winter, with a little change of place, not of a Saviour; only ſhe enjoyeth him now without meſſages, and in his own immediate preſence, from whom ſhe heard by letters and meſſengers before. I grant, death is to her a very new thing, but heaven was prepared of old; and Chriſt enjoyed in his higheſt throne, and as loaded with glory, and incomparably exalted above men and angels, having ſuch a heavenly circle of glorified harpers and muſicians above, compaſſing the throne with a ſong, is to her a new thing; but ſo new, as the firſt ſummer roſe, or

the firſt fruits of that heavenly field; or as a new paradiſe to a traveller, broken and worn out of breath with the ſad occurrencies of a long and driery way. Ye eaſily judge, Madam, what a large recompenſe is made to all her ſervice, her walking with God, and her ſorrows, with the firſt caſt of the ſoul's eye upon the ſhining and admirably beautiful face of the Lamb, that is in the midſt of that fair and white army that is there, and with the firſt draught and taſte of the fountain of life, freſh and new at the well-head: to ſay nothing of the enjoying of that Face, without date, for more than this term of life which we now enjoy. And it coſt her no more to go thither, but to ſuffer death to do her this piece of ſervice: for by him, who was dead, and is alive, ſhe was delivered from the ſecond death; what then is the firſt death to the ſecond? Not a ſcratch of the hide of a finger, to the endleſs ſecond death. And now ſhe ſitteth for eternity meal free, in a very conſiderable land, which hath more than four ſummers in the year. O what ſpring-time is there! even the ſmelling of the odours of that great and eternally blooming Roſe of Sharon for ever and ever? What a ſinging life is there? there is not a dumb bird in all that large field, but all ſing and breathe out heaven, joy, glory, dominion, to the high Prince of that new-found land; and verily the land is the ſweeter, that Jeſus Chriſt paid ſo dear a rent for it, and he is the glory of the land: all which, I hope doth not ſo much mitigate and allay your grief for her part (as truly this ſhould ſeem ſufficient) as the unerring expectation of the dawning of that day upon yourſelf, and the hope ye have of the fruition of that ſame King and kingdom to your own ſoul. Certainly the hope of it, when things look ſo dark like on both kingdoms, muſt be an exceeding great quickening to languiſhing ſpirits, who are far from home while we are here. What miſery, to have both a bad way all the day, and no hope of lodging at night! but he hath taken up your lodging for you. I can ſay no more now; but I pray, that the very God of peace may eſtabliſh your heart to the end. I reſt,

*London, Feb.* 24. 1646. *Madam, Your Ladyſhip's at all reſpective obedience in the Lord,* S. R.

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## 52. *To* M. O.

*Sir,*

I Can write nothing for the preſent concerning theſe times (whatever others may think) but that which ſpeaketh wrath and judgment to theſe kingdoms. If ever ye, or any of the land, received the goſpel in the truth, (as I am confident ye and they did) there is here a great departure from that faith, and our ſufferings are not yet at an end: however, I dare teſtify

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and die for it, that once Chriſt was revealed in the power of his excellency and glory to the ſaints there, and in Scotland, of which I was a witneſs: I pray God none deceive you, or take the crown from you. Hell or the gates of hell cannot ravel, mar or undo what Chriſt hath once done amongſt you: it may be, that I am incapable of new light, and cannot receive that ſpirit whereof ſome vainly boaſt; but that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have ſeen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, even the word of life, John i. 2, 3. hath been declared to you. Thouſands of thouſands, walking in that light and that good old way, have gone to heaven, and are now before the throne; truth is but one, and hath no numbers. Chriſt and Antichriſt are both now in the camp, and are come up to open blows: Chriſt's poor ſhip ſaileth in the ſea of blood, the paſſengers are ſo ſeaſick of a high fever, that they they miſcall one another; Chriſt (I hope) ſhall bring the broken bark to land: I had rather ſwim for life and death on an old plank, or a broken board, to land with Chriſt, than enjoy the rotten peace we have hitherto had. It is like the Lord will take a ſevere courſe with us, to cauſe the children of the family agree together. I conceive that Chriſt hath a great deſign of free grace to theſe lands; but his wheels muſt move over mountains and rocks. He never yet wooed a bride on earth, but in blood, in fire, and in the wilderneſs. A croſs of our own chuſing, honeyed and ſugared with conſolations, we cannot have: I think not much of a croſs, when all the children of the houſe weep with me and for me; and to ſuffer when we enjoy the communion of ſaints is not much: but it is hard when ſaints rejoice in the ſuffering of ſaints, and redeeming ones hurt, yea, even go nigh to hate redeemed ones. I confeſs, I imagined, there had no more been ſuch an affliction on earth, or in the world, than that one elect angel ſhould fight againſt another; but, for contempt of the communion of ſaints, we have need of new-born croſſes, ſcarce ever heard of before; the ſaints are not Chriſt, there is no misjudging in him, there is much in us; and a doubt it is, if we ſhall have fully one heart, till we ſhall enjoy one heaven: our ſtar-light hideth us from ourſelves, and hideth us from one another, and Chriſt from us all; but he will not be hidden from us. I ſhall wiſh that all the ſons of our Father in that land be of one mind, and that they be not ſhaken nor moved from the truth once received. Chriſt was in that goſpel, and Chriſt is the ſame now that he was in the prelates time; that goſpel cannot ſink, it will make you free, and bear you out: Chriſt, the ſubject of it, is the choſen of God, and cometh from Bozrah with garments dyed in blood. Ireland and Scotland both muſt be his field, in which he ſhall feed and gather lilies: ſuppoſe (which is yet impoſſi-

ble) that ſome had an eternity of Chriſt in Ireland, and a ſweet ſummer of the goſpel, and a feaſt of fat things for evermore in Ireland, and one ſhould never come to heaven, it ſhould be a deſireable life; the King's ſpikenard, Chriſt's perfume, his apples of love, his ointments, even down in this lower houſe of clay, are a choice heaven: O what then is the King in his own land, where there is ſuch a throne, ſo many king's palaces, ten thouſand thouſands of crowns of glory, that want heads yet to fill them! O ſo much leiſure as ſhall be there to ſing! O ſuch a tree as groweth there in the midſt of that paradiſe, where the inhabitants ſing eternally under its branches! To look in at a window and ſee the branches burdened with the apples of life, to be the laſt man that ſhall come in thither, were too much for me. I pray you remember me to the Chriſtians there, and remember our private covenant. Grace be with you.

*London, April* 17. 1646. *Your friend in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 53. *To* EARLSTOUN *Elder.*

*Sir*,

I Know ye have learned long ago, ere I knew any thing of Chriſt, that if we had the croſs at our own election, we would either have law-ſurety for freedom from it, or then we would have it honeyed and ſugared with comforts, ſo as the ſweet ſhould over-maſter the gall and wormwood. Chriſt knoweth how to breed the ſons of his houſe, and ye will give him leave to take his own way of diſpenſation with you; and tho' it be rough, forgive him; he deſieth you to have as much patience to him, as he hath borne to you. I am ſure there cannot a drachm weight of gall be leſs in your cup: and ye would not deſire he ſhould afflict you, and hurt your ſoul. When his people cannot have a providence of ſilk and roſes, they muſt be content with ſuch an one as he carveth out for them: ye would not go to heaven but with company; and ye may perceive that the way of thoſe who went before you was through blood, ſufferings, and many afflictions; nay, Chriſt, the Captain, went in over the door-threſhold of paradiſe, bleeding to death. I do not think but ye have learned to ſtoop, though ye (as others) be naturally ſtiff; and that ye have found that the apples and ſweet fruits, which grow on that crabbed tree of the croſs, are as ſweet as it is ſour to bear it; eſpecially conſidering, that Chriſt hath borne the whole complete croſs, and his ſaints bear but bits and chips; as the apoſtle ſaith, *The remnants or leavings of the croſs.* I judge you ten thouſand times happy, that ever ye was grace's debtor; for certainly Chriſt hath engaged you over head and ears to free grace; and take the debt with you to eternity, Immanuel's higheſt land, where you find before

fore you a houſe full of Chriſt's everlaſting debtors, the leſs ſhame to you: yea, and this lower kingdom of grace is but Chriſt's hoſpital and gueſt-houſe of ſick folks, whom the brave and noble Phyſician Chriſt hath cured, upon a venture of life and death; and if ye be near the water-ſide (as I know ye are) all that I can ſay is this, Sir, that I feel by the ſmell of that land which is before you, that it is a goodly country, and it is well paid for you to your hand; and he is before you, who will heartily welcome you. O to ſuck thoſe breaſts of full conſolations above, and to drink Chriſt's new wine up in his Father's houſe, is ſome greater matter than is believed! Since it was brewed from eternity for the Head of the houſe, and ſo many thouſand crowned kings; rubs in the way, where the lodging is ſo good, are not much. He that brought again from the dead the great Shepherd of the ſheep, by the blood of the eternal covenant, eſtabliſh you to the end.

*London, May* 15, 1645.

*Your friend and ſervant in Jeſus Chriſt,* S. R.

54. *To his reverend and worthy brother, Mr.* GEORGE GILLESPIE.

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Cannot ſpeak to you. The way ye know, the paſſage is free and not ſtopped, the print of the footſteps of the Forerunner is clear and manifeſt, many have gone before you: ye will not ſleep long in the duſt before the day break; it is a far ſhorter piece of the hinder-end of the night to you, than to Abraham and Moſes; beſide all the time of their bodies reſting under corruption, it is as long yet to their day as to your morning-light of awaking to glory; though their ſpirits, having the advantage of yours, have had now the fore-ſtart of the ſhore before you. I dare ſay nothing againſt his diſpenſation; I hope to follow quickly: the heirs, that are not there before you, are poſting with haſte after you, and none ſhall take your lodging over your head. Be not heavy: the life of faith is now called for; doing was never reckoned in your accounts, (though Chriſt in and by you hath done more, than by twenty, yea, an hundred gray-haired and godly paſtors) believing now is your laſt: look to that word, Gal. ii. 20. *Nevertheleſs I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me.* Ye know the I that liveth, and the I that liveth not; it is not ſingle ye that liveth, Chriſt by law liveth in the broken debtor: it is not a life by doing or holy walking, but the living of Chriſt in you. If ye look to yourſelf as divided from Chriſt, ye muſt be more than heavy: all your wants (dear brother) be upon him: ye are his debitor, grace muſt ſum and ſubſcribe your accounts as paid: ſtand not upon items, and ſmall or little ſanctification; ye know, inherent holineſs muſt

muſt ſtand by, when imputed is all. I fear the clay-houſe is a taking down and undermining; but it is nigh the dawning, look to the eaſt, the dawning of the glory is near: your Guide is good company, and knoweth all the miles, and the ups and downs in the way; the nearer the morning, the darker. Some traveller ſeeth the city twenty miles off, and at a diſtance: and yet within the eighth part of a mile he cannot ſee it. It is all keeping, that ye would now have, till ye need it; and if ſenſe and fruition come both at once, it is not your loſs; let Chriſt tutor you as he thinks good, ye cannot be marred nor miſcarry in his hand. What is an excellent qualification and no money, no price, to you (who, I know, dare not glory in your own righteouſneſs) is fitneſs warrantable enough to caſt yourſelf upon him, who juſtifieth the ungodly. Some ſee the gold once, and never again till the race's end; it is coming all in a ſum together, when ye are in a more gracious capacity to tell it than now: 'Ye are not come to the mount that burneth with fire, nor unto blackneſs, darkneſs, and tempeſt; but ye are come to mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jeruſalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general aſſembly and church of the firſt-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect, and to Jeſus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of ſprinkling,' &c. Ye muſt leave the wife to a more choice Huſband, and the children to a better Father. If ye leave any teſtimony to the Lord's work and covenant, againſt both malignants and ſectaries, (which I ſuppoſe may be needful) let it be under your hand, and ſubſcribed before faithful witneſſes.

*St. Andrews, Sept.* 27. 1648. *Your loving and afflicted brother,* S. R.

## 55. *To Mrs.* GILLESPIE.

*Dear ſiſter,*

I Having heard how the Lord hath viſited you, in removing the child Archibald; I hope ye ſee, the ſetting down of the weight of your confidence and affection upon any created thing, whether huſband or child, is a deceiving thing; and that the creature is not able to bear the weight, but ſinketh down to very nothing under your confidence: and therefore ye are Chriſt's debitor for all providences of this kind, even in that he buildeth an hedge of thorns in your way; for ſo ye ſee his gracious intention is to ſave you (if I may ſay ſo) whether ye will or not. It is a rich mercy, that the Lord Chriſt will be Maſter of your delights, and that his way is ſo fair, for landing of Huſband and children before hand, in the country whereto ye are journeying. No matter how little ye be engaged to the world, ſince ye

ye have ſuch experience of croſs dealing in it; had ye been a child of the houſe, the world would have dealt more warmly with its own: there is leſs of you out of heaven, that the child is there, and the huſband is there, but much more that your Head Kinſman and Redeemer doth fetch home ſuch as are in danger to be loſt: and from this time forward, fetch not your comforts from ſuch broken ciſterns and dry wells; if the Lord pull at the reſt, ye muſt not be the creature that ſhall hold when he draweth. Truly, to me your caſe is more comfortable, than if the fire-ſide were well pleniſhed with ten children: the Lord ſaw ye was able, by his grace, to bear the loſs of huſband and child; and that ye are that weak and tender as not to be able to ſtand under the mercy of a gracious huſband living and flouriſhing in eſteem with authority, and in reputation for godlineſs and learning: for he knoweth the weight of theſe mercies would cruſh you and break you; and as there is no ſearching out of his underſtanding, ſo he hath ſkill to know what providence will make Chriſt dearеſt to you; and let not your heart ſay, it is an ill wailed diſpenſation. Sure Chriſt, who hath ſeven eyes, had before him the good of a living huſband and children for Margaret Murray, and the good of a removed huſband and children tranſlated to glory; now he hath opened his decree to you, ſay, Chriſt hath made for me a wiſe and gracious choice, and I have not one word to ſay on the contrary. Let not your heart charge any thing, nor unbelief libel injuries upon Chriſt; becauſe he will not let you alone, nor give you leave to play the idolatreſs with ſuch as have not that right to your love that Chriſt hath. I ſhould wiſh, at the reading of this that ye may fall down and make a ſurrender of thoſe that are yet alive, to him: and for you, let him have all: and wait for himſelf, for he will come and will not tarry: live by faith, and the peace of God guard your heart; he cannot die whoſe ye are. My wife ſuffers with you, and remembereth her love to you.

*St. Andrews, Aug.* 1659. *Your brother in Chriſt,* S. R.

56. *To the worthy and much honoured, Colonel* GILBERT KER.

*Much honoured and truly worthy,*

I Hope I ſhall not need to ſhew you, that ye are in greater hazard from yourſelf and your own ſpirit, which ſhould be watched over, (that your actings for God may be clean, ſpiritual, purely for God, for the Prince of the kings of the earth) than ye can be in danger from your enemies. O how hard is it, to

get the intentions ſo cut off from, and raiſed above the crea-ture, as to be without mixture of creature and carnal intereſt; and to have the ſoul in heavenly actings, only eyeing himſelf and acting from love to God, revealed to us in Jeſus Chriſt! Ye will find yourſelf, your delights, your ſolid glory (far above the air and breathings of mouths, and the thin, ſhort, poor applauſes of men) before you in God. All the creatures, all the ſwords, all the hoſts in Britain, and in this poor globe of the habitable world, are but under him ſingle cyphers making no number, the product being nothing, but painted men, and painted ſwords in a broad, without influence from him: and, O what a God is in Gideon's ſword, when it is the ſword of the Lord! I wiſh a ſword from heaven to you, and orders from heaven to you to go out, and as much peremptorineſs of a heavenly will, as to ſay and abide by it, *I will not, I ſhall not go out except thou go with me.* I deſire not to be raſh in judging; but I am a ſtranger to the mind of Chriſt, if our adverſaries, who have unjuſtly invaded us, be not now in the camp of thoſe that make war with the Lamb: but the Lamb ſhall overcome them at length; for he is the Lord of lords, and King of kings, and they who are with him are called, and choſen, and faithful; and though ye and I ſee but the dark ſide of God's diſpenſation this day towards Britain, yet the fair, beautiful and deſireable cloſe of it muſt be the confederacy of the nations of the world with Britain's Lord of armies. And let me die in the comfort of the faith of this, that a throne ſhall be ſet up for Chriſt in this iſland of Britain (which is and ſhall be a garden more fruitful of trees of righteouſneſs, and payeth and ſhall pay more thouſands to the Lord of the vineyard, than is paid in thrice the bounds of Great Britain upon the earth) and then there can be neither Papiſt, Prelate, Malignant, nor Sectary, who dare draw a ſword againſt him that ſitteth upon the throne. Sir, I wiſh a clean army, ſo far as may be, that the ſhout of a King who hath many crowns, may be among you; and that ye may fight in faith, and prevail with God firſt. Think it your glory, to have a ſword to act, and ſuffer, and die (if it pleaſe him) ſo being ye may add any thing to the declarative glory of Chriſt the Plant of renown, Immanuel, God with us: happy and thrice bleſſed are they by whoſe actings, or blood, or pain, or loſs, the diadems and rubies of his higheſt and glorious crown (whoſe ye are) gliſter and ſhine in this quarter of the habitable world: though he need not Gilbert Ker, nor his ſword; ye this honour have ye with his redeemed ſoldiers, to call Chriſt high Lord-general, of whom ye hope for pay and all arrears well told. Go on, worthy Sir, in the courage of faith, following the Lamb: make not haſte unbelievingly; but in hope and ſilence keep the watch tower and look out; he will come in his own

own time, his salvation shall not tarry, he shall place salvation in Britain's Zion for Israel's glory. His good-will, who dwelt in the bush and it burnt not, be yours, and with you. I am

*St. Andrews, Aug.* 10. 1650. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

57. *To the worthy and much honoured Colonel* GILBERT KER.

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

WHAT I wrote to you before, I spake not upon any private warrant: I am where I was; Cromwell and his army (I shall not say, but there may be and are several sober and godly among them, who have either joined through misinformation, or have gone alongst with the rest in the simplicity of their hearts, not knowing any thing) fight in an unjust cause, against the Lord's secret ones; and now, to the trampling of the worship of God, and persecuting the people of God in England and Ireland, he hath brought upon his score the blood of the people of God in Scotland. I intreat you, dear Sir, as ye desire to be serviceable to Jesus Christ, whose free grace prevented you, when ye were his enemy, go on without fainting, equally eschewing all mixture with Sectaries and Malignants; neither of the two shall ever be instrumental to save the Lord's people, or build his house: and without propheſying, or speaking further than he, whose I am, and whom I desire to serve in the gospel of his Son, shall warrant, I desire to hope, and to believe, there is a glory and a majesty of the Prince of the kings of the earth, that shall shine and appear in Great Britain, which shall darken all the glory of men, confound Sectaries and Malignants, and rejoice the spirits of the followers of the Lamb, and dazzle the eyes of the beholders. Sir, I suppose that God is to gather Malignants and Sectaries, ere all be done, as sheaves in a barn-floor; and to bid the daughter of Zion arise and thresh: I hope ye will mix with none of them: I am abundantly satisfied, that our army, through the sinful miscarriage of men, hath fallen; and dare say, it is a better and a more comfortable dispensation, than if the Lord had given us the victory, and the mocks of the reproachers of the way of God, because he hath done it: for 1. More blood, blasphemies, cruelty, treachery, must be upon the accounts of the men, whose land the Lord forbid us to invade. 2. Victory is such a burdening and weighty mercy, that we have not strength to bear it as yet. 3. That was not the army, nor Gideon's three hundred, by whom he is to save us: we must have one of the Lord's carving. 4. Our enemies on both sides are not enough hardened, nor we enough

mortified to multitude, valour and creatures. Grace, grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, Sept.* 5. 1650. *Your friend and ſervant in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

58. *To the worthy and much honoured Colonel* GILBERT KER.

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

IT is conſiderable, that the Lord may, and often doth call to a work, and yet hide himſelf, and try the faith of his own: if I conceive aright, the Lord hath called you to act againſt that enemy; and the withdrawers of their ſword, in my weak apprehenſion, add their zeal unto, and take upon them the guilt of that unjuſt invaſion of this land made by Cromwell's army, and of the blood of the Lord's people in this kingdom; ſince the ſword, put into the hand of his children, is to execute wrath and vengeance upon evil-doers: the Lord's time of appearing for his broken land is reſerved to the breathings of the Spirit of the Lord, ſuch as came upon Gideon and Samſon, and that is an act of princely and royal ſovereignty in God. Ye are, Sir, to lay hold on opportunities of providence, and to wait for him as for your particular treating by yourſelves with the invaders of our land, I have no mind to it, and do look upon their way as a carrying on of the myſtery of iniquity (for Babylon is a ſea of many names.) Sir, let this controverſy ſtand till the ſecond appearance of Jeſus Chriſt, and our appeal ly before the throne undiſcuſſed till that day. I hope to ly down in the grave, in the faith of the juſtneſs of our cauſe. I ſpeak nothing of the maintaining the greatneſs of men, not ſubordinate to the Prince of kings of the earth. I judge that the blood of the witneſſes of Jeſus is found upon the ſkirts of this ſociety, as well as in Babylon's ſkirts: I believe the way of the Lord is Colonel Gilbert Ker's ſtrength and glory; and I ſhould be content to want my part of him, (which is, I confeſs, precious and dear in Chriſt) ſo he be ſpent in the ſervice of him, who will anon make inquiſition for the blood of the truly godly, which theſe men have ſhed, after fair warning that they were the godly of Scotland. Worthy Sir, believe, faint not, ſet your ſhoulder under the glory of Jeſus, that is miſprized in Scotland, and give a teſtimony for him; he hath many names in Scotland, who ſhall walk with him in white. This deſpiſed covenant ſhall ruin Malignants, Sectaries and Atheiſts: yet a little while, and behold he cometh, and walketh in the greatneſs of his ſtrength, and his garments dyed with blood. Oh for the ſad and terrible day of the Lord upon England, their ſhips of Tarſhiſh, their fenced cities, &c. becauſe of a broken covenant! A conference with the enemy, not to hinder acting, (O that the Lord would there-

by

by, or ſome other way remove the cloud that is over you) if authority would concur, were to be deſired; but it can hardly be expected: however, in the way of duty, and in the ſilence of faith, go on; if ye periſh, ye are the firſt of the creation with whom the Lord hath taken that diſpenſation. I ſhould humbly deſire you, Sir, to look to that, *Dying, and behold we live; killed all the day long, and yet more than conquerors.* There ſhall be the heat and warmneſs of life in your graves, and buried bones: but look not for the Lord's coming the higher way only, for he may come the lower way. O how little of God do we ſee, and how myſterious is he! Chriſt known is amongſt the greateſt ſecrets of God. Keep yourſelf in the love of God, and in order to that, as far in obedience and ſubjection to the king, (whoſe ſalvation and true happineſs my ſoul deſireth) and to every ordinance of man for the Lord's ſake, and to the fundamental laws of this kingdom, as your Lord requireth. Sir, ye are in the hearts and prayers of the Lord's people in this kingdom, and in the other two: the Lord hath ſaid, there is a bleſſing in the cluſter of grapes, deſtroy it not. Grace, grace be upon the head of him that is ſeparated from his brethren; and the good-will of him that dwelt in the buſh be with you.

*Perth, Nov.* 23. 1650. *Your ſervant in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

59. *To the worthy and much honoured Colonel* GILBERT KER.

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

I Know not why the people of God ſhould not take notice of the bonds of any who have blood in readineſs to be let out for his cauſe: and I judge it was not of you, that ye died not in the undecided controverſy which the Lord of the whole earth hath with the men whom he hath ſent againſt us. Dear and much honoured in the Lord, let me entreat you to be far from the thoughts of leaving this land: I ſee it, and find it, that the Lord hath covered the whole land with a cloud in his anger; but though I have been tempted to the like, I had rather be in Scotland, beſide angry Jeſus Chriſt, knowing he mindeth no evil to us, than in any Eden or garden in the earth. If we can remain united with the Lord's remnant in the land, he layeth up wrath for all ſorts of adverſaries in Britain. Though I never ſee the glory of his gliſtering ſword in Britain, I would be ſolaced in the innocent thoughts (far from revenge) that the ſaints ſhall dip their feet in the blood of the ſlain of the Lord. And truly, Sir, I ſuppoſe ye cannot but come to theſe thoughts and weak deſires before the Hearer of prayers, for as little as ye think of and value yourſelf; for me, If I could mind you in your

your bonds, I purpoſe not to ſtand to the account ye give, or thoughts ye have of yourſelf; though I know ye are not a whit more or leſs before him (who weigheth his own according to the weight of imputed righteouſneſs) for my apprehenſions. Chriſt cannot miſtake you, men may; and the calculation and eſteem of free grace maketh you to be what you are. I hope to ſee you an everlaſtingly obliged debtor to him, whom ye ſhall praiſe, but never pay: and truly ye have no riches but that debt; and I know ye love to be engaged to Jeſus Chriſt the moſt excellent of creditors. Much joy and ſweetneſs may ye have in ſtanding written in this book: I deſire to do it myſelf, and I would have you alſo highly to eſteem the deſign of Chriſt, who hath raiſed the riches of the glory of ſo much grace above the circle of the heaven of heavens, out of very nothings; and contrived his thoughts of love, ſo that lumps of glorified clay ſhould ſtand before him, for all ages, the burdens and loaden debitors of free, eternally free grace. Sir, ye cannot caſt the count of the rents of your ſo great inheritance of glory. Grace be with you.

*Edin. May* 18. 1651. *Your ſervant in his own Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

60. *To the much honoured and truly worthy Colonel* GILBERT KER.

Hab. ii. verſes 3, 4.

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

YOUR chains now ſhine as much for Chriſt, the cauſe being his, as your ſword was made famous in acting for that cauſe: and bleſſed are ſuch as can willingly tender to Chriſt both action and blood, doing and ſuffering. Reſiſting unto blood is little for that precious and never-enough exalted Redeemer, who, when ye are a-buying, gave blood ſomewhat dearer than ye gave for him, even the blood of God, Acts xx. 28. I know a man, who, upon the receipt of a letter, that ye were killed, and the people of God deſtroyed, wiſhed, that he might be quickly under the wall of the higher palace, from under the dint of the ſtorm, and who longed to have the weather-beaten and crazy bark ſafely landed in that harbour of eternal quietneſs. What further ſervice Chriſt hath for you, I know not; it is enough, that in your captivity ye offer your ſervice to Chriſt: but if I ſee any thing, it looks like a mercifnl defeat. I ſee the nobles and the ſtate falling off from Chriſt, and the night coming upon the prophets, which we would pray to prevent; becauſe it is a rare thing to ſee a fallen ſtar win ever up again to the firmament to ſhine: and what if this be the thick darkneſs

darkneſs going before the break of day? Sure, Sir, the ſun ſhall riſe upon Scotland; but if I ſhall ſee it, or how near it is to that day, I leave that to him, even unto Jehovah, who creates upon every dwelling-place in mount-Zion, and upon her aſſemblies a cloud, and a ſmoke by day, and the ſhining of a flaming fire by night. But, Sir, the wilderneſs ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as a roſe: and happy he, who hath a bone or an arm, to put the crown upon the head of our higheſt King, whoſe chariot is paved with love. Were there ten thouſand millions of heavens created above theſe higheſt heavens, and again as many above them, and as many above them, till angels were wearied with counting, it were but too low a ſeat to fix the princely throne of that Lord Jeſus (whoſe ye are) above them all: created heavens are too low a ſeat of majeſty for him. Since then there is none equal to your Maſter and Prince, who hath choſen out for you, amongſt many ſufferings for ſin, that only croſs, which cometh neareſt in likeneſs to his own croſs, watered with conſolation, take courage, and comfort yourſelf in him, who hath choſen you to glory hereafter, and to conformity with him here: we fools would have a croſs of our own chooſing, and would have our gall and wormwood ſugared, our fire cold, and our death and grave warmed with the heat of life; but he, who hath brought many children to glory, and loſt none, is our beſt Tutor. I wiſh, when I am ſick, that he may be my keeper and comforter. I judge it a bleſſed fall, that we are forfeited heirs, broken and out of credit, and that Chriſt is become a tutor in the place of free-will, and that we are no more our own. I am broken and waſted with the wrath that is on the land, and have been much tempted with a deſign to have a paſs from Chriſt, which if I had, I would not ſtay to be a witneſs of our defection, for no man's intreaty; but I know it is my ſoftneſs and weakneſs, who would ever be aſhore, when a fit of ſea-ſickneſs cometh on; though I know, I ſhall come ſoon enough to that deſireable country, and ſhall not be diſplaced; none ſhall take my lodging. Sir, many eyes are upon you, and the godly are exceedingly refreſhed, that ye liſten not to the ways of many about you, who with fair words make merchandiſe of ſouls. Sir, if the way you are in be not the way of Chriſt, then wo to me, for I am eternally loſt; but truly, the Lord Chriſt's dealing with Colonel Gilbert Ker hath proven to me, that the New Teſtament, and the covenant of grace, is a piece, that a ſolemn meeting and aſſembly of all created angels, join all their wits together, could not have deviſed. Since, Sir, ye paid nothing for the change that Chriſt made, and ye will take that debt of free grace to heaven with you (for what was Chriſt Jeſus indebted to you, more than to all your kindred and name?) therefore, ſince ye are made

his

his own, follow no other way. What is my ſalvation, though I ſhould lay it in pawn (it is but a poor pledge) that this, this only is the way? but Chriſt is ſurety himſelf, that it is the way; the Fore-runner went before you, and he is ſafely landed, and there is a fair company before you of ſuch as have come out of great tribulation, and have waſhed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; to whom theſe promiſes are now performed, 'He that overcomes ſhall eat of the tree of life, that is in the midſt of the paradiſe of God: and God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there ſhall be no more death, neither ſorrow, nor crying, neither ſhall there be any more pain: he that ſitteth on the throne ſhall dwell among them; they ſhall hunger no more, neither thirſt any more, neither ſhall the ſun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb, that is in the midſt of the throne, ſhall feed them, and ſhall take them unto the living fountains of waters.' I may, Sir, poſſibly keep you from better work: the God of peace, that brought again from the dead, the great Shepherd of the ſheep, through the blood of the eternal covenant, make you perfect.

*St. Andrews, Jan* 7. 1651. *Yours in Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R.

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61. *To the much honoured and truly worthy, Colonel* GILBERT KER.

*Much honoured and worthy Sir,*

I Have heard of your continued captivity in England as well as in this afflicted land; but, go where ye will, ye cannot go from under your ſhadow, which is broader than many kingdoms; ye change lodging and countries; but the ſame Lord is before you: if ye were carried away captive to the other ſide of the ſun, or as far as the riſing of the morning ſtar, it is ſpoken to your mother, who hath yet received no bill of divorce, which was written to Judah, Micah iv. 10. 'Be in pain and labour to bring forth, O daughter of Zion, like a woman in travail: for now ſhalt thou go forth out of the city, and thou ſhalt dwell in the field, and thou ſhalt go even to Babylon, there ſhalt thou be delivered, there the Lord ſhall redeem thee from the hand of thine enemies.' England ſhall be countable for you, to render you back, Iſa. xliv. 6. 'I will ſay to the north, Give up; and to the ſouth, Keep not back.' It is a ſermon that fleſh and blood laugheth at, Ezek. xxxvii. 4. 'Propheſy upon theſe dry bones, and ſay unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord!' It is a preaching to the grave: 'Thus ſaith the Lord unto the bones, Behold, I will cauſe breath enter into you, and ye ſhall live, and I will lay ſinews upon you, and

and bring fleſh upon you, and cover you with ſkin, and put breath in you, and ye ſhall live.' Rev. xx. 13, 'And the ſea gave up the dead that were in it.' Berwick muſt render back the Scottiſh captives, and Colonel Gilbert Ker with them; Iſa. xliii. 14. 'For thus ſaith the Lord, your Redeemer, the holy One of Iſrael, For your ſake, I have ſent to Babylon, and have brought down all their nobles, and the Chaldeans, whoſe cry is in the ſhips.' Deut. xxx. 4. 'If any of them be driven out to the utmoſt parts of heaven, from thence will the Lord thy God gather thee, and from thence will he fetch thee.' Zech. viii. 7. 'Thus ſaith the Lord of hoſts, Behold, I will ſave my people from the eaſt country, and from the weſt country, and I will bring them, and they ſhall dwell in the midſt of Jeruſalem, and they ſhall be my people, and I will be their God, in truth and in righteouſneſs.' Sir, ye are both booked by the Lord, 'who writeth up the people,' Pſalm lxxxvii. 5, 6. and counted to the Lord as one of the houſe and ſtock, Pſalm xxii. 30. Fear not, faint not, all your hairs are numbered. It is the deſire of the people of God, that as your bonds hitherto have been exemplary, to the ſtrengthening of the feeble, and to the ſtopping of the mouth of the adverſary, without any declining to the right or left-hand; ſo your ſufferings, in the place ye now go to, may be (as we are confident in the Lord of you, and in humility boaſt of his grace in you) ſavoury, convincing, and like unto this honourable cauſe, that will prevail in Britain, contrary to all the machinations and counſels of devils and men; and though there were no other ink in the pen I now write with, but ſome dewing of my laſt cooling blood, this I purpoſe (his grace, whoſe I am, enabling me) to ſtand to. Sir, we deſire to adore no inſtruments; yet we conceive the ſhining and rays of grace, from the fountain Jeſus Chriſt, the fulneſs of the God-head, beſtowed on ſinful men, hold forth the good thoughts of Chriſt to this poor land, whoſe multiplied graves, and whoſe ſouls under the altar, ſlain by Sectaries and Malignants, cry aloud to heaven. I ſee nothing, Sir, if the Lord be not near (though I dare not ſay how ſoon) to awake for the quear of Zion's controverſy, Iſa. xxxiv. 5. 'For my ſword ſhall be bathed in heaven; behold, it ſhall come down upon England, and the reſidue of his enemies in Scotland.' Wo is me for England! that land ſhall be ſoaked with blood, and their duſt made fat with fatneſs; that pleaſant land ſhall be a wilderneſs, and the duſt of their land pitch; a judgment upon their walled towns, their pleaſant fields, their ſtrong ſhips, &c. if they do not repent. Ye have not, I conceive, ſeen ſuch ſearching and trying times, as now theſe are; and yet the queſtion will be drawn to a more narrow ſtate, and multitudes will yet leave the cauſe; for we took all in to the covenant that offered

to build with us: but Chriſt muſt have but a ſmall remnant; few nobles, if any, few miniſters, few profeſſors, though our way ſtandeth unchanged, 2 Cor. vi. 8. 'By honour and diſhonour, by good report and evil report, as deceivers, and yet true, as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chaſtened, and yet not killed.' Neither is this your condition alone, but the experienced lot of all the ſaints that have gone before you; it is one and the ſame croſs of Chriſt; but there be ſundry faces and diverſe circumſtances in the ſame remnant. The ſufferings of Chriſt and yours, Sir, to be delivered to ſoldiers, and in captivity, look like his ſufferings, of whom Iſaiah ſaith, chapter liii. 8. 'He was taken from priſon, and from judgment; yea, and taken bound,' Job xviii. 1. When the cauſe is the truth of God, the luſtre and face of ſuffering is ſo much the more lovely, that it hath the hue and colour of Chriſt's ſufferings, who endured contradiction of ſinners, and deſpiſed the ſhame: O it is a great word, Chriſt ſhamed, and Chriſt abaſed! but thus was the head, and ſo are the members dealt with in the world; and truly any thing of Chriſt, even the worſt of him, (to ſpeak ſo) his reproach and ſhame, are lovely. Though ſuperſtitious love to the material croſs he ſuffered upon be foolery, and doting upon the holy grave be curſed idolatry; yet is there a communion with him in his ſufferings moſt deſireable, 1 Pet. iv. 15. 'But rejoice in as much as ye are partakers of Chriſt's ſufferings:' in which ſenſe the cup that his lip touched hath the ſweeter taſte, even tho' death were in it; the grave becauſe he did ly in it, is ſo much the ſofter, and the more refreſhful a bed of reſt; and that part of the ſky and clouds that the Beloved ſhall break through, and come to judgment, is as lovely a piece of the created heaven as any is, if we may love the ground he goeth on the better: but all this is to be underſtood in a ſpiritual manner. The Lord calleth you, Sir, (upon whom the Spirit of God and his glory reſteth) to put your ſoul's AMEN to this diſpenſation; and requireth of us, that our deſires follow the now declared decree of God concerning the deſolation of our ſinful land, ſo many ways guilty of a deſpiſed goſpel, and a broken covenant, and that with all ſubmiſſion: certainly no man hath failed more in this thing, than he who writeth to you; for I have brought my health in great hazard, and tormented my ſpirit with exceſſive grief, for our preſent provocations, and the rentings of our kirk; and I ſee it is a challenging of, and a bold pleading againſt him, upon whoſe ſhoulder the government is, Iſa. xxii. 22. The Father hath put a glorious truſt upon Chriſt, v. 23. 'And I will faſten him as a nail in a ſure place, and he ſhall be for a glorious throne to his Father's houſe, v. 24. And they ſhall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's houſe, the offspring and the iſſue, all veſſels of ſmall quantity, from the veſ-

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sels of cups even to all the vessels of flagons.' Our unbelieving apprehensions do so quarrel at the prosperity of enemies in an evil cause, that we wrestle with defeats, spoiling, captivity of the godly, killing of his people, the wasting of our land, starving and famishing of the kingdom, which is worse than the sword; but this is a sinful contradicting of the Lord's revealed decree: his wisdom saith, Spoiling and desolation is best for Scotland; and we say, Not; and so accuse Christ of misgovernment, and of not being true to the trust put upon him: but since he doth not drag the government at his heels, but hath it upon his shoulder; and since the nail fastened in a sure place cannot be broken, nor can the smallest vessel fail to find sweet security in dependence upon him; since all the weight of heaven and earth, of redeemed saints and confirmed angels, is upon his shoulder, I am a fool, and brutish to imagine, that I can add any thing to Christ's special care of, and tenderness to his people: he who keepeth the basons and knives of his house, and bringeth the vessels back again to the second temple, Ezra i. 8, 9, 10. must have a more tender care of his redeemed ones, than of a spoon or of Peter's old shoes, which yet must not be lost in his captivity, Acts xii. 8. O for grace to suffer Christ to tutor his own minors and young heirs! But we cannot endure to be under the actings of his government; we love too much to be our own. O how sweet to be wholly Christ's, and wholly in Christ! To be out of the creature's owning, and made compleat in Christ, to live by faith in Christ; and to be once for all clothed with the created majesty and glory of the Son of God, wherein he makes all his friends and followers sharers! To dwell in Immanuel's high and blessed land, and live in that sweetest air, where no wind bloweth, but the breathings of the Holy Ghost; no seas nor floods flow, but the pure waters of life, that proceedeth from under the throne, and from the Lamb; no planting, but the tree of life, that yieldeth twelve manner of fruits every month! What do we here but sin and suffer? O when shall the nights be gone, the shadows flee away, and the morning of that long day, without cloud or night, dawn! the Spirit and the bride say, Come: O when shall the Lamb's wife be ready, and the Bridegroom say, Come! Worthy Sir, I mind you to the Hearer of prayer: O help me in that kind! The Spirit of Jesus be with your spirit.

*St. Andrews, May* 14. 1651. *Yours, in his only, only Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 62. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. We are fallen in winnowing and trying times; I am glad that your breath

ſerveth you to run to the end, in the ſame condition and way wherein ye have walked theſe twenty years paſt; it is either the way of peace, or we are yet in our ſins, and have miſſed the way. The Lord, (it is true) hath ſtained the pride of all our glory; and now, laſt of all, the ſun hath gone down upon many of the prophets; but ſtumble not, men are men, and God appeareth more and more to be God, and Chriſt is ſtill Chriſt. Madam, ſtronger than I am, had almoſt ſtumbled me and caſt me down: but Oh what mercy is it, to diſcern betwixt what is Chriſt's and what is man's, and what way the hue, colour, and luſtre of gifts and grace dazzle and deceive our weak eyes! Oh to be dead to all things that are below Chriſt, were it even a created heaven and created grace! Holineſs is not Chriſt; nor are the bloſſoms and flowers of the tree of life the Tree itſelf.. Men and creatures may wind themſelves between us and Chriſt; and therefore the Lord hath done much to take out of the way all betwixt him and us; there are not now in our way kings, or armies, or nobles, or judicatories, or ſtrong holds, or watchmen, or godly profeſſors: the faireſt things, and moſt eminent in Britain, are ſtained, and have loſt their luſtre; only, only Chriſt keeps his greenneſs and beauty, and remaineth what he was: Oh! if he were more and more excellent to our apprehenſions, than ever he was (whoſe excellency is above all apprehenſions) and ſtill more and more ſweet to our taſte. I care for nothing, if ſo be I were nearer to him, and yet he flieth not from me; I flee from him, but he purſueth. I hear your Ladyſhip hath the ſame eſteem of the deſpiſed cauſe and covenant of our Lord, ye had before: Madam, hold you there; I dare and would gladly breathe out my ſpirit in that way, with a nearer communion and fellowſhip with the Father and Son, and would ſeek no more, but that I might die believing: and alſo I would hope, that the earth ſhall not cover the blood of the godly ſlain in Scotland; but that the Lord will make inquiſition for their blood, when the ſufferings of the ſaints in theſe lands ſhall be fulfilled. The good-will of him that dwelt in the buſh be with you.

*Glaſgow, Sept* 28. 1651. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obſervance in the Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 63. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I know ye think of an out-going, and that your quartering in time, and your abode in this life, is ſhort; for we flee away as a ſhadow: the declining of the ſun, and the lengthening of the ſhadow, ſaith our journey is ſhort and near the end, I ſpeak it, becauſe I have warnings

warnings of my removal. Madam, I know not any againſt whom the Lord is not; for he is againſt the proud and lofty; the day of the Lord is upon all the cedars, upon all the high mountains, upon every high tower, and upon every fenced city, upon all the ſhips of Tarſhiſh, and upon all pleaſant pictures. I know not any thing comparable to a nearneſs and ſpiritual communion with the Father and the Son Chriſt: there is much deadneſs and witheredneſs upon many ſpirits, ſometimes near to God; and I wiſh the Lord have not more to ſay to and do againſt the land. Ye have, Madam, in your accounts, mercies, deliverances, rods, warnings, plenty of means, conſolations, when refuge failed, when ye looked on the right hand, and behold no man would know you, nor care for your ſoul, when young and weak, manifeſtations of God, the outgoings of the Lord for you, experiences, anſwers from the Lord; by all which, ye may be comforted now, and confirmed in the certain hope, that grace, free grace, in a fixed and eſtabliſhed ſurety, ſhall perfect that good work in you: happy they, who ſee not, and yet believe! Grace, grace eternally in our Lord Jeſus be with you.

*Edin. May* 27. 1645. *Yours in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 64. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

I Have been ſo long ſilent, that I am almoſt aſhamed now to ſpeak. I hear of your weakly condition of body, which ſpeaketh ſome warning to you, to look for a longer life, where ye ſhall have more leiſure to praiſe than time can give you here: it ſhall be loſs to many; but ſure, yourſelf, Madam, ſhall be only free of any loſs. And truly, conſidering what days we are now fallen into, if ſailing were not ſerving of the Lord, (which I can hardly attain) a calm harbour were very good, when ſtorms are ſo high: the Fore-runner, who hath landed firſt, muſt help to bring the ſea-beaten veſſel ſafe to the port, and the ſick paſſengers, who are following the Fore-runner, ſafe aſhore. Much deadneſs prevaileth over ſome; but there is much life in him, who is the reſurrection and the life, to quicken. O what of our hid life is without us, and how little and poor a ſtock is in the hand of ſome! The only wiſe God ſupply what is wanting; the more ye want, and the more your joy hath run on, the more is owing to you by the promiſe of grace; bygones of waterings from heaven, which your Ladyſhip wanted in Kenmure, Ruſco, the Weſt, Glaſgow, Edinburgh, England, &c. ſhall all come in a great ſum together; the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb muſt not be marred with too large a four hours refreſhment. Know, Madam, he who hath tutored you from the breaſts,

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knoweth how to time his own day-ſhinings and love-viſits. Grace that runs on, be with you.

*St. Andrews.* *Yours in the Lord, at all obſervance,* S. R.

## 65. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

I Confeſs I have cauſe to be grieved at my long ſilence, or lazineſs in writing: I am alſo afflicted to hear, that ſuch, who were debtors to your Ladyſhip for better dealing, have ſerved you with ſuch prevarication: ye know crookedneſs is neither ſtrong nor long enduring; and ye know likewiſe, that theſe things ſpring not out of the duſt: it is ſweet to look upon the lawleſs and ſinful ſtirrings of the creatures, as ordered by a moſt holy hand in heaven. O if could make peace with God! It would be our wiſdom, and afford us much ſweet peace, if oppreſſors were looked upon as paſſive inſtruments, like the ſaw or ax in the carpenter's hand; they are bidden (if ſuch a diſtinction may be admitted) but not commanded of God (as Shemei was, 2 Sam. xvi. 10.) to do what they do. Madam, theſe many years the Lord hath been teaching you to read and ſtudy well the book of holy, holy and ſpotleſs ſovereignty, in ſuffering from ſome nigh hand and ſome far off. Whoever be the inſtruments, the replying of clay to the Potter, the Former of all, is unbeſeeming the nothing creature: I hope he ſhall clear you: but when Zion's public evils ly not nigh ſome of us, and leave no impreſſion upon our hearts, it is no wonder that we be exerciſed with domeſtic troubles; but I know, ye are taught of God to prefer Jeruſalem to your chiefeſt joy. Madam, there is no cauſe of fainting; wait upon the not tarrying viſion, for it will ſpeak. The only wiſe God be with you, and God, even your own God bleſs you.

*St. Andrews, June* 1657. *Yours in all obſervance in God,* S. R.

## 66. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

I Should not forget you; but my deadneſs under a threatening ſtroke, both of a falling church, a broken covenant, a deſpiſed remnant, and crazineſs of body (that I cannot get a piece ſickly clay carried about from one houſe or town to another) lies moſt heavy on me: the Lord hath removed Scotland's crown, for we owned not his crown; we fretted at his catholic government of the world, and fretted that he would not be ruled and led by us, in breaking our adverſaries; and he makes us ſuffer and pine away in our iniquities, under the broken govern-

ment

ment of his houſe. It is like it would be our ſnare, to be tried with the honour of a peaceable reformation; we might mar the carved work of his houſe, worſe than thoſe againſt whom we cry out. It is like he hath bidden us ly on our left ſide three hundred and ninety days; and yet ſo aſtoniſhing is our ſtupidity, that we moan not our ſore-ſide: our gold is become dim, the viſage of our Nazarites is become black, the ſun is gone down on our ſeers, the crown is fallen from our head, we roar like bears. Lord ſave us from that, 'He thatmade them will not have mercy on them.' The heart of the ſcribe meditates terror. Oh, Madam, if the Lord would help to more ſelf-judging, and to make ſure an intereſt in Chriſt! Ah, we forget eternity, and it approacheth quickly. Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, Nov.* 20. 1657. *Your Ladyſhip's at all obedience in the Lord,* S. R.

## 67. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

I Am aſhamed of my long ſilence to your Ladyſhip. Your toſſings and wanderings are known to him, upon whom ye have been caſt from the breaſts, and who hath been your God of old. The temporal loſs of creatures, dear to you there, may be the more eaſily endured, that the gain of One, who only hath immortality, groweth. There is an univerſal complaint of deadneſs of ſpirit on all that know God: he that writes to you, Madam, is as deep in this as any, and is afraid of a ſtrong and hot battle, before time be at a cloſe; but no matter, if the Lord crown all with the victorious triumphing of faith. God teacheth us by terrible things in righteouſneſs. We ſee many things, but we obſerve nothing. Our drink is ſour, gray hairs are here and there on us, and we change many Lords and Rulers; but the ſame bondage of ſoul and body remains. We live little by faith, but much by ſenſe, according to the times, and by human policy. The watchmen ſleep, and the people periſh for lack of knowledge. How can we be enlightened, when we turn our back on the Sun? And muſt we not be withered when we leave the Fountain? It ſhould be my only deſire to be a miniſter, gifted with the white ſtone, and the new name written on it. I judge it were fit (now when tall profeſſors, and when many ſtars fall from heaven, and God poureth the iſle of Great Britain from veſſel to veſſel, and yet we ſit and are ſettled on our lies) to conſider (as ſometimes I do: but, ah! rarely) how irrecoverable a wo, is it to be under a beguile in the matter of eternity: and what if I, who can have a ſubſcribed teſtimony of many who ſhall ſtand at the right-hand of the Judge, ſhall miſs Chriſt's approving teſtimony, and be ſet upon the left-hand among the goats? there is ſuch a beguile, Mat. vii. 22. Mat. xxv.

xxv. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Luke xiii. 25, 26. And it befalls many, and what if it befal me, who have but too much art to cozen my own ſoul and others, with the flouriſh of miniſterial or country-holineſs. Dear Lady, I am afraid of prevailing ſecurity; we watch little, (I have mainly relation to myſelf) we wreſtle little: I am like one travelling in the night, who ſees a ſpirit, and ſweats for fear, and dare not tell it to his fellow, for fear of increaſing his own fear; however, I am ſure, when the Maſter is nigh his coming, it were ſafe to write over a double and a new copy of our accounts, of the ſins of nature, childhood, youth, riper years, and old age. What if Chriſt have another written repreſentation of me, than I have of myſelf? ſure his is right; and if it contradict my miſtaking and ſinfully erroneous account of myſelf, ah! where am I then? But, Madam, I diſcourage none; I know Chriſt hath made a new marriage-contract of love, and ſealed it with his blood, and the trembling believer ſhall not be confounded. Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, May* 26. 1659. *Yours at all obedience in Chriſt*, S. R.

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## 68. *To my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

I Should be glad that the Lord would be pleaſed to lengthen out more time to you, that ye might, before your eyes be ſhut, ſee more of the work of the right hand of the Lord, in reviving a new ſwooning and cruſhed land and church. Tho' I was lately knocking at death's gate, yet could I not get in, but was ſent back for a time. It is well, if I could yet do any ſervice to him; but ah, what deadneſs lieth upon my ſpirit! and deadneſs breedeth diſtance from God. Madam, theſe many years the Lord hath let you ſee a clear difference betwixt thoſe who ſerve God, and love his name, and thoſe who ſerve him not; and I judge ye look upon the way of Chriſt as the only beſt way, and that ye would not exchange Chriſt for the world's god, or their Mammon, and that ye can give Chriſt a teſtimony of Chief among ten thouſand: true it is, that many of us have fallen from our firſt love; but Chriſt hath renewed his firſt love of our eſpouſals to himſelf, and multiplied the ſeekers of God, all the country over, even where Chriſt was ſcarce named, eaſt and weſt, ſouth and north, above the number that our fathers ever knew. But ah! Madam, what ſhall be done or ſaid of many fallen ſtars, and many near to God complying wofully, and ſailing to the neareſt ſhore? Yea, and we are conſumed in the furnace, but not melted; burnt, but not purged; our droſs is not removed, but our ſcum remains in us; and in the furnace we fret, we faint, and (which is more ſtrange) we ſlumber: the fire burneth round about us, and we lay it not to heart;

heart; gray-hairs are upon us, and we know it not. It were now a deſireable life to ſend away our love to heaven; and well becometh it us to wait on for the appointed change, yet ſo as we ſhould be meditating thus: is there a new world above the ſun and moon? and is there ſuch a bleſſed company harping and ſinging Hallelujahs to the Lamb up above? Why then are we taken with a vain life of ſighing and ſinning? Oh, where is our wiſdom, that we ſit ſtill laughing, eating, ſleeping priſoners, and do not pack up all our beſt things for the journey, deſiring always to be clothed with our houſe from above, not made with hands! Ah, we ſavour not the things that are above, nor do we ſmell of glory ere we come thither; but we tranſact and agree with time, for a new leaſe of clay-manſions: behold he cometh, we ſleep, and turn all the work of duties into diſpute of events for deliverance; but the greateſt haſte to be humbled for a broken and a buried covenant, is firſt and laſt forgotten: and all our grief is, the Lord lingers, enemies triumph, godly ones ſuffer, atheiſts blaſpheme. Ah! we pray not, but wonder that Chriſt cometh not the higher way, by might, by power, by garments rolled in blood; what if he come the lower way? ſure we ſin in putting the book in his hand, as if we could teach the Almighty knowledge; we make haſte, we believe not: let the only wiſe God alone, he ſtirs well, he draws ſtraight lines, though we think and ſay they are crooked: it is right that ſome ſhould die with breaſts full of milk; and yet we are angry that God dealeth ſo with them. O if I could adore him in his hidden ways, when there is darkneſs under his feet, and darkneſs in his pavilion, and clouds are about his throne! Madam, hoping, believing, patient praying is our life; he loſes no time. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*St. Andrews, Sept.* 12. 1659. *Yours at all obliged obſervance in Chriſt*, S. R.

69. *To his reverend and dear brethren, Mr.* GUTHRIE, *Mr.* TRAIL, *and the reſt of their brethren impriſoned in the Caſtle of Edinburgh.*

*Reverend, very dear, and now much honoured priſoners for Chriſt,*

I Am, as to the point of light, at the utmoſt of perſuaſion in that kind, that this is the cauſe of Chriſt ye now ſuffer for, and not mens intereſt: if it be for men, let us leave it; but if we plead for God, our own perſonal ſafety and man's deliverance will not be peace. There is a ſalvation called the ſalvation of God, which is cleanly, pure, ſpiritual, unmixed, near to the holy word of God; it is that which we would ſeek, even the favour of God that he bears to his people, not ſimple gladneſs, but the gladneſs and goodneſs of the Lord's choſen. And ſure (though I be the weakeſt of his witneſſes, and unworthy to be

among the meaneſt of them, and I am afraid the cauſe be hurt (but it cannot be loſt) by my unbelieving faintneſs,) I ſhould not deſire a deliverance, ſeparated from the deliverance of the Lord's cauſe and people: it is enough to me to ſing, when Zion ſings; and to triumph, when Chriſt triumpheth: I ſhould judge it an unhappy joy, to rejoice when Zion ſigheth. Not one hoof will be your peace. If Chriſt doth own me, let me be in the grave in a bloody-winding-ſheet, and go from the ſcaffold in four quarters, to grave or no grave, I am his debitor, to ſeal with ſufferings this precious truth: but oh! when it comes to the puſh, I dare ſay nothing, conſidering my weakneſs, wickedneſs and faintneſs. But fear not ye, ye are not, ye ſhall not be alone, the Father is with you; it was not an unſeaſonable, but a ſeaſonable and neceſſary duty we were about. Fear him who is ſovereign. Chriſt is captain of the caſtle and Lord of the keys. The cooling well ſpring and refreſhment from the promiſes, is more than the frownings of the furnace. I ſee ſnares and temptations in capitulating, compoſing, ceding, mincing with diſtinctions of circumſtances, formalities, compliments and extenuations in the cauſe of Chriſt: a long ſpoon, the broth is hell's hot. Hold at a diſtance from carnal compoſitions, and much nearneſs to the Fountain, to the favour and refreſhing light from the Father of lights, ſpeaking in his oracles; this is ſound health and ſalvation. Angels, men, Zion's elders eye us; but what of all theſe? Chriſt is by us, and looks on us, and writes up all. Let us pray more, and look leſs to men. Remember me to Mr. Scott, and all the reſt. Bleſſings be upon the head of ſuch as are ſeparated from their brethren: Joſeph is a fruitful bough by a well. Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews*, 1660. *Your loving brother and companion in the kingdom and patience of Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R.

## 70. *To Mr.* ROBERT CAMPBELL.

*Reverend and dear brother*,

YE know this is a time in which almoſt all men ſeek their own things, and not the things of Jeſus Chriſt: ye are your alone, as a beacon on the top of a mountain; but faint not, Chriſt is a numerous multitude himſelf, yea, millions: though all the nations were conveened againſt him round about, yet doubt not, but he will at laſt ariſe for the cry of the poor and needy. For me, I am now near to eternity, and for ten thouſand worlds I dare not adventure to paſs from the proteſtation againſt the corruptions of the time, nor go alongſt with the ſhameleſs apoſtaſy of the many ſilent and dumb watchmen of Scotland; but I think it my laſt duty, to enter a proteſtation in heaven before the righteous Judge, againſt the practical and legal breach of covenant, and all oaths impoſed on the conſciences of

of the Lord's people, and all popiſh, ſuperſtitious and idolatrous mandates of men. Know that the overthrow of the ſworn reformation, the introducing of Popery and the myſtery of iniquity, is now ſet on foot in the three kingdoms; and whoſoever would keep their garments clean are under that command, Touch not, taſte not, handle not. The Lord calls you, dear brother, to be ſtill ſtedfaſt, unmoveable and abounding in the work of the Lord. Our royal kingly Maſter is upon his journey, and will come and will not tarry; and bleſſed is the ſervant who ſhall be found watching when he cometh: fear not men, for the Lord is your light and ſalvation. It is true, it is ſomewhat ſad and comfortleſs that you are your alone; but ſo it was with our precious Maſter: nor are ye your alone, for the Father is with you. It is poſſible, I ſhall not be an eye-witneſs to it in the fleſh; but I believe he comes quickly, who will remove our darkneſs, and will ſhine glorioufly in the iſle of Britain, as a crowned king, either in a formally ſworn covenant, or in his own glorious way, which I leave to the determination of his infinite wiſdom and goodneſs: and this is the hope and confidence of a dying man, who is longing and fainting for the ſalvation of God. Beware of the enſnaring bonds and obligations, by any hand-writ or otherways, to give unlimited obedience to any authority, but only in the Lord; for all innocent ſelf-defence (which is according to the covenant, the word of God and the laudable example of the reformed churches) is now intended to be utterly ſubverted and condemned: and what is taken from Chriſt, as the flower of his prerogative royal, is now put upon the head of a mortal power, which muſt be that great idol of indignation, that provoketh the eyes of his glory. Dear brother, let us mind the rich promiſes, that are made to thoſe that overcome, knowing that thoſe that endure to the end ſhall be ſaved. Thus recommending you to the rich grace of God, I remain

*St. Andrews,*
1661.

*Your affectionate brother*
*in Chriſt,* S. R.

# THE THIRD PART.

## CONTAINING

Some more LETTERS of the ſame Author, from *Anwoth* and *Edinburgh*, before his confinement at *Aberdeen*; from *Aberdeen* during his Confinement; and from *St. Andrews*, &c. after his Enlargement.

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### 1. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved and dear ſiſter,*

MY love, in Chriſt, remembered. I have ſent to you your daughter Griſſel, with Robert Gordon, who came to fetch her: I am in good hopes, that the ſeed of God is in her, as in one born of God, and God's ſeed will come to God's harveſt. I have her promiſe, ſhe ſhall be Chriſt's, for I have told her ſhe may promiſe much in his worthy name; for he becomes caution to his Father for all ſuch as reſolve and promiſe to ſerve him. I will remember her to God. I truſt you will acquaint her with good company, and be diligent to know with whom ſhe loveth to haunt. Remember Zion, and our neceſſities. I bleſs your daughter from our Lord, and pray the Lord to give you joy and comfort of her. Remember my love to your huſband, to William and to Samuel your ſons. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth, June 6.* 1624.

*Yours at all power in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

2. *To*

## 2. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Loving and dear sister,*

IF ever you would pleasure me, intreat the Lord for me, now when I am so comfortless, and so full of heaviness, that I am not able to stand under the burden any longer. The Almighty hath doubled his stripes upon me; for my wife is so sore tormented night and day, that I have wondered why the Lord tarrieth so long; my life is bitter unto me, and I fear the Lord be my contrair party. It is (I know by experience) hard to keep sight of God in a storm, especially when he hides himself for the trial of his children. If he would be pleased to remove his hand, I have a purpose to seek him more than I have done: happy are they that can win away with their soul; I am afraid of his judgments. I bless my God, that there is a death and a heaven; I would weary to begin again to be a Christian, so bitter is it to drink of the cup that Christ drank of, if I knew not that there is no poison in it. God give us not of it while we vomit again, for we have sick souls when God's physic works not. Pray that God would not lead my wife into temptation. Wo is my heart that I have done so little against the kingdom of Satan in my calling; for he would fain attempt to make me blaspheme God to his face: I believe, in the strength of him who hath put me in his work, he shall fail in that which he seeks; I have comfort in this, that my Captain Christ hath said, I must fight and overcome the world, John xvi. 33. and with a weak spoiled weaponless devil, John xiv. 30. *The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me.* Desire Mr. Robert to remember me, if he love me. Grace, grace be with you, and all yours; remember Zion. There is a letter procured from the king by Mr. John Maxwell, to urge conformity, to give the communion at Christmas in Edinburgh. Hold fast that which ye have, that no man take the crown from you; the Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

*Anwoth, Nov.* 17. 1629. *Yours in the Lord,* S. R.

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## 3. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved and dear sister,*

MY love, in the Lord Jesus, remembered: I understand that you are still under the Lord's visitation, in your former business with your enemies, which is God's dealing: for, till he take his children out of the furnace, that knoweth how long they should be tried, there is no deliverance; but after God's highest and fullest tide, that the sea of trouble is gone over the souls of his children, then comes the gracious long-

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hoped for ebbing, and drying up of the waters. Dear ſiſter, do not faint; the wicked may hold the bitter cup to your head, but God mixeth it, and there is no poiſon in it; they ſtrike, but God moves the rod; Shimei curſeth, but it is becauſe the Lord bids him. I tell you, and I have it from him before whom I ſtand for God's people, there is a decree given out, in the great court of the higheſt heavens, that your preſent troubles ſhall be diſperſed as the morning cloud, and God ſhall bring forth your righteouſneſs as the light at noon-tide of the day: let me entreat you, in Chriſt's name, to keep a good conſcience in your proceedings in that matter, and beware of yourſelf; yourſelf is a more dangerous enemy than I, or any without you; innocence, and an upright cauſe, is a good advocate before God, and ſhall plead for you, and win your cauſe; and count much of your Maſter's approbation, and his ſmiling: he is now as the king that is gone to a far country; God ſeems to be from home, (if I may ſay ſo) yet he ſees the ill ſervants, who ſay, Our Maſter deferreth his coming, and ſo ſtrike their fellow-ſervants: but patience, my beloved, Chriſt the King is coming home, the evening is at hand, and he will aſk an account of his ſervants; make a fair clear count to him: ſo carry yourſelf as at night you may ſay, Maſter, I have wronged none: behold, you have your own with advantage. O! your ſoul then will eſteem much of one of God's kiſſes and embracements, in the teſtimony of a good conſcience. The wicked, howbeit they be caſting many evil thoughts, bitter words, and ſinful deeds behind their back, yet they are, in ſo doing, clerks to their own proceſs, and doing nothing all their life, but gathering dittays againſt themſelves; for God is angry at the wicked every day: and I hope your preſent proceſs ſhall be fighted one day by him who knoweth your juſt cauſe; and the bloody tongues, craſty foxes, double ingrained hypocrites, ſhall appear as they are before his Majeſty, when he ſhall take the maſk off their faces: and O thrice happy ſhall your ſoul be then, when God finds you covered with nothing but the white robe of the ſaints innocence, and the righteouſneſs of Jeſus Chriſt. You have been of late in the King's wine cellar, where you were welcomed by the Lord of the inns, upon a condition that you would walk in love; put on love, and brotherly kindneſs, and long-ſuffering; wait as long upon the favour and turned hearts of your enemies, as your Chriſt waited upon you, and as dear Jeſus ſtood at your ſoul's door with dewy and rainy locks, the long cold night: be angry, but ſin not; I perſuade myſelf, that holy unction within you, which teacheth you all things, is alſo ſaying, Overcome evil with good. If that had not ſpoken in your ſoul, at the tears of your aged paſtor, you would not have agreed, and forgiven his fooliſh ſon who wrong-

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ed you: but my Maſter bade me tell you, God's bleſſing ſhall be upon you for it: and from him I ſay, Grace, grace, grace, and everlaſting peace be upon you: it is my prayer for you, that your carriage may grace and adorn the goſpel of that Lord who hath graced you. I hear your huſband alſo was ſick, but I beſeech you in the bowels of Jeſus, welcome every rod of God; for I find not, in the whole book of God, a greater note of the child of God, than to fall down and kiſs the feet of an angry God: and when he ſeems to put you away from him, and looſe your hands that gripe him, to look up in faith, and ſay, I ſhall not, I will not be put away from thee: howbeit thy Majeſty draw to free thyſelf of me, yet Lord give me leave to hold and cleave unto thyſelf. I will pray that your huſband may return in peace; your decreet comes from heaven, look up thither: for many (ſays Solomon) ſeek the face of the ruler, but every man's judgment cometh of the Lord: and be glad that it is ſo, for Chriſt is the clerk of your proceſs, and will ſee that all go right; and I perſuade myſelf, he is ſaying, Yonder ſervants of mine are wronged; for my blood, Father, give them juſtice. Think you not, dear ſiſter, but our High Prieſt, our Jeſus, the Maſter of requeſts, preſents our bills of complaint to the great Lord juſtice? Yea, I believe it, ſince he is our Advocate, and Daniel calls him the Spokeſman, whoſe hand preſents all to the Father. For other buſineſſes, I ſay nothing, while the Lord give me to ſee your face. I am credibly informed, that multitudes of England, and eſpecially worthy preachers, and ſilenced preachers of London, are gone to New-England; and I know one learned holy preacher, who hath written againſt the Arminians, who is gone thither. Our bleſſed Lord Jeſus, who cannot get leave to ſleep with his ſpouſe in this land, is going to ſeek an inns where he will be better entertained; and what marvel? Wearied Jeſus, after he had travelled from Geneva, by the miniſtry of worthy Mr. Knox, and was laid down in his bed, and reformation begun, and the curtains drawn, he had not gotten his dear eyes well together, when irreverent Biſhops came in, and with the din and noiſe of ceremonies, holy-days, and other Romiſh corruptions, they awake our Beloved; others came to his bed-ſide, and drew the curtains, and put hands on his ſervants, baniſhed, deprived and confined them; and for the pulpit, they got a ſtool and a cold fire in Blackneſs; and the nobility drew the covering off him, and have made him a poor naked Chriſt, in ſpoiling his ſervants of the tithes and kirkrents; and now there is ſuch a noiſe of crying ſins in the land, as the want of the knowledge of God, of mercy and truth; ſuch ſwearing, whoring, lying and blood touching blood, that Chriſt is putting on his clothes, and making him, like an ill handled ſtranger, to go to other lands. Pray him, dear ſiſter,

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to ly down again with his beloved. Remember my dearest love to John Gordon, to whom I will write when I am strong; and to John Brown, Grissel, Samuel and William; grace upon them. As you love Christ, keep Christ's favour, and put not upon him when he sleeps, to awake him before he please. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

*Anweth, July* 21. 1630. *Your brother in Christ*, S. R.

## 4. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved sister,*

I Have been thinking, since my departure from you, of the pride and malice of your adversaries, and ye may not (since ye have heard the book of the Psalms so often) take hardly with this; for David's enemies snuffed at him, and through the pride of their hearts said, 'The Lord will not require it,' Psalm x. 13. I beseech you therefore, in the bowels of Christ, set before your eyes the patience of your Fore-runner Jesus, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously, 1 Pet. ii. 23. And since our Lord and Redeemer with patience received many a black stroke on his glorious body, and many a buffet of the unbelieving world, and says of himself, Isa. l. 6. 'I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting.' Follow him, and think not hard that you receive a blow with your Lord; take part with Jesus of his sufferings, and glory in the marks of Christ. If this storm were over, you must prepare yourself for a new wound; for, five thousand years ago, our Lord proclaimed deadly war betwixt the Seed of the woman, and the seed of the serpent; and marvel not that one town cannot keep the children of God, and the children of the devil; for one belly could not keep Jacob and Esau; one house could not keep peaceably together Isaac the son of the promise, and Ishmael the son of the hand-maid. Be you upon Christ's side of it, and care not what flesh can do; hold yourself fast by your Saviour, howbeit you be buffeted, and those that follow him; yet a little while and the wicked shall not be: see 2 Cor. iv. 8. 'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair.' verse 9. 'Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' If you can possess your soul in patience, their day is coming. Worthy and dear sister, know to carry yourself in trouble; and when ye are hated and reproached, the Lord shews it to you, Psalm xliv. 17. 'All this is come upon us, yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsly in thy covenant.' Psal. cxix.

cxix. 92. 'Unless thy law had been my delight, I had perished in mine afflictions.' Keep God's covenant in your trials; hold you by his blessed word, and sin not; flee anger, wrath, grudging, envying, fretting; forgive an hundred pence to your fellow servant, because your Lord hath forgiven you ten thousand talents: for, I assure you by the Lord, your adversaries shall get no advantage against you, except you sin, and offend your Lord in your sufferings; but the way to overcome, is by patience, forgiving, and praying for your enemies, in doing whereof you heap coals npon their heads, and your Lord shall open a door to you in your trouble: wait upon him, as the night-watch waiteth for the morning; he will not tarry, go up to your watch-tower, and come not down, but by prayer, and faith, and hope: when the sea is full, it will ebb again; and so soon as the wicked are come to the top of their pride, and are waxed high and mighty, then is their change approaching; they that believe wait on: make not haste. Remember Zion, forget her not; for her enemies are many, for the nations are gathered together against her: 'But they know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they his counsel; for he shall gather them as the sheaves into the floor: arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion,' Micah iv. 12, 13. Behold, God hath gathered his enemies together as sheaves to the threshing; let us stay and rest upon these promises. Now again I trust in our Lord, you shall by faith sustain yourself and comfort yourself in your Lord, and be strong in his power; for you are in the beaten and common way to heaven, when you are under our Lord's crosses; you have reason to rejoice in it, more than in a crown of gold, and rejoice and be glad to bear the reproaches of Christ. I rest, recommending you and yours, for ever, to the grace and mercy of God.

*Anwoth, Feb.* 11. 1631. *Yours in Christ,* S. R.

## 5. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved in the Lord,*

YOU are not unacquainted with the day of our communion: I intreat therefore the aid of your prayers for that great work, which is one of our feast-days, wherein our Well beloved Jesus rejoiceth, and is merry with his friends: good cause have we to wonder at his love, since the day of his death was such a sorrowful day to him, even the day when his mother the kirk crowned him with thorns, and he had many against him, and compeared his alone in the field against them all; yet he delights with us to remember that day: let us love him, and be

to ly down again with his beloved. Remember my dearest love to John Gordon, to whom I will write when I am strong; and to John Brown, Grissel, Samuel and William; grace upon them. As you love Christ, keep Christ's favour, and put not upon him when he sleeps, to awake him before he please. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

*Anwoth, July* 21. 1630. *Your brother in Christ*, S. R.

## 4. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved sister,*

I Have been thinking, since my departure from you, of the pride and malice of your adversaries, and ye may not (since ye have heard the book of the Psalms so often) take hardly with this; for David's enemies snuffed at him, and through the pride of their hearts said, 'The Lord will not require it,' Psalm x. 13. I beseech you therefore, in the bowels of Christ, set before your eyes the patience of your Fore-runner Jesus, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously, 1 Pet. ii. 23. And since our Lord and Redeemer with patience received many a black stroke on his glorious body, and many a buffet of the unbelieving world, and says of himself, Isa. l. 6. 'I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting.' Follow him, and think not hard that you receive a blow with your Lord; take part with Jesus of his sufferings, and glory in the marks of Christ. If this storm were over, you must prepare yourself for a new wound; for, five thousand years ago, our Lord proclaimed deadly war betwixt the Seed of the woman, and the seed of the serpent; and marvel not that one town cannot keep the children of God, and the children of the devil; for one belly could not keep Jacob and Esau; one house could not keep peaceably together Isaac the son of the promise, and Ishmael the son of the hand-maid. Be you upon Christ's side of it, and care not what flesh can do; hold yourself fast by your Saviour, howbeit you be buffeted, and those that follow him; yet a little while and the wicked shall not be: see 2 Cor. iv. 8. 'We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair.' verse 9. 'Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' If you can possess your soul in patience, their day is coming. Worthy and dear sister, know to carry yourself in trouble; and when ye are hated and reproached, the Lord shews it to you, Psalm xliv. 17. 'All this is come upon us, yet have we not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsly in thy covenant.' Psal. cxix.

cxix. 92. 'Unless thy law had been my delight, I had perished in mine afflictions.' Keep God's covenant in your trials; hold you by his blessed word, and sin not; flee anger, wrath, grudging, envying, fretting; forgive an hundred pence to your fellow servant, because your Lord hath forgiven you ten thousand talents: for, I assure you by the Lord, your adversaries shall get no advantage against you, except you sin, and offend your Lord in your sufferings; but the way to overcome, is by patience, forgiving, and praying for your enemies, in doing whereof you heap coals upon their heads, and your Lord shall open a door to you in your trouble: wait upon him, as the night-watch waiteth for the morning; he will not tarry, go up to your watch-tower, and come not down, but by prayer, and faith, and hope: when the sea is full, it will ebb again; and so soon as the wicked are come to the top of their pride, and are waxed high and mighty, then is their change approaching; they that believe wait on: make not haste. Remember Zion, forget her not; for her enemies are many, for the nations are gathered together against her: 'But they know not the thoughts of the Lord, neither understand they his counsel; for he shall gather them as the sheaves into the floor: arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion,' Micah iv. 12, 13. Behold, God hath gathered his enemies together as sheaves to the threshing; let us stay and rest upon these promises. Now again I trust in our Lord, you shall by faith sustain yourself and comfort yourself in your Lord, and be strong in his power; for you are in the beaten and common way to heaven, when you are under our Lord's crosses; you have reason to rejoice in it, more than in a crown of gold, and rejoice and be glad to bear the reproaches of Christ. I rest, recommending you and yours, for ever, to the grace and mercy of God.

*Anwoth, Feb.* 11. 1631. *Yours in Christ,* S. R.

## 5. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved in the Lord,*

YOU are not unacquainted with the day of our communion: I intreat therefore the aid of your prayers for that great work, which is one of our feast-days, wherein our Well beloved Jesus rejoiceth, and is merry with his friends: good cause have we to wonder at his love, since the day of his death was such a sorrowful day to him, even the day when his mother the kirk crowned him with thorns, and he had many against him, and compeared his alone in the field against them all; yet he delights with us to remember that day: let us love him, and be

glad and rejoice in his ſalvation. I am confident that you ſhall ſee the Son of God that day, and I dare in his name invite you to his banquet: many a time you have been well entertained in his houſe, and he charges not upon his friends, nor chides them for too great kindneſs; yet I ſpeak not this to make you leave off to pray for me, who have nothing of myſelf, but in ſo far as daily I receive from him, who is made of his Father's running-over fountain, at which I and others may come with thirſty ſouls, and fill our veſſels: long hath this Well been ſtanding open to us; Lord Jeſus, lock it not up again upon us. I am ſorry for our deſolate kirk; yet I dare not but truſt, ſo long as there be any of God's loſt money here, he ſhall not blow out the candle. Lord make fair candleſticks in his houſe, and remove the blind lights. I have been this time bypaſt thinking much of the incoming of the kirk of the Jews; pray for them when they were in their Lord's houſe, at their Father's elbow, they were longing for the incoming of their little ſiſter, the kirk of the Gentiles. They ſaid to their Lord, Cant. viii. 8. 'We have a little ſiſter, and ſhe hath no breaſts; what ſhall we do for our ſiſter, in the day when ſhe is ſpoken for?' Let us give them a meeting, What ſhall we do for our elder ſiſter the Jews? Lord Jeſus give them breaſts. That were a glad day to ſee us and them both ſet down at one table, and Chriſt at the head of the table. Then would our Lord come ſhortly with his fair guard, to hold his great court. Dear ſiſter, be patient for the Lord's ſake, under the wrongs that you ſuffer of the wicked: your Lord ſhall make you ſee your deſire on your enemies; ſome of them ſhall be cut off, Job xv. verſe 33. 'They ſhall ſhake off their unripe grapes as the vine, and caſt off their flower as the olive:' God ſhall make them like unripe ſour grapes, ſhaken off the tree with the blaſt of God's wrath, and therefore pity them, and pray for them: others of them muſt remain to exerciſe you; God hath ſaid of them, 'Let the tares grow up while harveſt,' Mat. xiii. It proves you to be your Lord's wheat. Be patient, Chriſt went to heaven with many a wrong; his viſage and countenance was all marred more than the ſons of men; you may not be above your Maſter. many a black ſtroke received innocent Jeſus, and he received no mends, but referred them all to the great court-day, when all things ſhall be righted. I deſire to hear from you, within a day or two, if Mr. Robert remain in his purpoſe, to come and help us. God ſhall give you joy of your children. I pray for them by their names; I bleſs you from the Lord, your huſband and children. Grace, grace and mercy be multiplied upon you.

*Anwoth, May 7.*
1731.

*Yours in the Lord for ever,* S. R.

6. T

## 6. To MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved sister,*

MY love in Christ remembered. I have received a letter from Edinburgh, certainly informing me, that the English service, and the organs, and King James's Psalms are to be imposed upon our kirk, and the Bishops are dealing for a General Assembly; A. R. hath confirmed the news also, and says, he spoke with Sir William Alexander, who is to come down with his prince's warrant for that effect. I am desired in the received letter to acquaint the best affected about me with that storm; therefore I intreat you, and charge you in the Lord's name, pray; but do not communicate this to any while I see you. My heart is broken at the remembrance of it, and it was my fear, and answereth to my last letter, except one, that I wrote unto you. Dearly beloved, be not casten down, but let us, as the Lord's doves, take us to our wings, for other armour have we none, and flee into the hole of the Rock. It is true, A. R. says, the worthiest men in England are banished and silenced, about the number of sixteen or seventeen choice gospel preachers, and the persecution is already begun: howbeit I do not write this unto you with a dry face, yet I am confident in the Lord's strength. Christ and his side shall overcome; and you shall be assured, the kirk were not a kirk, if it were not so: as our dear Husband in wooing his kirk received many a black stroke, so his bride in wooing him gets many blows, and in this wooing there are strokes upon both sides; let it be so, the devil will not make the marriage go back, neither can he tear the contract; the end shall be mercy: yet, notwithstanding of all this, we have no warrant of God to leave off all lawful means. I have been writing unto you the counsels and draughts of men against the kirk; but they know not, as Micah says, the counsel of Jehovah. The great men of the world may make ready the fiery furnace for Zion: but trow ye, that they can cause the fire to burn? No, he that made the fire, I trust, shall not say Amen to their decrects. I trust in my Lord, God hath not subscribed their bill, and their conclusions have not yet past our great King's seal: therefore, if ye think good, address youhself first to the Lord, and then to A. R. anent the business that you know. I am most unkindly handled by the presbytery; and, as if I had been a stranger, and not a member of that seat, to sit in judgment with them, I was summoned, by their order, as a witness against B. A. but they have got no advantage in that matter. Other particulars you shall hear, God willing, at meeting. Anent the matters betwixt you and J. E. I remember it to God: I intreat you in the Lord be submissive to his will; for the higher that their pride mount up,

they are the nearer a fall: the Lord will more and more discover that man. Let your husband, in all matters of judgment, take Christ's part for the defence of the poor and needy and oppressed, for the maintnance of equity and justice in the town; and take you no fear, he shall take your part, and then you are strong enough. What? howbeit you receive indignities for your Lord's sake, let it be so: when he shall put his holy hand up to your face in heaven, and dry your face, and wipe the tears from your eyes, judge ye, if ye will not have cause then to rejoice. Anent other particulars, if you would speak with me, appoint any of the first three days of the next week in Carletoun, when Carletoun is at home, and acquaint me with your desires; and remember me to God, and my dearest affection to your husband, and for Zion's sake hold not your peace. The Grace of our Lord Jesus be with you, and your husband, and children.

*Anwoth*, *Jan.* 2. 1631. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

## 7. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Dear mistress*,

I Have not time this day to write to you; but God knowing my present state, and necessities of my calling, I hope will spare my mother's life for a time, for the which I have cause to thank my Lord. I intreat you be not cast down, for that which I wrote before to you, anent the planting of a minister in your town. Believe, and you shall see the salvation of God. I write this, because when you suffer, my heart suffereth with you. I do believe, your soul shall have joy in your labours and holy desires for that work. Grace upon you, and your husband, and your children.

*Anwoth*. *Yours ever in Christ*, S. R.

## 8. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Beloved mistress*,

MY dearest love in Christ remembered to you: know that Mr. Abraham shewed me, there is to be a meeting of the Bishops at Edinburgh shortly; the causes are known to themselves: it is our part to hold up our hands for Zion. Howbeit it is reported they came sad from court. It is our Lord's wisdom that his kirk should ever hang by a thread, and yet the thread breaketh not, being hanged upon him, who is the sure nail in David's house, Isa. xxii. 22. upon whom all the vessels, great and small, do hang; and the Nail (God be thanked) neither crooketh, nor can be broken: Jesus, that flower of Jesse, set without hands, getteth many a blast, and yet withers not, because

becauſe he is his Father's noble Roſe, caſting a ſweet ſmell thro' heaven and earth, and muſt grow; and in the ſame garden with him grow the ſaints, God's fair and beautiful lilies, under wind and rain, and all ſun-burned, and yet life remaineth at the root: keep within his garden, and you ſhall grow with them, till the great Huſbandman, our dear Maſter-gardener come, and tranſplant you from the lower part of his vineyard up to the higher, to the very heart of his garden, above the wrongs of the rain, ſun, or wind: and then wait upon the times of the blowing of the ſweet ſouth and north wind of his gracious Spirit, may make you caſt a ſweet ſmell in your Beloved's noſtrils; and bid your Beloved come down to his garden and eat of his pleaſant fruits, Cant. iv. 16. and he will come. You will get no more but this, until you come up to the Well-head, where you ſhall put up your hand, and take down the apples of the Tree of life, and eat under the ſhadow of that Tree; theſe apples are ſweeter up beſide the Tree, than they are down here, in this piece of a clay priſon-houſe. I have no joy but in the thoughts of theſe times. Doubt not of your Lord's part, and the ſpouſe's part, ſhe ſhall be in good caſe. That word ſhall ſtand, Hoſ. xiv. 5. *I ſhall be as the dew to Iſrael, he ſhall grow up as the lily, and caſt out his roots as Lebanon.* Ver. 6. *His branches ſhall ſpread, his beauty ſhall be as the olive-tree, and his ſmell as Lebanon,* Iſa. xi. 12. Chriſt ſhall ſet up his colours, and his enſign for the nations, and ſhall gather together the outcaſts of Iſrael, Ezek. xxxvii. 11, *Then the Lord ſaid to me, Son of man, theſe dead bones are the whole houſe of Iſrael; behold they ſay, our bones are dried, our hope is loſt, we are cut off for our parts.* Ver. 12. *Therefore propheſy unto them, and ſay, Thus ſaith the Lord God, Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cauſe you come up out of your graves, and bring you unto the land of Iſrael.* Theſe promiſes are not wind, but the breaſts of our beloved Chriſt, which we muſt ſuck, and draw comfort out of. We have cauſe to pity thoſe poor creatures, that ſtand out againſt Chriſt, and the building of his houſe: ſilly men, they have but feckleſs and ſilly heaven, nothing but meat and cloth, and laugh a day or two in the world, and then in a moment go down to the grave. And they ſhall not be able to hinder Chriſt's building; he that is Maſter of the work will lead ſtones to the wall over their belly. And for that preſent tumult, that the children of this world raiſe, anent the planting of your town with a paſtor, believe and ſtay upon God (as you ſtill ſhame us all in believing) go forward in the ſtrength of the Lord, and from my Lord I ſay, before whom I ſtand, have your eyes upon none but the Lord of armies; and the Lord ſhall either let you ſee what you long to ſee, or then fulfil your joy more abundantly another way. You and yours, and the children of

God

God whom ye care for in that town, ſhall have as much of the Son of God's ſupper, cut and laid down upon your trenchers, be he who he will that carveth, as ſhall feed you to eternal life: and be not caſt down for all that is done, your reward is laid up with God. I hope to ſee you laugh and leap for joy. Will the temple be built without din and tumult? No, God's ſtones of his houſe in Germany are laid with blood; and the Son of God no ſooner begins to chop and hew ſtones with his hammer, but as ſoon the ſword is drawn. If the work were of men, the world would ſet their ſhoulders to yours; but in Chriſt's work, two or three muſt fight againſt a preſbytery (though his own court) and a city: this proveth that it is Chriſt's errand, and therefore that it ſhall thrive; let them lay iron chains croſs over the door, ſtay and believe, and wait, while the Lion of the tribe of Judah come; and he that comes from heaven clothed with the rainbow, and hath the little book in his hand, when he takes a grip of their chains, he will lay the door upon the broad ſide, and come in, and go up to the pulpit, and take the man with him whom he hath choſen for his work: therefore let me hear from you, whether ye be in heavineſs, or rejoicing under hope, that I may take part of your grief, and bear it with you, and get part of your joy, which is to me alſo as my own joy. And as to what are your fears, anent the health or life of your dear children, lay it upon Chriſt's ſhoulders, let him bear all; looſe your grips of them all, and when your dear Lord pulleth, let them go with faith and joy: it is a tried faith, to kiſs a Lord that is taking from you. Let them be careful, during the ſhort time that they are here, to run and get a grip of the prize; Chriſt is ſtanding in the end of their way, holding up the garland of endleſs glory to their eyes, and is crying, Run faſt, and come and receive: happy are they, if their breath ſerve them to run, and not to weary, while their Lord with his own dear hand puts the crown upon their head. It is not long days, but good days, that make the life glorious and happy; and our dear Lord is gracious to us, who ſhorteneth, and hath made the way to glory ſhorter than it was; ſo that the crown that Noah did fight for five hundred years, children may now obtain in fifteen years. And heaven is in ſome ſort better for us now, than it was to Noah: for the man Chriſt is there now, who was not come in the fleſh in Noah's days. You will ſhew this to your children, whom my ſoul in Chriſt bleſſeth; and intreat them by the mercies of God, and the bowels of Jeſus Chriſt, to covenant with Jeſus Chriſt to be his, and to make up the bond of friendſhip betwixt their ſouls and their Chriſt, that they may have acquaintance in heaven, and a friend at God's right-hand; ſuch a friend at court is much worth. Now I take my leave of you, praying my Chriſt, and your Chriſt, to fulfil your joy, and

more

more graces and bleſſings from our ſweet Lord Jeſus to your ſoul, your huſband's, and children, than ever I wrote of letters of A, B, C, to you. Grace, grace be with you.

*Anwoth, March* 9. 1632. *Yours in my ſweet Maſter Jeſus Chriſt*, S. R.

## 9. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Dearly beloved Miſtreſs,*

MY love in Chriſt remembered. You are not ignorant what our Lord in his love viſitation hath been doing with your ſoul, even letting you ſee a little ſight of that dark trance you muſt go through ere you come to glory. Your life hath been near the grave, and you was at the door, and you found the door ſhut faſt; your dear Chriſt thinking it not time to open theſe gates to you, while you have fought ſome longer in his camp: and therefore he willeth you to put on your armour again, and to take no truce with the devil, or this preſent world; ye are little obliged to any of the two: but I rejoice in this, that when any of the two comes to ſuit your ſoul in marriage, you have an anſwer in readineſs to tell them, You are too long a coming: I have many a year ſince promiſed my ſoul to another, even to my deareſt Lord Jeſus, to whom I muſt be true; and therefore you are come back to us again to help us to pray for Chriſt's fair bride, a marrow dear to him. Be not caſt down in heart, to hear that the world barketh at Chriſt's ſtrangers, both in Ireland and in this land; they do it becauſe their Lord hath choſen them out of this world; and this is one of our Lord's reproaches, to be hated and ill intreated by men: the ſilly ſtranger in an uncouth country muſt take with ſmoky inns, and coarſe cheer, and a hard bed, and a barking ill-tongued hoſt. It is not long to day, and he will to his journey upon the morrow, and leave them all: indeed our fair morning is at hand, the day-ſtar is near the riſing, and we are not many miles from home; what matter of ill entertainment in the ſmoky inns of this miſerable life? we are not to ſtay here, and we will be dearly welcome to him whom we go to; and I hope when I ſhall ſee you clothed in white raiment, waſhen in the blood of the Lamb, and ſhall ſee you even at the elbow of your deareſt Lord and Redeemer, and a crown upon your head, and following our Lamb and lovely Lord whitherſoever he goeth, you will think nothing of all theſe days, and you ſhall then rejoice, and no man ſhall take your joy from you: and it is certain, there is not much ſand to run in your Lord's ſand-glaſs, and that day is at hand, and till then your Lord in this life is giving you ſome little feaſts. It is true, ye ſee him not now, as you ſhall ſee him then; your Well-beloved ſtandeth now behind the wall,

wall, looking out at the window, Cant. ii. 9. and you ſee but a little of his face; then you ſhall ſee all his face, and all the Saviour, a long and high and broad Lord Jeſus, the moſt lovely Perſon among the children of men. O joy of joys! that our ſouls know there is ſuch a great ſupper preparing for us; even howbeit we be but half hungered of Chriſt here, and many a time dine behind noon, yet the ſupper of the Lamb will come in time, and will be ſet before us, before we famiſh, and loſe our ſtomachs. You have cauſe to hold up your heart in remembrance and hope of that fair long ſummer-day; for in this night of your life wherein you are in the body, abſent from the Lord, Chriſt's fair moon-light in his word, and ſacraments, in prayer, feeling, and holy conference, hath ſhined upon you to let you ſee the way to the city. I confeſs our diet here is but ſparing, we get but taſtings of our Lord's comforts; but the cauſe of that is not, becauſe our Steward Jeſus is a niggard, and narrow hearted, but becauſe our ſtomachs are weak, and we are narrow hearted: but the great feaſt is coming, when our hearts ſhall be enlarged, and the chambers of them made fair and wide, to take in the great Lord Jeſus: come in then, Lord Jeſus, to hungry ſouls, gaping for thee. In this journey take the Bridegroom, as you may have him, and be greedy of his ſmalleſt crumbs; but, dear miſtreſs, buy none of Chriſt's ſpiritual delicates with ſin, or faſting againſt your weak body; remember you are in the body, and it is the lodging-houſe, and you may not, without offending the Lord, ſuffer the old walls of that houſe to fall down, through want of neceſſary food: your body is the dwelling houſe of the Spirit, and therefore, for the love you carry to the ſweet Gueſt, give a due regard to his houſe of clay: when he looſeth the wall, why not? welcome, Lord Jeſus; but it is a fearful ſin in us, by hurting the body by faſting, to looſe one ſtone, or the leaſt piece of timber in it: for the houſe is not your own, the Bridegroom is with you yet; ſo faſt, as that ye may alſo feaſt and rejoice in him. I think upon your magiſtrates; but he that is clothed in linen, and hath the writers inkhorn by his ſide, hath written up their names in heaven already: pray, and be content with his will; God hath a council-houſe in heaven, and the end will be mercy unto you. For the planting of your town with a godly miniſter, have your eye upon the Lord of the harveſt; I dare promiſe you, God in this life ſhall fill your ſoul with the fatneſs of his houſe, for your care to ſee Chriſt's bairns fed; and your poſterity ſhall know it, to whom I pray for mercy, and that they may get a name amongſt the living in Jeruſalem: and if God portion them with his bairns, their rent is fair, and I hope it ſhall be ſo. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth, Sept.* 19. 1732. *Yours ever in Chriſt*, S. R.

10. *For*

## 10. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved sister in Christ,*

YOU shall understand, I have received a letter from Edirburgh, that it is suspected that there will be a general assembly, or some meeting of the Bishops; and that at this synod there will be some commissioners chosen by the Bishop: which news have so taken up my mind, that I am not so settled for studies as I have been before; and therefore was never in such fear for the work. But because it is written to me as a secret, I dare not reveal it to any, but to yourself, whom I know: and therefore I intreat you, not for any comfort of mine, who am but one man, but for the honour and glory of Jesus Christ, the Master of the banquet, be more earnest with God, and in general shew others of your Christian acquaintance my fears for myself. I can be content of shame in that work, if my Lord and Master be honoured; and therefore petition our Lord, especially to see to his own glory, and to give bread to his hungry bairns, howbeit I go hungry away from the feast. Request Mr. Robert from me, if he come not, remember us to our Lord. I have neither time, nor a free disposed mind to write to you anent your own case. Send me word, if all your children and husband be well: seeing they are not yours, but your dear Lord's, esteem them but as borrowed, and lay them down at God's feet; your Christ to you is better than they all. You will pardon my unaccustomed short letter, and remember me, and that honourable feast, to our Lord Jesus. He was with us before, I hope he will not change upon us, but I fear I have changed upon him; but, Lord, let old kindness stand! Jesus Christ be with your spirit.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 11. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved and dear sister,*

MY tender affection in Christ remembered. I left you in as great heaviness as I was in since I came to this country: but I know you doubt not, but (as the truth in Christ is) my soul is knit to your soul, and to the souls of all yours, and would, if I could, send you the largest part of my heart inclosed in this letter: but, by fervent calling upon my Lord, I have attained some victory over my heart, which runneth often not knowing whither, and of my beguiling hopes which I know now better than I did; and trusts in my Lord, to hold aloof from the enticings of a seducing heart, by which I am daily cozened; and minds not, by his grace, who hath called me according to his eternal purpose, to come so far within grips of my foolish mind, gripping about any folly coming its way, as the woodbind or ivy goeth about the tree. I adore and kiss the providence of

my Lord, who knoweth well what is moſt expedient for me, and for you and your children; and I think of you as of myſelf, that the Lord, who turneth (in his deep wiſdom) about all the wheels and turnings of ſuch changes, ſhall alſo diſpoſe of that for the beſt to you and yours. In the preſence of my Lord, I am not able, howbeit I would, to conceive amiſs of you, in that matter: grace, grace for ever upon you and your ſeed; and it ſhall be your portion, in deſpite of all the powers of darkneſs: do not make more queſtion of this. But the Lord ſaw a nail in my heart looſe, and he hath now faſtened it, honour be to his Majeſty. I hear your ſon is entered to the ſchool; if I had known of the day, I would have begged from our Lord, that he would have put the book in his hand, with his own hand: I truſt in my Lord it is ſo, and I conceive hope, to ſee him a ſtar to give light in ſome room of our Lord's houſe; and purpoſe, by the Lord's grace, as I am able, (if our Lord call you to reſt before me) when you are at your home, to do the uttermoſt of my power to help him every way, in grace and learning, and his brother, and all your children; and I hope ye would expect that of me. Further you ſhall know, that Mr. W. D. is come home, who ſaith, it is a miracle that your huſband in this proceſs before the council, eſcaped both diſcredit and damage: let it not be forgotten, he was in our apprehenſion, to our grief, caſt down and humbled in the Lord's work, in that matter betwixt him and the bailey: now the Lord hath honoured him, and made him famous for virtue, honeſty and integrity, two ſeveral times before the nobles of this kingdom. Your Lord liveth, we will go to his throne of grace again; his arm is not ſhortened The king is certainly expected. Ill is feared; we have cauſe for our ſins to fear that the Bridegroom ſhall be taken from us: by our ſins, we have rent his fair garments, and we have ſtirred up and awakened our Beloved; pray him to tarry, or then to take us with him. It were good that we ſhould knock and rap at our Lord's door: we may not tire to knock oftener than twice or thrice, he knoweth the knock of his friends. I am ſtill what I was ever to your dear children, tendering their ſouls happineſs, and praying that grace, grace, grace, mercy and peace from God, even God our Father, and our Lord Jeſus, may be their portion; and that now, while they are green and young, their hearts may take band with Jeſus the Corner-ſtone, and win once in in our Lord and Saviour's houſe, and then they will not get leave to flit. Pray for me, and eſpecially for humility and thankfulneſs. I have always remembrance of you, and your huſband and dear children: the Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth.* *Yours evermore in my dear Lord Jeſus and yours,* S. R.

12. To

## 12. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved and dear sister,*

MY love in Christ remembered. God hath brought me home from a place where I have been exercised with great heaviness; and I have found at home new matter of heaviness, yet dare not but in all things give thanks: in my business in Edinburgh, I have not sinned, nor wronged my party, by his own confession and by the confession of his friends; I have given my goods for peace, and the saving of my Lord's truth from reproaches, which is dearer to me than all I have. My mother is weak, and I think shall leave me alone; but I am not alone, because Christ's Father is with me. For your business anent your town, I see great evidences; but Satan and his instruments are against it, and few set their shoulders to Christ's shoulder to help him; but he will do all his alone; and I dare not but exhort you to believe, and persuade you, that the hungry in your city shall be fed, and the rest that want a stomach, the parings of God's loaf will suffice them; and therefore believe it shall be well. I may not leave my mother to come and confer with you of all particulars; I have given such directions to our dear friend as I can, but the event is in our Lord's hand. God's Zion abroad flourisheth, and his arm is not shortened with us, if we could believe. There is scarcity and a famine of the word of God in Edinburgh. Your sister J. laboureth mightily in our business; but hath not as yet gotten an answer from J. P. Mr. A. C. will work what he can. My Lady saith she can do little, and that it suiteth not her husband well to speak in such an affair: I told her my mind plainly. I long to know of your estate: remember me heartily to your dear husband; grace be the portion of your bairns. I know you are mindful of the green wound of our sister kirk in Ireland: bid our Lord lay a plaister to it; he hath good skill to do so, and set others to work. Grace, grace upon your soul and body, and all yours.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in Christ*, S. R.

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## 13. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved and dear sister.*

I Know your heart is cast down, for the desolation like to come upon this kirk, and the appearance that an hireling shall be thrust in upon Christ's flock in that town; but send a heavy heart up to Christ, it will be welcome. These who are with the beast and the dragon must make war with the Lamb; but the Lamb shall overcome them; for he is the Lord of lords, and King of kings; and they who are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful, Rev. xvii. 14. Our ten days will have an end; all the former things shall be forgotten, when we shall

be up before the throne: Chriſt hath been ever thus in the world, he hath been always the defender's part, and been ſtill in the camp, fighting the church's battles. The enemies of the Son of God will be fed with their own fleſh, and ſhall drink their own blood; and therefore their part of it ſhall at laſt be found hard enough; ſo that we may look forward and pity them. Until the number of the elect be fulfilled, Chriſt's garments muſt be rolled in blood: he cometh from Edom, from the ſlaughter of his enemies, Iſa. lxiii. 1. clothed with dyed garments, glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatneſs of his ſtrength. Who is this (ſaith he) that appears in this glorious poſture? Our great He, that He who is mighty to ſave; whoſe glory ſhineth, while he ſprinkleth the blood of his adverſaries upon his garments, and ſtaineth all his raiment. The glory of his righteous revenges ſhineth forth in theſe ſtains; but ſeeing our world is not here away, we poor children, far from home, muſt ſteal through many waters, weeping as we go, and withal believing, that we do the Lord's faithfulneſs no wrong, ſeeing he hath ſaid, Iſa. li. 12. 'I even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that art afraid of a man that ſhall die, and of the ſon of man that ſhall be made as graſs?' Iſa. xliii. 2. 'When thou paſſeſt through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they ſhall not overflow thee; when thou walkeſt through the fire, thou ſhalt not be burnt, neither ſhall the flame kindle upon thee.' There is a cloud gathering, and a ſtorm coming; this land ſhall be turned up ſide-down: and if ever the Lord ſpake to me (think on it) Chriſt's bride will be glad of an hole to hide her head in; and the dragon may ſo far prevail, as to chaſe the woman and her Man child over ſea: but there ſhall be a gleaning, two or three berries left on the top of the olive-tree, of whom God ſhall ſay, Deſtroy them not; for there is a bleſſing in them. Thereafter there ſhall be a fair ſun-blink on Chriſt's old ſpouſe, and clear ſky, and ſhe ſhall ſing as in the days of her youth. The Antichriſt and the great red dragon will lop Chriſt's branches, and and bring his vine to a low ſtump, under the feet of thoſe who carry the mark of the beaſt; but the Plant of renown, the Man whoſe name is the BRANCH, will bud forth again and bloſſom as the roſe, and there ſhall be fair white flouriſhes again, with moſt pleaſant fruits upon that Tree of life: a fair ſeaſon may he have! Grace, grace be upon that bleſſed and beautiful Tree! under whoſe ſhadow we ſhall ſit, and his fruit ſhall be ſweet to our taſte. But Chriſt ſhall woo his handful in the fire, and chuſe his own in the furnace of affliction: but, be it ſo, he dow not, he will not ſlay his children; love will not let him make a full end; the covenant will cauſe him hold his hand. Fear not then (ſaith the Firſt and the Laſt, he who was dead and is alive)

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we ſee not Chriſt ſharpening and furbiſhing his ſword for his enemies; and therefore our faithleſs hearts ſay, as Zion did, The Lord hath forſaken me. But God reproveth her, and ſaith, Well, well, Zion, is that well ſaid? think again on it; you are in the wrong to me: Iſa. xlix. 15. Can a woman forget her ſucking child, that ſhe ſhould not have compaſſion on the fruit of her womb? Yea, ſhe may; yet will I not forget thee. Verſe 16. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands. You break your heart, and grow heavy, and forget that Chriſt hath your name ingraven on the palms of his hands, in great letters. In the name of the Son of God believe, buried Scotland, dead and buried in her dear Bridegroom, ſhall riſe the third day again, and there ſhall be a new growth after the old timber is cut down. I recommend you and your burdens, and heavy heart, to the ſupportings of his grace and good-will who dwelt in the buſh, to him who was ſeparate from his brethren. Try your huſband afar off, to ſee if he can be induced to think of going to America. O to ſee the ſight next to Chriſt's coming in the clouds the moſt joyful! our elder brethren, the Jews, and Chriſt fall upon one anothers necks, and kiſs each other! They have been long aſunder, they will be kind to one another when they meet: O day! O longed for, and lovely day, dawn! O ſweet Jeſus, let me ſee that ſight that will be as life from the dead, Thee and thy ancient people in mutual embraces! Deſire your daughter to cloſe with Chriſt, upon terms of ſuffering for him; for the croſs is an old mealing, and plot of ground that lieth to Chriſt's houſe: our Chief had ay that rent lying to his inheritance; but tell her, The day is near the dawning, the ſky is reviving, our Beloved will be on us, ere ever we be aware; the Antichriſt, and death, and hell, and Chriſt's enemies and ours will be bound, and caſt into the bottomleſs pit. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth, April* 22. 1635. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

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## 14. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Loving and dear ſiſter,*

FOR Zion's ſake hold not your peace, neither be diſcouraged for the on-going of this perſecution; Jehovah is in this burning buſh. The floods may ſwell and roar, but our ark ſhall ſwim above the waters; it cannot ſink, becauſe a Saviour is in it. Becauſe our Beloved was not let in by his ſpouſe, when he ſtood at the door with his wet and frozen head; therefore he will have us to ſeek him a while: and while we are ſeeking, the watchmen, that go about the walls, have ſtricken the poor woman, and have taken away her vail from her; but

yet

yet a little while, and our Lord will come again: Scotland's ſky will clear again; her moment muſt go over. I dare in faith ſay, and write (I am not now dreaming) Chriſt is but ſeeking (what he will have and make) a clean gliſtering bride out of the fire: God ſend him his errand; but he cannot want what he ſeeks. In the mean time, one way or other, he ſhall find or make a neſt for his mourning dove. What is this we are a doing, breaking the neck of our faith? We are not come as yet to the mouth of the Red-ſea; and howbeit we were, for his honour's ſake he muſt dry it up. It is our part to die gripping and holding faſt his faithful promiſe. If the beaſt ſhould get leave to ride through the Land, and to ſeal ſuch as are his, he will not get one lamb with him, for theſe are ſecured, and ſealed as the ſervants of God. In Chriſt's name, let Chriſt take his barn-floor, and all that is in it, to a hill and winnow it; let him ſift his corn, and ſweep his houſe, and ſeek his gold. The Lord ſhall cog the rumbling wheels, or turn them: for the remainder of wrath doth he reſtrain: he can looſe the belt of kings; to God their belt, wherewith they are girt, is knit with a ſingle draw-knot. As for a paſtor to your town, your conſcience can bear you witneſs, you have done your part; let the Maſter of the vineyard now ſee to his garden, ſeeing you have gone on, till he hath ſaid, Stand ſtill: the will of the Lord be done; but a trial is not to give up with God, and believe no more. I thank my God in Chriſt, I find the force of my temptation abated, and its edge blunted, ſince I ſpoke to you laſt: I know not, if the tempter be hovering, until he find the dam gather again, and me more ſecure; but it hath been my burden; and I am yet more confident, the Lord will ſuccour and deliver. I intend, God willing, that our communion ſhall be celebrated the firſt ſabbath after Paſch: our Lord, that great Maſter of the feaſt, ſend us one hearty and heartſome ſupper; for I look it ſhall be the laſt: but we expect, when the ſhadows ſhall flee away, and the day dawn, and our Lord ſhall come to his garden, that he ſhall feed us in green paſtures without fear; the dogs then ſhall not be hounded out amongſt the ſheep. I earneſtly deſire your prayers, for aſſiſtance at our work; and put others with you to do the ſame. Remember me to your huſband; and deſire your daughter to be kind to Chriſt, and ſeek to win near him; he will give her a welcome into his houſe of wine, and bring her into the king's chambers: O how will the ſight of his face, and the ſmell of his garments allure and raviſh her heart! Now the love of the lovely Son of God be with you.

*Anwoth,*
1635.

*Yours in his ſweet*
*Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

15. *For*

## 15. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Miſtreſs,*

MY love in Chriſt remembered. Having appointed a meeting with Mr. D. D. and knowing that B. will not keep the preſbytery, I cannot ſee you now, commend my journey to God; my ſoul bleſſeth you for your laſt letter. Be not diſcouraged, Chriſt will not want the iſles-men; the iſles ſhall wait for his law: we are his inheritance, and he will ſell no part of his inheritance. For the ſins of this land, and our breach of the covenant, contempt of the goſpel, and our defection from the truth, he hath ſet up a burning furnace in mount Zion: but I ſay it, and will abide by it, The graſs ſhall yet grow green on our mount Zion: there ſhall be a dew all the night upon the lilies, amongſt which Chriſt feedeth, until the day break, and the ſhadows flee away: and the moth ſhall eat up the enemies of Chriſt, Iſa. l. 9. 'Let them make a fire of their own, and walk in the light thereof, it ſhall not let them ſee to go to their bed; but they ſhall ly down in ſorrow;' therefore rejoice and believe. Thus in haſte. Grace, grace be with you and yours.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in Chriſt,* S. R.

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## 16. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Loving and dear ſiſter,*

I Fear that you be moved and caſt down, becauſe of the late wrong that your huſband received in your town council: but I pray you, comfort yourſelf in the Lord; for a juſt cauſe bides under the water only as long as wicked men hold their hand above it; their arm will weary, and then the juſt cauſe ſhall ſwim above, and the light that is ſown for the righteous ſhall ſpring and grow up. If ye were not ſtrangers here, the dogs of the world would not bark at you, 2 Cor. vi. 8. You ſhall ſee all the windings and turnings, that are in your way to heaven, out of God's word: for he will not lead you to the kingdom at the neareſt: but you muſt go thro' honour and diſhonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet true; v. 9. As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as chaſtened, and not killed; ver. 10. As ſorrowful, and yet always rejoicing. The world is one of the enemies that we have to fight with, but a vanquiſhed and overcome enemy, and like a beaten and forlorn ſoldier; for our Jeſus hath taken the armour from it; let me then ſpeak to you in his words, Be of good courage, ſaith the Captain of our ſalvation, for I have overcome the world. You ſhall neither be free of the ſcourge of the tongue, nor of diſgraces, even if it were buffettings and

ſpittings

ſpittings upon the face, as was our Saviour's caſe, if you follow Jeſus Chriſt: I beſeech you in the bowels of our Lord Jeſus, keep a good conſcience (as I truſt you do) you live not upon men's opinion; gold may be gold, and have the king's ſtamp upon it, when it is trampled upon by men. Happy are you, if when the world trampleth upon you in your credit and good name, yet you are the Lord's gold, ſtamped with the King of heaven's image, and ſealed by his Spirit unto the day of your redemption. Pray for the ſpirit of love, 1 Cor. xiii. 7. 'Love beareth all things, it believeth all things, hopeth all things, and endureth all things. And I pray you and your huſband, yea, I charge you before God, and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the elect angels, pray for theſe your adverſaries: and read this to your huſband from me; and let both of you put on, as the elect of God, bowels of mercies. And, ſiſter, remember how many thouſands of talents of ſins your Maſter hath forgiven you; forgive ye therefore your fellow-ſervants one talent: follow God's command in this, and ſeek not after your own heart, and after your own eyes, in this matter, as the Spirit ſpeaks, Numb. xv. 37. Aſk never the counſel of your own heart here; the world will blow up your heart now, and cauſe it ſwell, except the grace of God cauſe it fall. Jeſus, even Jeſus the eteral Wiſdom of the Father, give you wiſdom: I truſt God ſhall be glorified in you; and a door ſhall be opened unto you, as the Lord's priſoners of hope, as Zechariah ſpeaks. It is a benefit to you, that the wicked are God's fan to purge you; and I hope they ſhall blow away no corn, or ſpiritual graces, but only your chaff: I pray you, in your purſuit, have ſo recourſe to the law of men, that you wander not from the law of God. Be not caſt down: if you ſaw him, who is ſtanding on the ſhore, holding out his arms to welcome you to land, you would not only wade through a ſea of wrongs, but through hell itſelf, to be at him; and I truſt in God, you ſee him ſometimes. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit, and all yours.

*Anwoth.* *Your brother in the Lord,* S. R.

## 17. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Worthy and dear ſiſter,*

MY deareſt love in Chriſt remembered. As to that buſineſs, which I know you would ſo fain have taking effect, my earneſt deſire is, that you ſtand ſtill; haſte not, and you ſhall ſee the ſalvation of God. The great Maſter-gardener, the Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, in a wonderful providence, with his own hand, (I dare, if it were to edification, ſwear it) planted me here, where by his grace, in this part of his vineyard, I grow: I dare not ſay, but Satan and the world (one of his

his pages, whom he ſends his errands) have ſaid otherwiſe; and here I will abide till the great Maſter of the vineyard think fit to tranſplant me: but when he ſees meet to looſe me at the root, and to plant me where I may be more uſeful, both as to fruit and ſhadow; and when he who planteth, pulleth up that he may tranſplant, who dare put to their hand and hinder? if they do, God ſhall break their arm at the ſhoulder-blade, and do his turn. When our Lord is going weſt, the devil and world go eaſt; and do you not know, that it hath been ever this way betwixt God and the world, God drawing, and they holding; God, Yea, and the world, Nay? but they fall on their back and are fruſtrated, and our Lord holdeth his grip. Wherefore doth the world ſay, that our Chriſt, the Goodman of the houſe, his dear kirk, hath feet like fine braſs, as if they were burned in a furnace? Rev. i. 15. for no other cauſe, but becauſe where our Lord ſetteth down his brazen feet, he will forward; and whitherſoever he looketh, he will follow his look; and his feet burn all under them, like as fire doth ſtubble and thorns. I think he hath now given the world a proof of his exceeding great power, when he is doing ſuch great things, wherein Zion is concerned, by the ſword of the Swediſh king, as of Gideon. As you love the glory of God, pray inſtantly (yea, engage all your praying acquaintances, and take their faithful promiſe to do the like for this king, and every one that Zion's King armeth, to execute the written vengeance on Babylon: our Lord hath begun to looſe ſome of Babylon's corner-ſtones; pray him to hold on: for that city muſt fall, and the birds of the air and the beaſts of the earth muſt make a banquet of Babylon; for he hath invited them to eat the fleſh of that whore, and to drink her blood: and the cup of the Lord's right-hand ſhall be turned unto her, and ſhameful ſpewing ſhall be upon her glory! He, whoſe word muſt ſtand, hath ſaid, 'Take this cup at the hand of the Lord, and drink, and be drunken, and ſpew and fall, and riſe no more,' Jer. xxv. 17. Our Jeſus is ſetting up himſelf as his Father's Enſign, Iſa. xi. 10. as God's white fair Colours, that his ſoldiers may flock about him: long, long may theſe Colours ſtand! It is long ſince he diſplayed a banner againſt Babylon, in the ſight of men and angels; let us rejoice and triumph in our God, the victory is certain; for when Chriſt and Babel wreſtle, then angels and ſaints may prepare themſelves to ſing, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen. Howbeit that Prince of renown, precious Jeſus, be now weeping and bleeding in his members, yet Chriſt will laugh again; and it is time enough for us to laugh when our Lord Chriſt laugheth, and that will be ſhortly: for when we hear of wars and rumours of wars, the Judge's feet are then before the door, and he muſt be in heaven, giving order to the angels to make themſelves ready, and

prepare their hooks and ſickles for that great harveſt. Chriſt will be upon us in haſte; watch but a little, and ere long the ſkies will rive, and that fair lovely Perſon, Jeſus, ſhall come in the clouds, freighted and loaded with glory; and then all theſe knaves and foxes, that deſtroyed the vines, ſhall call to the hills, and cry to the mountains to cover them, and hide them from the face of him who ſitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. Remember me to your huſband; and deſire him from me to help Chriſt, and to take his part, and in judgment ſide ever with him, and receive a blow patiently for his ſake; for he is worthy to be ſuffered for, not only to blows, but alſo to blood: he ſhall find, that innocency and uprightneſs in judgment ſhall hold its feet, and make him happy, when jouking will not do it. I ſpeak this, becauſe a perſon ſaid to me, I pray God the country be not in worſe caſe now, when the provoſt and bailies are more agreed than formerly: to whom I replied, I truſt the provoſt is agreed with the man's perſon, but not with his faults. I pray for you, with my whole ſoul and deſire, that your children may walk in the truth; and that the Lord may ſhine upon them, and make their faces to ſhine, when the faces of others ſhall bluſh. I dare promiſe them in his name, whoſe truth I preach, if they will but try God's ſervice, that they ſhall find him the ſweeteſt Maſter that ever they ſerved: and deſire them from me, but to try for a while the ſervice of this bleſſed Maſter, and then if his ſervice be not ſweet, if it afford not what is pleaſant to the ſoul's taſte, change him upon trial and ſeek a better. Chriſt is an unknown Chriſt to young ones, and therefore they ſeek him not, becauſe they know him not. Bid them come and ſee, and ſeek a kiſs of his mouth: and then they will find his mouth is ſo ſweet, that they will be everlaſtingly chained unto him, by their own conſent. If I have any credit with your children, I intreat them in Chriſt's name, to try what truth and reality is in what I ſay, and leave not his ſervice, till they have found me a liar: I gave you, your huſband and them, to his keeping, to whom I have, and dare venture myſelf and ſoul, even to our dear Friend Jeſus Chriſt, in whom I am

*Anwoth.* *Yours*, S. R.

## 18. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved ſiſter,*

MY deareſt love in Chriſt remembered to you: know that I am great heavineſs for the pitiful caſe of our Lord's kirk. I hear the cauſe why Dr. Burton is committed to priſon, is, his writing and preaching againſt the Arminians: I therefore intreat the aid of your prayers for myſelf, and the Lord's captives

of

of hope, and for Zion. The Lord hath and daily lets me ſee clearly, how deep furrows Arminianiſm, and the followers of it, ſhall draw upon the back of God's Iſrael (but our Lord cuts the cords of the wicked) Iſa. xlix. 14. 'But Zion ſaid, The Lord hath forſaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me.' Lam. i. 2. 'Zion weepeth ſore in the night, and her tears are upon her cheeks: amongſt her lovers ſhe hath none to comfort her, all her friends have dealt treacherouſly with her, and are become her enemies.' Iſa. i. 22. 'Our ſilver is become droſs, our wine is mixed with water.' Lam. iv. 1. 'How is the gold become dim? how is the fine gold changed? the ſtones of the ſanctuary are poured out in the top of every ſtreet.' Ver. 2. 'The precious ſons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they eſteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter?' It is time now for the Lord's ſecret ones, who favour the duſt of Zion, to cry, How long, Lord? and to go up to their watch-tower, and to ſtay there, and not to come down, until the viſion ſpeak; for it will ſpeak, Hab. ii. In the mean time, The juſt ſhall live by faith. Let us wait on, and not weary. I have not a thread to hang upon and reſt, but this one, Iſa. xlix. 15. 'Can a woman forget her ſucking child, that ſhe ſhould not have compaſſion on the ſon of her womb? yea, ſhe may forget, yet I will not forget thee.' Ver. 16. 'Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands, thy walls are continually before me.' For all outward helps do fail; it is time therefore to hang ourſelves, as our Lord's veſſels, upon the nail that is faſtened in a ſure place. We would make ſtakes of our own faſtening, but they will break. Our Lord will have Zion on his own nail. Edom is buſy within us, and Babel without us, againſt the handful of Jacob's ſeed. It were beſt that we were upon Chriſt's ſide of it, for his enemies will get the ſtakes to keep (as the proverb is) our greateſt difficulty will be, to win upon the Rock now, when the wind and waves of perſecution are ſo lofty and proud. Let ſweet Jeſus take us by the hand; neither muſt we think that it will be otherwiſe, for it is told to the ſouls under the altar, Rev. vi. 'That their fellow ſervants muſt be killed as they were.' Surely it cannot be long till day. Nay, hear him ſay, Behold, I come, my dear bride; think not long, I ſhall be at you at once; I hear you, and am coming. Amen, Even ſo come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly; for the priſoners of hope are looking out at the priſon-windows, to ſee if they can behold the king's ambaſſador coming with the King's warrant, and the keys. I write not to you by gueſs now, becauſe I have a warrant to ſay unto you, the garments of Chriſt's ſpouſe muſt be once again dyed in blood, as long ago her Huſband's was; but our Father ſees his bleeding Son.

What I write unto you, ſhew it to I. G. Grace, grace, grace and mercy be with you, your huſband and children.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

## 19. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved and dear ſiſter in Chriſt,*

I Could not get an anſwer written to your letter till now, in reſpect of my wife's diſeaſe, and ſhe is yet mightily pained; I hope all ſhall end in God's mercy: I know that an afflicted life looks very like the way that leads to the kingdom; for the apoſtle, Acts xiv. 22. hath drawn the line, and the King's market-way, through much tribulation to the kingdom. The Lord grant us the whole armour of God. You write to me concerning your people's diſpoſition, how their hearts are inclined toward the man you know, and whom you deſire moſt earneſtly yourſelf. He would moſt gladly have the Lord's call for tranſplantation; for he knows, all God's plants, ſet by his own hand, thrive well; and if the work be of God, he can make a ſtepping-ſtone of the devil himſelf, for ſetting forward the work. For yourſelf, I would adviſe you to aſk of God a ſubmiſſive heart. Your reward ſhall be with the Lord. Although the people be not gathered (as the prophet ſpeaks) and ſuppoſe the word do not proſper, God ſhall account you a repairer of the breaches. And take Chriſt caution, ye ſhall not loſe your reward Hold your grip faſt. If ye knew the mind of the glorified in heaven, they think heaven come to their hand at an eaſy market, when they have got it for three or fourſcore years wreſtling with God. When ye are come thither, ye ſhall think, all I did, in reſpect of my rich reward now enjoyed of free grace, was too little. Now, then, for the love of the Prince of your ſalvation, who is ſtanding at the end of your way, holding up in his hand the prize and the garland to the race-runners, forward, forward, faint not; take as many to heaven with you, as ye are able to draw: the more you draw with you, ye ſhall be the welcomer yourſelf. Be no niggard or ſparing churl of the grace of God; and employ all your endeavours for eſtabliſhing an honeſt miniſtry in your town, now when ye have ſo few to ſpeak a good word for you. I have many a grieved heart daily in my calling: I would be undone, if I had not acceſs to the King's chamber of preſence, to ſhew him all the buſineſs. The devil rages and is mad, to ſee the water drawn from his own mill; but would to God, we could be the Lord's inſtruments to build the Son of God's houſe. Pray for me. If the Lord furniſh not new timber from Lebanon, to build the houſe, the work will ceaſe. I look to him who hath begun well with me; I have his hand-writ,

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he will not change. Your daughter is well, and longs for a Bible. The Lord eſtabliſh you in peace. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth.* *Yours at all power in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 20. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT,

*Miſtreſs*,

MY love in Chriſt remembered. Our communion is on ſabbath come eight-days, I will entreat you to recommend it to God, and pray for me in that work. I have more ſins upon me now than the laſt time; therefore I will beſeech you in Chriſt, ſeek this petition to me from God, that the Lord would give me grace to vow and perform new obedience. I have cauſe to ſuit this of you, and ſhew it to Thomas Carſen, Fergus and Jane Brown; for I have been, and am exceedingly caſt down, and am fighting againſt a malicious devil, of whom I can win little ground: and I would think a ſpoil, plucked from him and his truſty ſervant ſin, a lawful and juſt conqueſt; and it were no ſin to take from him. In the name of the Goodman of our houſe, King Jeſus, I invite you to the banquet; he ſaith, ye ſhall be dearly welcome to him. And I deſire to believe, (howbeit not without great fear) he ſhall be as hearty in his own houſe, as he hath been before. For me it is but ſmall reckoning; but I would fain have our Father and Lord to break the fair Loaf, Chriſt, and to diſtribute his ſlain Son amongſt the bairns of his houſe; and that, if any were a ſtep-bairn, in reſpect of comfort and ſenſe, it were rather myſelf than his poor bairns. Therefore bid our Well-beloved come to his garden, and feed among the lilies. And as concerning Zion, I hope our Lord, who, Zech. ii. ſent his angel with a meaſuring-line in his hand, to meaſure the length and breadth of Jeruſalem, in token he would not want a foot-length or inch of his own free heritage, ſhall take order with thoſe who have taken away many acres of his own land from him; and God will build Jeruſalem in the old ſtead and place, where it was before; in this hope, rejoice and be glad. Chriſt's garment was not dipt in blood for nothing, but for his bride, whom he bought with ſtrokes. I will deſire you to remember my old ſuits to God, God's glory and increaſe of light, that I dry not up. For your town, hope and believe, that the Lord will gather in his looſe ſheaves among you to his barn, and ſend one with a well-toothed ſharp hook, and ſtrong gardies to reap his harveſt. And the Lord Jeſus be Huſbandman, and overſee the growing. Remember my love to your huſband and to Samuel: grace upon you and your children; Lord make them corner-ſtones in Jeruſalem,

ſalem, and give them grace in their youth, to take hand with the fair chief Corner-ſtone, who was hewed out of the mountain without hands, and got many a knock with his Father's fore-hammer, and endured them all, and the ſtone did neither cleave nor break; upon that ſtone your ſoul to ly. King Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth.* *Your friend and his well-beloved Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 21. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Much honoured and dear Miſtreſs*,

MY love in Chriſt remembered. I am grieved at the heart to write any thing to you, to breed heavineſs to you; and what I have written, I wrote it with much heavineſs. But I intreat you in Chriſt's name, when my ſoul is under wreſtlings, and ſeeking direction from our Lord, (to whom his vineyard belongeth) whither I ſhall go, give me liberty to adviſe, and try all airths and paths, to ſee whether he goeth before me and leadeth me: for if I were aſſured of God's call to your town, let my arm fall from my ſhoulder-blade and loſe power, and my right-eye be dried up, which is the judgment of the idol ſhepherd, Zech. xi. 17. if I would not ſwim through the water with a boat, ere I ſat his bidding. But if ye knew my doubtings and fears in that, ye would ſuffer with me. Whether they be temptations, or impediments caſt in by God, I know not; but you have now cauſe to thank God: for, ſeeing the Biſhop hath given you ſuch a promiſe, he will give you an honeſt man, more willingly than he will permit me to come to you. And, as I have ever entreated you, put the buſineſs out of your hand in the Lord's reverence; and try of him, if ye have warrant of him to ſeek no man in the world, but one only, when there are choice of good men to be had; howbeit they be too ſcarce, yet they are. And what God ſaith to me in the buſineſs, I reſolve by his grace to do; for I know not what he will do with me, but God ſhall fill you with joy ere the buſineſs be ended: for I perſuade myſelf, our Lord Jeſus hath ſtirred you up already to do good in the buſineſs, and ye ſhall not loſe your reward. I have heard your huſband and Samuel have been ſick. The man who is called the Branch and God's Fellow, who ſtandeth before his Father, will be your ſtay and help, Zech. xiii. 7. I would I were able to comfort your ſoul; but have patience and ſtand ſtill: he that believeth maketh not haſte. This matter of Cramond, caſt in at this time, is either a temptation, having fallen out at this time, or then it will clear all my doubts, and let you ſee the Lord's will. But I never knew my own part in the buſineſs till now; I thought I was more willing to have em-

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braced the charge in your town than I am, or am able to win to. I know ye pray that God would resolve me what to do; and will interpret me, as love biddeth you, which thinketh not ill, and believeth all things, and hopeth all things. Would ye have more than the Son of God? and ye have him already, and ye shall be fed by the Carver of the meat, be who he will; and those who are hungry, look more to the meat than to the carver. I cannot see you the next week. If my Lady come home I must visit her. The week thereafter there will be a presbytery at Girtoun; God will dispose of the meeting. Grace upon you, and your seed and husband: the Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in Christ,* S. R.

## 22. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Worthy and well-beloved mistress,*

MY love in Christ remembered. I have sent you a letter from Mr. David Dickson, concerning the placing of Mr. Hugh MacKail with themselves; therefore I write to you now, only to intreat you in Christ not to be discouraged thereat: be submissive to the will of your dear Lord, who knoweth best what is good for your soul and your town both; for God can come over greater mountains than these, we believe; for he worketh his greatest works contrary to carnal reason and means. My ways are not (saith our Lord) as your ways; neither are my thoughts as your thoughts, Isa. lv. I am no whit put from my belief for all that; believe, pray, and use means. We shall cause Mr. John Ker, who convoyed myself to Lochinvar, to use means to seek a man, if Mr. Hugh fail us. Our Lord has a little bride among you, and I trust he will send one to woo her to our sweet Lord Jesus. He will not want his wife for the suiting; and he has means abundance in his hand, to open all the slots and bars that Satan draws over the door: he cometh to his bride leaping over the mountains, and skipping over the hills. His way to his spouse is full of stones, mountains and waters; yet he putteth in his foot and wadeth through; he will not want her: and therefore refresh me with two words, concerning your confidence and courage in our Lord, both about that and about his own Zion; for he wooeth his wife in the burning bush: and for the good will of him that dwelleth in the bush, the bush is not consumed. It is better to weep with Jerusalem in the forenoon, than to weep with Babel afternoon, in the end of the day. Our day of laughter and rejoicing is coming; yet a little while, and ye shall see the salvation of God. I long to see you, and to hear how your children are, especially Samuel. Grace be their heritage and portion from the Lord, and the Lord be their lot, and

then

then their inheritance ſhall pleaſe them well. Remember my love to your huſband: the Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 23. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved ſiſter*,

MY love in Jeſus Chriſt remembered. Your daughter is well, thanks be to God; I truſt in him, ye ſhall have joy of her: the Lord bleſs her. I am now preſently going about catechiſing. The bearer is in haſte: forget not poor Zion, and the Lord remember you, for we ſhall be ſhortly winnowed; Jeſus, pray for us, that our faith fail not. I would wiſh to ſee you a ſabbath with us, and we ſhall ſtir up one another, God willing, to ſeek the Lord; for it may be, he hide himſelf from us ere it be long: keep that which you have, ye will get more in heaven. The Lord ſend us to the ſhore out of all the ſtorms, with our ſilly ſouls whole and ſound with us: for if liberty of conſcience come, as it is rumoured, the beſt of us all will be put to our wit, to ſeek how to be freed. But we ſhall be with thoſe, who have their chamber to go unto, ſpoken of, Iſa. xxvi. 20. Read the place yourſelf, and keep you within your houſe while the ſtorm be paſt. If you can learn a dittay againſt C. try, and cauſe try, that we may ſee the Lord's righteous judgment upon the devil's inſtruments. We are not much obliged to his kindneſs: I wiſh all ſuch wicked doers were cut off. Theſe in haſte: I bleſs you in God's name and all yours. Your daughter deſires a Bible and a gown, I hope ſhe ſhall uſe the Bible well, which if ſhe do, the gown is the better beſtowed. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth.* *Yours for ever in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 24. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Miſtreſs*,

MY love in Jeſus Chriſt remembered. I am in good health, honour to my Lord; but my wife's diſeaſe increaſeth daily, to her great torment and pain night and day; ſhe has not been in God's houſe ſince our communion, neither out of her bed. I have hired a man to Edinburgh, to Dr. Jeally and to John Hamilton: I can hardly believe her diſeaſe is ordinary; for her life is bitter to her: ſhe ſleeps none, but cries, as a woman travailing in birth: what will be the event, he that hath the keys of the grave knows: I have been many times, ſince I ſaw you, that I have beſought the Lord to looſe her out of the body, and

and to take her to her reſt. I believe the Lord's tide of afflictions will ebb again; but at preſent I am exerciſed with the wreſtlings of God, being afraid of nothing more than this, that God has let looſe the tempter upon my houſe. God rebuke him and his inſtruments. Becauſe Satan is not caſt out but by faſting and prayer, I intreat you remember our eſtate to our Lord, and intreat all good Chriſtians, whom ye know, but eſpecially your paſtor, to do the ſame. It becomes us ſtill to knock, and to ly at the Lord's door, while we die knocking: if he will not open, it is more than he has ſaid in his word; but he is faithful. I look not to win away to my home without wounds and blood. Welcome, welcome croſs of Chriſt, if Chriſt be with it. I have not a calm ſpirit in the work of my calling here, being daily chaſtiſed; yet God hath not put out my candle, as he does to the wicked. Grace, grace be with you and all yours.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in his Lord*

S. R.

## 25. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Worthy and well-beloved miſtreſs,*

MY love in Chriſt remembered. I know ye have heard of the purpoſe of my adverſaries, to try what they can do againſt me at this ſynod, for the work of God in your town, when I was at your communion. They intend to call me in queſtion at the ſynod, for treaſonable doctrine: therefore help me with your prayers, and deſire your acquaintances to help me alſo. Your ears heard how Chriſt was there: if he ſuffer his ſervant to get a broken head in his own kingly ſervice, and not either help or revenge the wrong, I never ſaw the like of it. There is not a night-drunkard, time-ſerving, idle, idol-ſhepherd to be ſpoken againſt, I am the only man; and becauſe it is ſo, and I know God will not help them, leſt they be proud, I am confident their proceſs ſhall fall aſunder. Only be ye neareſt with God for hearing, for an open ear, and reading of the bill, that he may in heaven hear both parties and judge accordingly; and doubt not, fear not, they ſhall not, who now ride higheſt, put Chriſt out of his kingly poſſeſſion in Scotland. The pride of man, and his rage, ſhall turn to the praiſe of our Lord. It is an old feud, that the rulers of the earth, the dragon and his angels, have carried to the Lamb and his followers; but the followers of the Lamb ſhall overcome by the word of God: and believe this, and wait on a little, till they have got their womb full of clay and gravel, and they ſhall know, howbeit ſtolen waters be ſweet, Eſau's portion is not worth his hunting. Commend me to your huſband, and ſend me word how

Griſſel is. The Son of God lead her through the water. The Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in his only, only Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

## 26. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Miſtreſs,*

MY love in Chriſt remembered. At the deſire of this bearer, whom I love, I thought to requeſt you, if ye can help his wife with your advice, for ſhe is in a moſt dangerous and deadly-like condition; for I have thought ſhe was far changed in her carriage and life this time by-paſt, and had hope that God would have brought her home; and now by appearance ſhe will depart this life, and leave a number of children behind her. If ye can be intreated to help her, it is a work of mercy. My own wife is ſtill in exceeding great torment night and day. Pray for us, for my life was never ſo weariſome to me. God hath filled me with gall and worm-wood; but I believe, (which holds up my head above the water). It is good for a man (ſaith the Spirit of God, Lam. iii.) that he bear the yoke in his youth. I do remember you: I pray you be humble and believe; and I intreat you in Jeſus Chriſt, pray for John Stewart and his wife, and deſire your huſband to do the ſame. Remember me heartily to Jane Brown; deſire her to pray for me and my wife; I do remember her. Forget not Zion. Grace, grace upon them and peace, that pray for Zion. She is the ſhip we ſail in to Canaan: if ſhe be broken on a rock, we will be caſt over-board to ſwim to land betwixt death and life. The grace of Jeſus be with your huſband and children.

*Anwoth.* *Yours in Chriſt,* S. R.

## 27. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Dear ſiſter,*

I Longed much to have conferred with you at this time: I am grieved at any thing in your houſe that grieveth you, and ſhall, by my Lord's grace, ſuit my Lord to help you to bear your burden, and to come in behind you, and give you an your burdens a putt up the mountain. Know you not that Chriſt wooeth his wife in the furnace, Iſa. xlviii. 10. 'Behold I have refined thee, but not with ſilver; I have choſen thee in the furnace of affliction:' he caſteth his love on you, when you are in the furnace of affliction: you might indeed be caſten down, if he brought you in and left you there; but when he leadeth you through the waters, think ye not that he has a ſweet ſoft hand? you know his love grip already; you ſhall be delivered

delivered: wait on; Jeſus will make a road, and come and fetch home the captive: you ſhall not die in priſon, for your ſtrokes are ſuch as were your huſband's, who was wounded in the houſe of his friends; ſtrokes were not new things to him, and neither are they to you: but your winter-night is near ſpent; it is near hand the dawning; I will ſee you leap for joy: the kirk will be delivered: this wilderneſs ſhall bud and grow up like a roſe; Chriſt got a charter of Scotland from his Father, and who will bereave him of his heritage, or put our Redeemer out of his mealing, until his tack be run out? I muſt have you praying for me; I am black ſhamed for evermore with Chriſt's goodneſs; and in private, on the 17 and 18 of Auguſt, I got a full anſwer of my Lord to be a graced miniſter, and a choſen arrow hidden in his own quiver. But know this aſſurance is not kept but by watching and prayer; and therefore, dear miſtreſs, help me. I have gotten now, honour to my Lord, the gate to open the ſtore, and ſhut the bar of his door: and I think it eaſy to get any thing from the King by prayer, and to uſe holy violence with him. Chriſt was in Casfarne kirk, and opened the people's hearts wonderfully: Jeſus is looking up that water, and minting to dwell amongſt them. I would we could give him his welcome home to the Muirs. Now peace and grace be upon you and all yours.

*Anwoth, Aug.* 20. 1633. *Yours in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 28. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Miſtreſs*,

MY love in Chriſt remembered. I am in care and fear for this work of our Lord's, now near approaching, becauſe of the danger of the time, and I dare not for my ſoul be ſilent; to ſee my Lord's houſe burning, and not cry, Fire, fire: therefore ſeek from our Lord wiſdom ſpiritual, not black policy, to ſpeak with liberty our Lord's truth. I am caſt down, and would fain have acceſs and preſence to the King that day, even howbeit I ſhould break up iron doors. I believe you will not forget me, and you will deſire Jane Brown, Thomas Carſen, and Marion Carſen to help me. Pray for well cooked meat, and an heartſome Saviour with joy, crying, Welcome in my Father's name. I am confident Zion ſhall be well; the buſh ſhall burn and not conſume, for the good will of him that dwelt in the buſh. But the Lord is making a fire in Jeruſalem, and purpoſeth to blow the bellows, and to melt the tin and braſs, and bring out a fair beautiful bride out of the furnace, that will be married over again upon the new Huſband, and ſing as in the days of her youth, when the contract of marriage is written over again: but I fear the bride be hidden for a time

from the dragon, that purſueth the woman with child; but what, howbeit we go and lurk in the wilderneſs for a time? for the Lord will take his kirk to the wilderneſs, and ſpeak to her heart. Nothing caſteth me down, but only I fear the Lord will caſt down the ſhepherd's tents, and feed his own in a ſecret place: but let us, however matters frame, caſt over the affairs of the bride upon the Bridegroom; the government is upon his ſhoulders, and he dow bear us all well enough: that fallen ſtar, the prince of the bottomleſs pit, knoweth it is near the time when he ſhall be tormented; and now in his evening he has gathered his armies to win one battle or two, in the edge of the evening, at the ſun going down. And when our Lord has been watering his vineyards in France and Germany, and Bohemia, how can we think ourſelves Chriſt's ſiſter, if we be not like him, and our other great ſiſters? I cannot but think, ſeeing the ends of the earth are given to Chriſt, Pſalm ii. 8. and Scotland is the end of the earth, (and ſo we are in Chriſt's charter-tallie) but our Lord will keep his poſſeſſion: we fall by promiſe and law to Chriſt; he wan us with the ſweet of his brows (if I may ſay ſo): his Father promiſed him his life-rent of Scotland. Glory, glory to our King; long may he wear his crown! O Lord, let us never ſee another king. O let him come down like rain upon the new-mown graſs. I had you in remembrance on Saturday in the morning laſt, in a great meaſure, and was brought thrice one end in remembrance of you in my prayer to God. Grace, grace be your portion.

*Anwoth, March* 2. 1634. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 29. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Miſtreſs*,

MY love in Chriſt remembered. Pleaſe you underſtand, to my grief our communion is delayed till ſabbath come eight days; for the Laird and Lady have earneſtly deſired me to delay it, becauſe the Laird is ſick, and he fears he be not able to travel, becauſe he has lately taken phyſic. The Lord bleſs that work: commend it to God, as you love me. For I love not Satan's thorns caſt in the Lord's way: The Lord rebuke him. I truſt in God's mercy, Satan has gotten but a delay, but no free diſcharge, that his kingdom ſhall not be hurt. Commend the Laird to your God. I pray you advertiſe your people, that they be not diſappointed in coming here. Shew ſuch of them as you love in Chriſt from me, that Jeſus Chriſt will be welcomer when he comes in, that he has ſharpened their deſires for eight days ſpace. Your daughter is well, I hope, every way. Forget not God's kirk; they are but baſtards,

tards, and not sons and daughters, that mourn not for Zion: Lord hear us. No further, Jesus Christ be with your spirit. I shall remember you and your new house. Lord Jesus, go from the one house to the other.

*Anwoth.* *Yours at all power in the Lord,* S. R.

## 30. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved Mistress,*

MY love in Christ remembered. I hear this day, your town is to choose a commissioner for the parliament, and I was written to from Edinburgh, to see that good men should be chosen in your bounds; and I have heard this day, that Robert Glendoning or John Ewart look to be chosen. I beseech you see this be not; the Lord's cause craveth other witnesses to speak for him than such men; and therefore let it not be said, that Kirkcudbright, which is spoken of in this kingdom for their religion, hath sent their man to be a mouth, that will speak against Christ. Such a time as this will not fall out once in half an age. I would intreat your husband, to take it upon him; it is an honourable and necessary service for Christ; and shew him that I wrote unto you for that effect. I fear William Glendoning hath not skill and authority. I am in great heaviness; pray for me: for we must take our life in our hand in this ill time. Let us stir up ourselves to lay our Lord's bride, and her wrongs, before our husband and Lord. Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

*Anwoth, May* 20. *Yours in his sweet Lord Jesus,* S. R.

## 31. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved sister,*

MY old and dearest love in Christ remembered. Know that I have been visiting my Lady Kenmure; her child is with the Lord; I intreat you visit her; and desire the goodwife of Barcaple to visit her, and Knockbrex, if you see him in the town. My Lord her husband is absent, and I think she will be heavy: you know what Mr. W. Dalgleish and I desired you to deal for, at my Lord Kirkcudbright's hand. Send me word, if you obtained any thing at my Lord's hands, anent the giving up of our names to the high commission; for I hear it is not for nothing that the Bishop hath taken that course: our Lord knows best what is good for an old kirk, that is fallen from her first love, and hath forgotten her Husband, days without number: a trial is like to come on; but I am sure, our Husbandman Christ shall lose chaff, but no corn at all. Yet there is a dry wind coming, but neither to fan nor to purge. Happy are they, who are not blown away with the chaff; for we will but suffer tentation for ten days: but those, who are

faithful

faithful to the death, ſhall receive the crown of life. I hear daily what hath been ſpoken of myſelf moſt unjuſt and falſly; and no marvel, the dragon, with the ſwing of his tail, hath made the third part of the ſtars to fall from heaven, and the fallen would have many to fall with them. If ever Satan was buſy, now when he knoweth his time is ſhort, he is buſy; yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry. I know, ere it be long, the Lord ſhall come, and rid all pleas betwixt us and his enemies: Now welcome, Lord Jeſus, go faſt. Send me word about Griſſel your daughter, who I remember in Chriſt; and deſire her to caſt herſelf in his arms who was born of a woman, and, being the Ancient of days, was made a young weeping Child. It was not for nothing that our brother Jeſus was an infant; it was, that he might pity infants of believers, who were to come out of the womb into the world: I believe our Lord Jeſus ſhall be waiting on with mercy, mercy, mercy to the end of that battle, and bring her through with life and peace, and a ſign of God's favour. I will expect advertiſement from you, and eſpecially if you fear her. Miſtreſs, you remember what I ſaid to you, anent your love to me and my brother begun in Chriſt, you know, we are here but ſtrangers, and you have not yet found us a dry well, as others have been; be not overcome of any ſuſpicion; I truſt in God, the Lord, who knit us together, ſhall keep us together. It is time now, that the lambs of Jeſus ſhould all run together, when the wolf is barking at them; yet I know, ere God's bairns want a croſs, their love amongſt themſelves ſhall be a croſs; but our Lord giveth love for another end. I know you will with love cover infirmities; and our Lord give you wiſdom in all things: I think love hath broad ſhoulders, and will bear many things, and yet neither faint, nor ſweat, nor fall under the burden. Commend me to your huſband, and dear Griſſel; I think on her: Lord Jeſus be in the furnace with her, and then ſhe will but ſmoke, and not burn. Deſire Mr. Robert to excuſe my not ſeeing of him at his houſe; I have my own reaſons therefore. Grace, mercy and peace be with you.

*Anwoth, April* 25. 1634. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 32. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Miſtreſs*,

MY deareſt love in Chriſt remembered: I intreat you, charge your ſoul to return to reſt, and to glorify your deareſt Lord in believing: and know, that, for the good will of him that dwelleth in the buſh, the burning kirk ſhall not be conſumed to aſhes: but, Deut. xxxiii. 16. 'Bleſſing ſhall come on the

the head of Joſeph, and upon the top of the head of him that was ſeparate from his brethren :' and are not the ſaints ſeparate from their brethren, and ſold, and hated? for Gen. xliv. 23. 'The archers have ſorely grieved Joſeph, and ſhot at him, and hated him.' Ver. 24. 'But his bow abode in ſtrength, and the arms of his hands were made ſtrong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob.' From him is the Shepherd and the ſtone of Iſrael; the ſtone of Iſrael ſhall not be broken in pieces: it is hammered upon by the children of this world, and we ſhall live, and not die. Our Lord hath done all this, to ſee if we will believe, and not give over; and I am perſuaded, you muſt of neceſſity ſtick by your work: the eye of Chriſt hath been upon all this buſineſs; and he taketh good heed to, who is for him, and who is againſt him; let us do our part, as we would be approved of Chriſt. The Son of God is near to his enemies; if they were not deaf, they may hear the din of his feet: and he will come with a ſtart, upon his weeping bairns, and take them on his knee, and lay their head in his boſom, and dry their watery eyes; and this day is faſt coming; yet a little time, and the viſion will ſpeak, it will not tarry, Hab. ii. Theſe queſtions betwixt us and our adverſaries will all be decided on yonder day, when the Son of God ſhall come, and rid all pleas; and it will be ſeen whether we or they have been for Chriſt, and who have been pleading for Baal. It is not known what we are now; but when our life ſhall appear in glory, then we ſhall ſee who laughs faſteſt that day; therefore we muſt poſſeſs our ſouls in patience, and go in to our chamber, and reſt while the indignation be paſt: we ſhall not weep long, when our Lord ſhall take us up in the day that he gathereth his jewels: and Mal. ii. 16. 'They that feared the Lord ſpoke often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord, and thought upon his name.' And I ſhall never be of another faith, but our Lord is heating a furnace for the enemies of his kirk in Scotland. It is true, the ſpouſe of Chriſt hath played the harlot, and hath left her firſt Huſband; and the enemies think they offend not, for we have ſinned againſt the Lord: but they ſhall get the devil to their thanks, the rod ſhall be caſt into the fire, that we may ſing as in the days of our youth. My dear friend, therefore lay down your head upon Chriſt's breaſt: weep not, the Lion of the tribe of Judah will ariſe. The ſun is gone down upon the prophets, and our gold is become dim; and the Lord feedeth his people with waters of gall and worm-wood; yet Chriſt ſtandeth but behind the wall, his bowels are moved for Scotland; he waiteth (as Iſaiah ſaith) that he may ſhew mercy. If we would go home, and take our brethren with us, weeping with our faces toward Zion, aſking the way thitherward

ward, he would bring back our captivity: we may not think, that God has no care of his own honour, while men tread it under their feet; he will clothe himself with vengeance, as with a cloke, and appear against our enemies for our deliverance. Ye were never yet beguiled, and God will not now begin with you; wrestle still with the Angel of the covenant, and you shall get the blessing: fight, he delighteth to be overcome by wrestling. Commend me to Griffel; desire her to learn to know the adversaries of the Lord, and to take them as her adversaries; and to learn to know the right gate in to the Son of God: O but acquaintance with the Son of God, to say, My Well-beloved is mine, and I am his, is a sweet and glorious course of life, that none know, but those who are sealed, and marked in the fore-head with Christ's mark, and the new name that Christ writeth upon his own! Grace, grace and mercy be with you.

*Anwoth, Sept.* 25. 1634. *Yours in Christ*, S. R.

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## 33. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved mistress,*

I Charge you in the name of the Son of God, to rest upon your Rock, that is higher than yourself; be not afraid of a man who is a worm, nor for the Son of man who shall die; let God be your fear. Encourage your husband. I would counsel you to write to Edinburgh to some advised lawyers, to understand what your husband, as the head magistrate, may do in opposing any intruded minister, and his carriage toward the new prelate, if he command him to imprison or lay hands upon any; and in a word, how far he may in his office disobey a prelate, without danger of law: for if the Bishop come to your town, and find not obedience to his heart, it is like he will command the provost to assist him, against God and the truth. Ye will have more courage under the persecution; fear not, take Christ caution, who said, Luke xxi. 18. 'There shall not one hair of your head perish.' Christ will not be in your common, to have you giving out any thing for him, and not give you all incomes with advantage: it is his honour, his servant should not be herried and undone in his service; you were never honoured till now: and if your husband be the first magistrate who shall suffer for Christ's name in this persecution, he may rejoice that Christ hath put the first garland upon his head, and upon yours. Truth will yet keep the crown of the causeway in Scotland; Christ and truth are strong enough. They judge us now, we shall one day judge them, and sit on twelve thrones, and judge the twelve tribes: believe, believe; for they dare not pray, they dare not look Christ in the face; they have been false to Christ

Chriſt, and he will not ſit with the wrong: ye know, it is not our cauſe; for if we would quit our Lord, we might ſleep for the preſent in a ſound ſkin, and keep our place, means and honour, and be dear to them alſo. But let us once put all we have over in Chriſt's hand: fear not for my papers, I ſhall diſpatch them; but ye will be examined for them: the Spirit of Jeſus give you inward peace. Deſire your huſband from me to prove honeſt to Chriſt; he ſhall not be a loſer at Chriſt's hand.

*Anwoth, July* 8. 1635. *Yours ever in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

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## 34. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved ſiſter*,

MY love in Chriſt remembered. I hear of good news anent our kirk; but I fear that our king will not be reſiſted, and therefore let us not be ſecure and careleſs. I do wonder if this kirk come not through our Lord's fan, ſince there is ſo much chaff in it; howbeit I perſuade myſelf the Son of God's wheat will not be blown away. Let us be putting on God's armour, and be ſtrong in the Lord; if the devil and Zion's enemies ſtrike a hole in that armour, let our Lord ſee to that; let us put it on and ſtand: we have Jeſus on our ſide, and they are not worthy of ſuch a Captain, who would not take a blow at his back. We are in ſight of his colours; his banner over us is love: look up to that white banner and ſtand; I perſuade you in the Lord of victory. My brother writeth to me of your heavineſs, and of temptations that preſs you ſore. I am content it be ſo; you bear about with you the marks of the Lord Jeſus: ſo was it with our Lord's apoſtle, when he was to come with the goſpel to Macedonia, 2 Cor. vii. 5. His fleſh had no reſt, he was troubled on every ſide, and knew not what ſide to turn him unto; without were fightings, and within were fears. In the great work of our redemption, your lovely, beautiful, and glorious Friend and Well-beloved, Jeſus, was brought to tears and ſtrong cries, ſo as his face was wet with tears and blood, ariſing from a holy fear and the weight of the curſe. Take a drink of the Son of God's cup, and love it the better that he drank of it before you; there is no poiſon in it. I wonder many times that ever a child of God ſhould have a ſad heart, conſidering what their Lord is preparing for them. Is your mind troubled anent that buſineſs that we have in hand in Edinburgh? I truſt in my Lord, the Lord ſhall in the end give to your heart's deſire, even howbeit the buſineſs frame not; the Lord ſhall feed your ſoul, and all the hungry ſouls in that town: therefore, I requeſt you in the Lord, pray for a ſubmiſſive will; and pray, as your Lord Jeſus bids you, Thy will be done in earth, as it is

in heaven. And let it be that your faith be brangled with temptations: believe ye that there is a tree in our Lord's garden that is not often ſhaken with the wind from all the four airths? ſurely there is none. Rebuke your ſoul, as the Lord's prophet doth, Pſalm xlii. 'Why art thou caſt down, O my ſoul! why art thou diſquieted within me?' That was the word of a man, who was at the very over-going of of the brae and mountain; but God held a grip of him. Swim through your temptations and troubles, to be at that lovely amiable Perſon Jeſus, to whom your ſoul is dear: in your temptations, run to the promiſes; they be our Lord's branches hanging over the water, that our Lord's ſilly half-drowned children may take a grip of them; if you let that grip go, you will go to the ground. Are ye troubled with the caſe of God's kirk, our Lord will evermore have her betwixt the ſinking and the ſwimming; he will have her going through a thouſand deaths, and through hell, as a cripple woman, halting and wanting the power of her ſide, Micah iv. 6, 7. that God may be her ſtaff: that broken ſhip will come to land, becauſe Jeſus is the pilot; faint not, you ſhall ſee the ſalvation of God; elſe ſay, that God never ſpake his word by my mouth; and I had rather never been born, ere it were ſo with me: but my Lord hath ſealed me. I dare not deny, I have alſo been in heavineſs ſince I came from you, fearing for my unthankfulneſs that I am deſerted; but the Lord will be kind to me, whether I will or not; I repoſe that much in his rich grace, that he will be loth to change upon me. As you love me, pray for me in this particular. After adviſing with Carletoun, I have written to Mr. David Dickſon, anent Mr. Hugh MacKail, and deſired him to write his mind to Carletoun, and Carletoun to Edinburgh, that they may particularly remember Mr. Hugh to the Lord; and I happened upon a convenient truſty bearer, by God's wonderful providence. No further. I recommend you to the Lord's grace, and your huſband and children; the Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*Edinburgh.* *Yours in the Lord,* S. R.

## A POSTSCRIPT.

*Miſtreſs,*

I Had not time to give my advice to your daughter Griſſel, you ſhall carry my words therefore to her: ſhew her now, that in reſpect of her tender age, ſhe is in a manner as clean paper, ready to receive either good or ill; and that it were a ſweet and glorious thing for her to give herſelf up to Chriſt, that he might write upon her his Father's name, and his own new name. And deſire her to acquaint herſelf with the book of God; the promiſes that our Lord writes upon his own, and performeth

performeth in them and for them, are contained there. I perſuade yon, when I think that ſhe is in the company of ſuch parents, and hath occaſion to learn Chriſt, I think Chriſt is wooing her ſoul; and I pray God ſhe may not refuſe ſuch a huſband; and therefore I charge her, and beſeech her by the mercies of God, by the wounds and blood of him who died for her, by the word of truth, which ſhe heareth and can read, by the coming of the Son of God to judge the world, that ſhe would fulfil your joy, and learn Chriſt, and walk in Chriſt: ſhe ſhall think this the truth of God many years after this; and I will promiſe to myſelf, in reſpect of the beginnings that I have ſeen, that ſhe ſhall give herſelf to him that gave himſelf for her. Let her begin at prayer; for if ſhe remember her Creator in the days of her youth, he will claim kindneſs to her in her old age. It ſhall be a part of my prayers, that this may be effectuate in her by him who is able to do exceeding abundantly, to whoſe grace again I recommend you and her, and all yours.

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## 35. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Well-beloved ſiſter,*

I Know ye have heard of the ſucceſs of our buſineſs in Edinburgh: I do every preſbytery-day ſee the faces of my brethren ſmiling upon me, but their tongues convey reproaches and lies of me a hundred miles off, and have made me odious to the Biſhop of St. Andrews, who ſaid to Mr. W. D. that miniſters in Galloway were his informers; whereupon no letters of favour could be procured from him, for effectuating of our buſineſs: only I am brought in the mouths of men, who otherwiſe knew me not, and have power (if God ſhall permit) to harm me; yet I intreat you in the bowels of Chriſt Jeſus, be not caſt down. I fear your ſorrow exceed becauſe of this; and I am not ſo careful of myſelf in the matter, as for you: take courage, your deareſt Lord ſhall light your candle, which the wicked would fain blow out: and, as ſure as our Lord liveth, your ſoul ſhall find joy and comfort in this buſineſs; howbeit you ſee all the hounds in hell let looſe to mar it; their iron chains to our dear mighty Lord are but ſtraws which he can eaſily break. Let not this temptation ſtick in your throat, ſwallow it, and let it go down; our Lord give you a drink of the conſolations of his Spirit, that it may digeſt: you never knew one in God's book, who put to their hand to the Lord's work for his kirk, but the world and Satan did bark againſt them, and bite alſo where they had power. You will not lay one ſtone on Zion's wall, but they will labour to caſt it down again. And for myſelf, the Lord letteth me ſee now greater evidences of a calling to K.

than ever he did before; and therefore pray, and poſſeſs your ſoul in patience. Theſe that were doers in the buſineſs have good hopes that it will yet go forward and proſper. As for the death of the king of Sweden, (which is thought to be too true) we can do nothing elſe but reverence our Lord, who doth not ordinarily hold Zion on her rock by the ſword and arm of fleſh and blood, but by his own mighty and out-ſtretched arm: her King, that reigneth in Zion, yet liveth; and they are plucking him round about to pull him off his throne; but his Father hath crowned him, and who dare ſay, It is ill done? The Lord's bride will be up and down, above the water ſwiming, and under the water ſinking, until her lovely and mighty Redeemer and Huſband ſet his head through theſe ſkies, and come with his fair court to rid all their pleas, and give them the hoped-for inheritance; and then we ſhall lay down our ſwords and triumph, and fight no more. But do not think for all this, that our Lord and Chief Shepherd will want one weak ſheep, or the filliеſt dying lamb that he hath redeemed; he will tell his flock, and gather them all together, and make a faithful account of them to the Father, who gave them him; let us now learn to turn our eyes off men, that our whoriſh hearts dote not on them, and woo our old huſband, and make him our darling; for, Jer. xxv. 27. 'Thus ſaith the Lord to the enemies of Zion, Drink ye and be drunk, and ſpew, and fall, and riſe no more, becauſe of the ſword that I ſend amongſt you.' Verſe 28. 'And it ſhall be, if they refuſe to take the cup at thine hand to drink, then ſhalt thou ſay unto them, Thus ſaith the Lord of hoſts, Ye ſhall certainly drink.' You ſee our Lord brewing a cup of poiſon for his enemies, which they muſt drink, and becauſe of this have ſore bowels and ſick ſtomachs, yea, burſt; but, Jer. l. 4. when Zion's captivity is at an end, 'The children of Iſrael ſhall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping; they ſhall go and ſeek the Lord their God.' Ver. 5. 'They ſhall aſk the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, ſaying, Come and let us join ourſelves to the Lord, in an everlaſting covenant that ſhall not be forgotten.' This is ſpoken to us and for us, who with wae hearts aſk, What is the way to Zion? It is our part, who know how to go to our Lord's door, and to knock by prayer, and how to lift Chriſt's ſlot, and ſhut the bar of his chamber door, to complain, and tell him how the world handleth us, and how our King's buſineſs goeth, that he may get up and lend them a blow, who are tigging and playing with Chriſt and his ſpouſe. Ye have alſo, dear miſtreſs, houſe-troubles, in ſickneſs of your huſband and bairns, and in ſpoiling of your houſe by thieves; take theſe rods in patience from your Lord: he muſt ſtill move you from veſſel to veſſel, and grind you as our Lord's wheat, to be bread in his houſe; but when

all

all these strokes are over your head, what will you say to see your Well-beloved Christ's white and ruddy face, even his face, who is worthy to bear the colours amongst ten thousand, Cant. v. Hope and believe to the end. Grace for ever more be multiplied upon you, your husband and children.

*Edinburgh.* *Your own, in his dearest Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 36. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*My dear and well-beloved in Christ,*

I Am yet under trial, and have appeared before Christ's forbidden lords, for a testimony against them. The Chancellor and the rest tempted me with questions nothing belonging to my summons, which I wholly declined, notwithstanding of his threats. My newly printed book against the Arminians was one challenge, not lording the prelates another: the most part of the Bishops, when I came in, looked more astonished than I, and heard me with silence. Some spoke for me; but my Lord ruled it so, as I am filled with joy in my sufferings, and I find Christ's cross sweet. What they intend against the next day, I know not. Be not secure, but pray. Our bishop of Galloway said, if the commission should not give him his will of me, with an oath (he said) he would write to the king. The Chancellor summoned me in judgment, to appear that day eight days. My Lord has brought me a friend from the Highlands of Argyle, my Lord of Lorn, who hath done as much as was within the compass of his power. God gave me favour in his eyes. Mr. Robert Glendoning is silenced, till he accept a colleague. We hope to deal yet for him. Christ is worthy to be intrusted: your husband will get an easy and good way of his business. You and I both shall see the salvation of God upon Joseph, separate from his brethren. Grace be with you.

*Edinburgh.* *Yours in Christ*, S. R.

## 37. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Honoured and dearest in the Lord,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am well, and my soul prospereth; I find Christ with me, I burden no man, I want nothing; no face looketh on me, but it laugheth on me. Sweet, sweet is the Lord's cross. I overcame my heavyness, My Bridegroom's love-blinks fatten my weary soul. I go to my King's palace at Aberdeen; tongue, and pen, and wit cannot express my joy. Remember my love to Jean Gordon, to my sister Jean Brown, to Grissel, to your husband. This in haste. Grace be with you.

*Edin. April* 5. 1636. *Yours in his only, only Lord Jesus*, S. R.

A POST-

## A POSTSCRIPT.

MY charge is to you to believe, rejoice, ſing and triumph: Chriſt has ſaid to me, Mercy, mercy, grace and peace, for Marion Macknaught.

## 38. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Worthy and deareſt in the Lord,*

I Rejoice, you are a partaker of the ſufferings of Chriſt: faint not, keep breath, believe, howbeit men, and huſband and friends prove weak, yet your ſtrength faileth not. It is not pride for a drowning man to grip to the rock. It is your glory to lay hold on your Rock. O woman greatly beloved! I teſtify, and avouch it in my Lord, the prayers you ſent to heaven theſe many years bygone are come up before the Lord, and ſhall not be forgotten. What it is that will come, I cannot tell; but I know, as the Lord liveth, theſe cries ſhall bring down mercy. I charge you, and theſe people with you, to go on without fainting or fear, and ſtill believe, and take no nay-ſay. If ye leave off, the field is loſt; if ye continue, our enemies ſhall be like a tottering wall and a bowing fence. I write it, (and keep this letter) utter, utter deſolation ſhall be to your adverſaries, and to the haters of the virgin-daughter of Scotland. The bride ſhall yet ſing, as in the days of her youth; ſalvation will be her walls and bulwarks. The dry olive-tree ſhall bud again, and dry dead bones ſhall live; for the Lord ſhall propheſy to the dry bones, and the ſpirit ſhall come upon them, and we ſhall live. I rejoice to hear of John Carſen; I ſhall not forget him. Remember me to Griſſel, and Jane Brown. Your huſband hath made me heavy; but be couragious in the Lord. I ſend bleſſings to Samuel and William; ſhew them, that I will them to ſeek God in their youth. Grace is yours.

*Aberd. July* 8. 1635.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

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## 39. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Much honoured and deareſt in our ſweet Lord Jeſus,*

GRACE, mercy and peace from God our Father and from our Lord Jeſus. I know the Lord will do for your town. I hear the Biſhop is afraid to come amongſt you; for ſo it is ſpoken in this town, and many here rejoice now to pen a ſupplication to the council, for bringing me home to my place, and for repairing other wrongs done in the country; and ſee if you can procure that three or four hundred in the country, noblemen, gentlemen, countrymen and citizens

ſubſcribe

ſubſcribe it; the more the better. It may be it affright the Biſhop, and by law no advantage can be taken againſt you for it. I have not time to write to Carletoun and Knockbrex; but I would you did ſpeak them in it, and let them adviſe with Carletoun. Mr. A. thinketh well of it, and I think others ſhall approve it. I am ſtill in good caſe with Chriſt, my court is no leſs than it was, the door of the Bridegroom's houſe of wine is open, when ſuch a poor ſtranger as I come athort. I change, but Chriſt abideth ſtill the ſame. They have put out my one poor eye, my only joy, to preach Chriſt, and to go errands betwixt him and his bride. What my Lord wili do with me, I know not; it is like I ſhall not winter in Aberdeen, but where it ſhall be elſe, I know not. There are ſome bloſſomings of Chriſt's kingdom in this town, and the ſmoke is riſing, and the miniſters are raging; but I love a rumbling and roaring devil beſt. I beſeech you in the Lord, my dear ſiſter, wait for the ſalvation of God. Slack not your hands in meeting to pray, fear not fleſh and blood; we have been all over-feared, and that gave lowns the confidence to ſhut me out of Galloway. Remember my love to John Carſen, and Mr. John Brown; I never could get my love off that man; I think Chriſt hath ſomething to do with him. Deſire your huſband from me, not to think ill of Chriſt for his croſs: many miſken Chriſt, becauſe he hath the croſs on his back; but he will cauſe us all laugh yet. I beſeech you, as ye would do any thing for me, remember my Lady Marſhall to God, and her ſon the Earl of Marſhall, eſpecially her Chriſtian daughter, my Lady Pitſligo. I ſhall go to death with it, that Chriſt will return again to Scotland, with ſalvation in his wings, and to Galloway. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Sept.* 7. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 40. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

Zech. xii. 3. *And in that day I will make Jeruſalem a burdenſome ſtone for all the people; all that burden themſelves with it ſhall be cut in pieces, though all the people of the earth be gathered together againſt it.*

*Well-beloved ſiſter,*

I Have been ſparing to write to you, becauſe I was heavy at the proceedings of our late parliament, where law ſhould have been: they would not give our Lord Jeſus fair law and juſtice, nor the benefit of the houſe, to hear either the juſt grievances, or the humble ſupplications of the ſervants of God: nothing reſts, but that we lay our grievances before our crowned King Jeſus, who reigns in Zion. And howbeit it be true, that the acts of Perth aſſembly for conformity are eſtabliſhed, and the

## A POSTSCRIPT.

MY charge is to you to believe, rejoice, ſing and triumph: Chriſt has ſaid to me, Mercy, mercy, grace and peace, for Marion Macknaught.

## 38. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Worthy and deareſt in the Lord,*

I Rejoice, you are a partaker of the ſufferings of Chriſt: faint not, keep breath, believe, howbeit men, and huſband and friends prove weak, yet your ſtrength faileth not. It is not pride for a drowning man to grip to the rock. It is your glory to lay hold on your Rock. O woman greatly beloved! I teſtify, and avouch it in my Lord, the prayers you ſent to heaven theſe many years bygone are come up before the Lord, and ſhall not be forgotten. What it is that will come, I cannot tell; but I know, as the Lord liveth, theſe cries ſhall bring down mercy. I charge you, and theſe people with you, to go on without fainting or fear, and ſtill believe, and take no nay-ſay. If ye leave off, the field is loſt; if ye continue, our enemies ſhall be like a tottering wall and a bowing fence. I write it, (and keep this letter) utter, utter deſolation ſhall be to your adverſaries, and to the haters of the virgin-daughter of Scotland. The bride ſhall yet ſing, as in the days of her youth; ſalvation will be her walls and bulwarks. The dry olive-tree ſhall bud again, and dry dead bones ſhall live; for the Lord ſhall propheſy to the dry bones, and the ſpirit ſhall come upon them, and we ſhall live. I rejoice to hear of John Carſen; I ſhall not forget him. Remember me to Griſſel, and Jane Brown. Your huſband hath made me heavy; but be couragious in the Lord. I ſend bleſſings to Samuel and William; ſhew them, that I will them to ſeek God in their youth. Grace is yours.

*Aberd. July* 8. 1635.

*Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

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*Well-beloved ſiſter,*

I Have been ſparing to write to you, becauſe I was heavy at the proceedings of our late parliament, where law ſhould have been: they would not give our Lord Jeſus fair law and juſtice, nor the benefit of the houſe, to hear either the juſt grievances, or the humble ſupplications of the ſervants of God: nothing reſts, but that welay our grievances before our crowned King Jeſus, who reigns in Zion. And howbeit it be true, that the acts of Perth aſſembly for conformity are eſtabliſhed, and the

the King's power to impose the surplice, and other mass-apparel, upon ministers, be confirmed; yet what men conclude is not scripture: kings have short arms to overturn Christ's throne, and our Lord hath been walking and standing upon his feet at this parliament, when fifteen Earls and Lords, and forty-four commissioners and burrows, with some Barons, have voted for our kirk, in face of a king, who, with much awe and terror, with his own hand wrote up the voters for or against himself. Long before this, in the second Psalm, the ends of the earth, Scotland and England, were gifted of the Father to his Son Christ; and that is an old act of parliament, decreed by our Lord, and printed four thousand years ago: their acts are but yet printing. The first act shall stand, let the potentates of the world, who love Christ's room better than himself, rage as they please. Though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, yet there is a river that cometh out of the sanctuary, and the streams of it refresh the city of God: that Well is not yet cried down in Scotland, nor can it dry up; therefore still believe, and trust in God's salvation. If you knew the whole proceedings, it is the Lord's mercy that matters have gone at our parliament as they have gone. The Lord Jesus, in our king's ears, to his great provocation and grief, hath gotten many witnesses; and we saw in all, the Son of God overturning their policy, and making the world know how well he loveth his poor sun-burnt bride in Scotland: the Lord liveth, and blessed be the God of our salvation. For the matter betwixt your husband and C. I trust in God it shall be removed; it hath grieved me exceedingly. I have dealt with Carletoun, and shall deal; put it off yourself upon the Lord, that it burden you not. I have heard of your daughter's marriage; I pray the Lord Jesus to subscribe the contract, and be at the banquet, as he was at the marriage in Cana of Galilee: shew her from me, that though it be true that God's children have prayed for her, yet the promise of God is made to her prayers and faith especially; and therefore I would intreat her to seek the Lord to be at the wedding: let her give Christ the love of her virginity and espousals, and choose him first as her Husband, and that match shall bless the other. It is a new world she entereth into, and therefore hath need of new acquaintance with the Son of God, and of a renewing of her love to him, whose love is better than wine, 1 Cor. vii. 29. 'The time is short: let the married be as though they were not married;' ver. 30. 'They that weep, as though they weeped not; they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; they that buy, as though they possessed not;' ver. 31. 'They that use this world, as though they used it not: for the fashion of the world passeth away.' Grace, grace be her portion from the Lord. I know you have a care on you of it, that all be right; but

but let Christ bear all, you need not pity him, (if I may say so) put him to it, he is strong enough. The Spirit of the Lord Jesus be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Your friend in his dearest Friend Christ Jesus*, S. R.

## 41. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*My dear and well-beloved sister*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am well, honour to God. I have been before a court set up within me of terrors and challenges; but my sweet Lord Jesus hath taken the mask off his face, and said, Kiss thy fill; and I will not smother nor conceal my King Jesus his kindness: he hath broken in upon the poor prisoner's soul, like the swelling of Jordan: I am bank and brim-full, a great high spring-tide of the consolations of Christ hath overflowed me. I would not give my weeping for the fourteen prelates laughter: they have sent me here to feast with my King; his spikenard casteth a sweet smell. The Bridegroom's love hath run away with my heart: O love, love, love! O sweet are my royal King's chains! I care not for fire nor torture: how sweet were it to swim the salt sea for my new Lover, my second Husband, my first Lord! I charge you in the name of God, not to fear the wild beasts that entered into the vineyard of the Lord of hosts: the false prophet is the tail; God shall cut the tail from Scotland. Take your comfort, and droop not, despond not: pray for my poor flock; I would take a penance on my soul for their salvation. I fear the entering of a hireling upon my labours there, cut off my life with sorrow: there I wrestled with the angel, and prevailed; woods, trees, meadows, and hills are my witnesses. I drew on a fair meeting betwixt Christ and Anwoth. My love to your husband, to dear Carletoun, to my beloved brother Knockbrex; forget not Christ's prisoner: I long for a letter under your own hand.

*Aberd. Nov.* 22. *Your friend and Christ's prisoner*, S. R.

## 42. *To* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*My dearly beloved sister*,

GRACE mercy and peace be to you. I complain that Galloway is not kind to me in paper; I have received no letters these sixteen weeks, but two. I am well; my prison is a palace to me, and Christ's banqueting-house. My Lord Jesus is as kind as they call him: oh that all Scotland knew my case, and had part of my feast! I charge you, in the name of God, I charge you to believe; fear not the sons of men, the worms

ſhall eat them. To pray and believe now, when Chriſt ſeems to give a nay-ſay, is more than it was before: die believing, die and Chriſt's promiſe in your hand. I deſire, I requeſt, I charge your huſband, and that town to ſtand for the truth of the goſpel: contend with Chriſt's enemies; and I pray you ſhew all profeſſors you know, my caſe: help me to praiſe. The miniſters here envy me; they will have my priſon changed. My mother hath born me a man of contention, and one that ſtriveth with the whole earth. Remember my love to your huſband. Grace be with you.

*Aberd. Jan.* 3. 1637. *Yours in the Lord*, S. R.

## 43. *For* MARION MACKNAUGHT.

*Loving and dear ſiſter*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. Your letter hath refreſhed my ſoul: you ſhall not have my advice to make haſte to go out of that town; for if you remove out of Kirkcudbright, they will eaſily undo all: you are God's work, and and in his way there; be ſtrong in the Lord; the devil is weaker than you are; becauſe ſtronger is he that is in you, than he that is in the world. Your care of, and love ſhewed towards me, now a priſoner of Chriſt, is laid up for you in heaven, and you ſhall know, that it is come up in remembrance before God. Pray, pray for my deſolate flock, and give them your counſel, when you meet with any of them. It ſhall be my grief to hear, that a wolf enter upon my labours; but if the Lord permit it, I muſt be ſilent: my ſky will clear; for Chriſt layeth my head in his boſom, and admitteth me to lean there. I never knew before what his love was in ſuch a meaſure; if he leave me, he leaves me in pain, and ſick of love; and yet my ſickneſs is my life and health: I have a fire within me, I defy all the devils in hell, and all the prelates in Scotland to caſt water on it. I rejoice at your courage and faith: pray ſtill, as if I were on my journey to come, and be your paſtor. What iron-gates or bars are able to ſtand it out againſt Chriſt? for when he bloweth, they open to him. I remember your huſband. Grace, grace be with you.

*Aberd. March* 11. 1637. *Yours in his ſweet Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 44. *For* GRISSEL FULLERTON.

*Miſtreſs*,

REmembering well what relation I had to your (now bleſſed and perfected with glory) dear mother, and being confident yourſelf looks that way, which (except I be eternally loſt) is the way of peace and of life; I ſhould be ungrateful to forget

forget those, whom, by the covenant of the Lord, I cannot but remember to God. I will speak nothing of you of the present sad differences; but if I have, or ever had any nearness to God, that other way, which I trust I shall never follow, is the way of man. And for the present powers, I suffer from them, and look for more: God hath a controversy with them: and my soul enter not their secrets. Only I should beseech, request, and obtest you in the Lord, and by your appearance before Christ, follow the way of the Lord, and the steps trode by the gracious in that place, which the Lord followed with life and power. My heart is filled with sorrow, considering what communion with God some of the country had, and how much they were in edifying and helping one another in his way, and how little of that there is now in that country. Your mother keeped in life in that place, and quickened many about her to the seeking of God. My desire to you is, that ye would succeed her in that way, and be letting a word fall to your brethren and others, that may encourage them to look toward the way of God; you will have need of it ere it belong. See how you may have a gracious minister, no neutral there, to succeed and follow the servant of God, now asleep in the Lord. There is a great and wide difference between a name of godliness, and the power of godliness; that is hottest, when there are fewest witnesses. The deadness upon many, and the defection of the land, is great; blessed are they who seek the Lord and his face. I shall intreat you to remember me to your husband, and all friends: I desire to forget none, who are in Christ.

*Edin. March* 14. 1653. *Your brother in the Lord*, S. R.

## 45. *To a Gentlewoman.*

*Mistress*,

I Beseech you, have me excused, if the daily employments of my calling shall hinder me to see you, according as I would wish; for I dare not go abroad, since many of my people are sick, and the time of our communion draws near: but frequent the company of your worthy and honest-hearted pastor Mr. Robert, to whom the Lord hath given the tongue of the learned, to minister a word in due season to the weary. Remember me to him, and to your husband. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

*Your affectionate friend*, S. R.

## 46. *For* WILLIAM FULLERTON, *Provost of Kirkcudbright.*

*Much honoured and very dear friend*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. I am in good case, blessed be the Lord, remaining here in this uncouth

town, a priſoner for Chriſt and his truth; and I am not aſhamed of his croſs, my ſoul is comforted with the conſolations of his ſweet preſence, for whom I ſuffer. I earneſtly intreat you, to give honour and authority to Chriſt, and for Chriſt; and be not diſmayed for fleſh and blood, while you are for the Lord, and for his truth and cauſe. And howbeit we ſee truth put to the worſe for the time; yet Chriſt will be a friend to truth, and will do for thoſe, who dare hazard all that they have for him, and for his glory. Sir, our fair day is coming, and the court will change, and wicked men will weep afternoon, and ſorer than the ſons of God, who weep in the morning. Let us believe and hope for God's ſalvation. Sir, I hope, I need not write to you, for your kindneſs and love to my brother, who is now to be diſtreſſed for the truth of God, as well as I am. I think myſelf obliged to pray for you, and your worthy and kind bed-fellow and children, for your love to him and me alſo. I hope your pains for us, in Chriſt, ſhall not be loſt. Thus, recommending you to the tender mercy and loving kindneſs of God, I reſt

*Aberd. Sept.* 21. 1636. *Your very loving and affectionate brother*, S. R.

47. *For the right honourable, my Lady Viſcounteſs of* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to your Ladyſhip. I long to hear from you, and that dear child; and for that cauſe I trouble you with letters. I am for the preſent thinking the ſparrows and the ſwallows, that build their neſts in Anwoth, bleſſed birds. The Lord hath made all my congregation deſolate. Alas, I am oft at this, Shew me wherefore thou contendeſt with me? O earth, earth, cover not the violence done to me. I know it is my faithful jealouſy in this my dark night, to take a friend for a foe; yet hath not my Lord made any plea with me. I chide with him, but he giveth me fair words: ſeeing my ſins and the ſins of my youth deſerved ſtrokes, how am I obliged to my Lord, who amongſt many croſſes hath given me a wailed and choſen croſs, to ſuffer for the name of my Lord Jeſus? Since I muſt have chains, he would put golden chains on me, watered over with many conſolations: ſeeing I muſt have ſorrow (for I ſinned, O Preſerver of mankind) he hath wailed out for me joyful ſorrow, honeſt, ſpiritual and glorious ſorrow. My croſſes come through mercy and love's fingers, from the kind heart of a Brother, Chriſt my Lord; and therefore muſt be ſweet and ſugared. O what am I! ſuch a lump, ſuch a rotten maſs of ſin, to be counted a bairn worthy to be chaſtened and ſtricken with the beſt and moſt honourable rod in

my Father's house, the golden rod, wherewith my eldest Brother, the Lord, heir of the inheritance, and his faithful witnesses were stricken withal. It would be thought, I should be thankful and rejoice; but my beholders and lovers in Christ have eyes of flesh, and have made my one to be ten; and I am somebody in their books: my witness is above, there are armies of thoughts within me saying the contrary, and laughing at their wide mistake. If my inner-side, were seen, my dung would stink; I would lose and forfeit love and respect at the hands of any that love God; pity would come in the place of these. O if they would yet see me lower, and my Well-beloved Christ higher! I would I had grace and strength of my Lord, to be joyful and contentedly glad and chearful, that God's glory might ride, and openly triumph before the view of men, angels, devils, earth, heaven, hell, sun, moon, and all God's creatures, upon my pain and sufferings; providing always I felt not the Lord's hatred and displeasure. But I fear his fair glory be but foiled in coming through such a foul creature as I am. If I could be the sinless matter of glorifying Christ, howbeit to my loss, pain, sufferings, and extremity of wretchedness, how would my soul rejoice! but I am far, far from this: he knoweth, his love hath made me a prisoner, and bound me hand and foot; but it is my pain, that I cannot win loose, nor get loose hands, and a loosed heart, to do service to my Lord Jesus, and to speak his love. I confess, I have neither tongue nor pen to do it. Christ's love is more than my praises, and above the thoughts of the angel Gabriel, and all the mighty hosts that stand before the throne of God. I think shame, I am sad and casten down to think, that my foul tongue, and my polluted heart, should come in to help others to sing aloud the praises of the love of Christ; all I now do, is to wish the quire to grow throng, and to grow in the extolling of Christ. Wo, wo is me, for my guiltiness is seen to few; my hidden wounds, still bleeding within me, are before the eyes of no man; but if my sweetest Lord Jesus were not still breathing, washing, balming, healing, and binding them up, they should rot, and break out to my shame. I know not what shall be the end of my suffering: I have but seen the one side of my cross; what will be the other side he knoweth, who hath his fire in Zion. Let him lead me, if it were through hell. I thank my Lord, my on-waiting and holding my peace as I do, to see what more Christ will do to me, is my joy. Oh, if my ease, joy, pleasure for evermore, were laid in wadset, and in pledge to buy praises to Christ! But far am I from this. It is easy for a poor soul, in the deep debt of Christ's love, to spit farther than he does leap or jump, and to feed upon broad wishes that Christ may be honoured; but in performance I am stark nought. I have nothing, nothing to give Christ but poverty;

verty; except he would compriſe and arreſt my ſoul, and my love (Oh, Oh if he would do that!), I have nothing for him. He may indeed ſeize upon a dyvour's perſon, ſoul and body; but he hath no goods for Chriſt to meddle with: but how glad ſhould my ſoul be, if he would forfeit my love, and never give me it again. Madam, I would be glad to hear that Chriſt's claim to you were ſtill the more, and that you were ſtill going forward, and that you were nearer him. I do not honour Chriſt myſelf, but I wiſh all others to make ſale to Chriſt's houſe: I would I could invite you to go into your Well-beloved's houſe of wine, and that upon my word, you would then ſee a new myſtery of love in Chriſt you never ſaw before. I am ſomewhat encouraged that your Ladyſhip is not dry and cold to Chriſt's priſoner, as ſome are: I hope it is put up in my Maſter's count-book. I am not much grieved, that my jealous huſband break in pieces my idols, that either they dare not, or will not do for me. My Maſter needeth not their help, but they need to be that ſerviceable as to help him. Madam, I have been that bold as to put you, and that ſweet child, in the prayers of Mr. Andrew Cant, Mr. James Martin, the Lady Leyes, and ſome others in this country that truly love Chriſt: be pleaſed to let me hear how the child is. The bleſſings that came upon the head of Joſeph, and the top of the head of him who was ſeparated from his brethren, and the good-will of him who dwelt in the buſh, be ſeen upon him and you. Madam, I can ſay, by ſome little experience, more now than before of Chriſt to you. I am ſtill upon this, that if you ſeek, there is a poſe, a hidden treaſure and a gold mine in Chriſt, you never yet ſaw; then come and ſee. Thus, recommending you to God's deareſt mercy, I reſt

*Your own in his ſweet Lord Jeſus,*
*at all obedience,* S. R.

P. S. MY Lady Marſhall is very kind to me, and her ſon alſo.

*Aberdeen, June* 17. 1637.

48. *For the right honourable, my Lady Viſcounteſs of* KENMURE.

*My very noble and dear Lady,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you. The Lord hath brought me ſafely to Aberdeen: I have got lodging in the hearts of all I meet with; no face that hath not ſmiled upon me; only the indwellers of this town are dry, cold, and general; they conſiſt of Papiſts, and men of Gallio's metal, firm in

no

no religion; and it is counted no wiſdom here to countenance a confined and ſilenced miniſter: but the ſhame of Chriſt's croſs ſhall not be my ſhame. Queensberry's attempt ſeemeth to ſleep, becauſe the Biſhop of Galloway was pleaſed to ſay to the Treaſurer, I had committed treaſon; which word blunted the Treaſurer's borrowed zeal. So I thank God, who will not have me to anchor my ſoul upon falſe ground, or upon fleſh and blood; it is better it be faſtened within the vail. I find my old challenges reviving again, and my love often jealous of Chriſt's love, when I look upon my own guiltineſs: and I verily think, the world hath too ſoft an opinion of the gate to heaven, and that many ſhall get a blind and ſad beguile for heaven; for there is more ado than a cold and frozen, *Lord, Lord:* it muſt be a way narrower and ſtraiter than we conceive, for the righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved. It were good to take a more judicious view of Chriſtianity; for I have been doubting, if ever I knew any more of Chriſtianity than the letters of the name. I will not lie on my Lord: I find often much joy, and unſpeakable comfort, in his ſweet preſence, who ſent me hither; and I truſt this houſe of my pilgrimage ſhall be my palace, my garden of delights; and that Chriſt will be kind to poor ſold Joſeph, who is ſeparated from his brethren. I would be ſometimes too hot, and too joyful, if the heart-breaks at the remembrance of ſin, and fair, fair feaſt-days with King Jeſus, did not cool me, and ſour my ſweet joys. Oh! how ſweet is the love of Chriſt! and how wiſe is that love! But let faith friſt and truſt a while: it is no reaſon ſons offend, that the father giveth them only twice a-year hire, as he doth to hired ſervants; better God's heirs live upon hope than upon hire. Madam, your Ladyſhip knoweth what Chriſt hath done, to have all your love; and that he alloweth not his love upon your dear child. Keep good quarters with Chriſt in your love. I verily think, Chriſt hath ſaid, I muſt needs force have Jane Campbell for myſelf: and he hath laid many oars in the water, to fiſh and hunt home over your heart to heaven: let him have his prey; he will think you well won, when he hath gotten you. It is good to have recourſe often, and to have the door open to our ſtrong hold; for the ſword of the Lord, the ſword of the Lord is for Scotland; and yet two or three berries ſhall be left in the top of the olive-tree. If a word can do my brother good in his diſtreſs, I know your Ladyſhip will be willing and ready to ſpeak, and more alſo. Now the only wiſe God, and your only, only One, he who dwelt in the buſh, be with you. I write many kiſſes and many bleſſings in Chriſt to your child; the bleſſings of his Father's God, the bleſſings due to the fatherleſs and the widow be yours and his.

*Aberdeen.* *Your Ladyſhip's in his only only Lord Jeſus,* S. R.

P. S. Madam, Be pleaſed, at a fit time, to try my Lord of Lorn his mind, if his Lordſhip would be pleaſed, that I dedicate another work againſt the Arminians to his honourable name: for howbeit I would compare no patron to his Lordſhip, and though I have ſufficient experience of his love; yet it is poſſible, his Lordſhip think it not expedient at this time: but I expect your Ladyſhip's anſwer, and I hope your Ladyſhip will be plain.

49. *For the right honourable, my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam,*

I Doubt not but the debt of many, more than ordinary, favours to this land layeth guiltineſs upon this nation: the Lord hath put us in his books as a favoured people, in the ſight of the nations; but we pay not to him the rent of the vineyard: and we might have had a goſpel at an eaſier rate than this goſpel; but it ſhould have had but as much life as ink and paper hath: we ſtand obliged to him, who hath in a manner forced his love on us, and would but love us againſt our will.

Anent read prayers, Madam, I could never ſee precept, promiſe, or practice for them in God's word; our church never allowed them, but men took them up at their own choice: the word of God maketh reading, 1 Tim. iv. 13. and praying, 1 Theſſ. v. 17. two different worſhips. In reading, God ſpeaketh to us, 2 Kings xxii. 10, 11. in praying, we ſpeak to God, Pſalm xxii. 2. Pſalm xxviii. 1. I had never faith to think well of them; in my weak judgment, it were good they were out of the ſervice of God; I cannot think them a fruit or effect of the ſpirit of adoption, ſeeing the uſer cannot ſay of ſuch prayers, 'Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable in thy ſight, O Lord, my Strength and Redeemer;' which the ſervants of God ought to ſay of their prayers, Pſalm xix. 14. For ſuch prayers are meditations ſet down in paper and ink, and cannot be his heart-meditations who uſeth them: the ſaints never uſed them, and God never commanded them; and a promiſe to hear any prayers, except the pouring out of the ſoul to God, we can never read. As for ſeparation from a worſhip for ſome errors of a church, the independency of ſingle congregations, a church of viſible ſaints, and other tenets of Browniſts, they are contrary to God's word. I have a treatiſe at the preſs at London againſt theſe conceits, as things which want God's word to warrant them; the Lord lay it not to their charge, who depart from the covenant of God with this land, to follow ſuch lying vanities.

I did ſee lately your daughter the Lady Ardroſs; the Lord hath

hath given her a child and deliverance. Now, recommending your Ladyship to the rich grace of Christ, I rest

*St. Andrews.* *Yours, at all respective observance in Christ*, S. R.

## 50. *To* JOHN HENDERSON *in Rusco.*

*Loving friend,*

I Earnestly desire your salvation. Know the Lord, and seek Christ; you have a soul that can die; see for a lodging for your poor soul: for that house of clay will fall; heaven or nothing, either Christ or nothing. Use prayer in your house, and set your thoughts often upon death and judgment; it is dangerous to be loose in the matter of your salvation; few are saved; men go to heaven in one's and two's, and the whole world lieth in sin. Love your enemies, and stand by the truth I have taught you in all things. Fear not men, but let God be your fear: your time will not be long; make the seeking of Christ your daily task; ye may, when ye are in the fields, speak to God: seek a broken heart for sin; for without that there is no meeting with Christ. I speak this to your wife, as well as to yourself. I desire your sister, in her fears and doubtings, to fasten her grips on Christ's love; I forbid her to doubt, for Christ loves her, and hath her name written in his book; her salvation is fast coming: Christ her Lord is not slow in coming, nor slack in his promise. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Your loving pastor*, S. R.

## 51. *To* JAMES MURRAY's *Wife.*

*My very dear and worthy sister,*

YOU are truly blessed in the Lord, however a sour world gloom and frown on you, if ye continue in the faith, settled and grounded, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel. It is good there is a heaven, and it is not a night-dream and a fancy: it is a wonder that men deny not there is a heaven, as they deny there is any way to it, but of men's making. You have learned of Christ that there is a heaven; contend for it, and for Christ: bear well and submissively the hard thrust of this step-mother world, which God will not have to be yours. I confess it is hard, and would to God I were able to lighten you of your burden; but believe me, this world, which the Lord will not have to be yours, is but the dross, refuse, and scum of God's creation; the portion of the Lord's poor hired servants, the moveables, not the heritage; a hard bone cast to the dogs, holden out of the New Jerusalem, whereupon

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hath given her a child and deliverance. Now, recommending your Ladyſhip to the rich grace of Chriſt, I reſt

*St. Andrews.* *Yours, at all reſpective obſervance in Chriſt*, S. R.

## 50. *To* JOHN HENDERSON *in Ruſco.*

*Loving friend*,

I Earneſtly deſire your ſalvation. Know the Lord, and ſeek Chriſt; you have a ſoul that can die; ſee for a lodging for your poor ſoul: for that houſe of clay will fall; heaven or nothing, either Chriſt or nothing. Uſe prayer in your houſe, and ſet your thoughts often upon death and judgment; it is dangerous to be looſe in the matter of your ſalvation; few are ſaved; men go to heaven in one's and two's, and the whole world lieth in ſin. Love your enemies, and ſtand by the truth I have taught you in all things. Fear not men, but let God be your fear: your time will not be long; make the ſeeking of Chriſt your daily taſk; ye may, when ye are in the fields, ſpeak to God: ſeek a broken heart for ſin; for without that there is no meeting with Chriſt. I ſpeak this to your wife, as well as to yourſelf. I deſire your ſiſter, in her fears and doubtings, to faſten her grips on Chriſt's love; I forbid her to doubt, for Chriſt loves her, and hath her name written in his book; her ſalvation is faſt coming: Chriſt her Lord is not ſlow in coming, nor ſlack in his promiſe. Grace be with you.

*Aberdeen.* *Your loving paſtor*, S. R.

## 51. *To* JAMES MURRAY's *Wife.*

*My very dear and worthy ſiſter*,

YOU are truly bleſſed in the Lord, however a four world gloom and frown on you, if ye continue in the faith, ſettled and grounded, and be not moved away from the hope of the goſpel. It is good there is a heaven, and it is not a night-dream and a fancy: it is a wonder that men deny not there is a heaven, as they deny there is any way to it, but of men's making. You have learned of Chriſt that there is a heaven; contend for it, and for Chriſt: bear well and ſubmiſſively the hard thruſt of this ſtep-mother world, which God will not have to be yours. I confeſs it is hard, and would to God I were able to lighten you of your burden; but believe me, this world, which the Lord will not have to be yours, is but the droſs, refuſe, and ſcum of God's creation; the portion of the Lord's poor hired ſervants, the moveables, not the heritage; a hard bone caſt to the dogs, holden out of the New Jeruſalem, whereupon

they rather break their teeth, than ſatisfy their appetite. It is your Father's bleſſings, and Chriſt's birth-right, that our Lord is keeping for you; and perſuade yourſelf alſo, (if it be good for them and you) your ſeed alſo ſhall inherit the earth; for that is promiſed to them, and God's bond is as good as if he would give every one of them a bond for thouſand thouſands. Ere ye were born, croſſes in number, meaſure, and weight, were written for you; and your Lord will lead you thorow them: make Chriſt ſure, and the world and the bleſſings of the earth ſhall be at Chriſt's back and beck. I ſee many profeſſors for the faſhion, profeſſors of glaſs; I would make a little knock of perſecution ding them in twenty pieces, and the world ſhould laugh at the ſheards; therefore make faſt work; ſee that Chriſt be the ground-ſtone of your profeſſion; the ſore wind and rain will not waſh away this building; this work hath no leſs date than to ſtand for evermore. I ſhould twenty times have periſhed in my affliction, if I had not laid my weak back and preſſing burden both upon the ſtone, the Corner-ſtone laid in Zion; I am not twice fain (as the proverb is) but once and for ever of this Stone. Now the God of peace eſtabliſh you to the day of the appearance of Jeſus Chriſt.

*St. Andrews.* *Yours*, S. R.

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52. *For the right honourable, my Lady Viſcounteſs of* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I am glad to hear that your Ladyſhip is in any tolerable health; and ſhall pray that the Lord may be your Strength and Rock. Sure I am, he took you out of the womb; and you have been caſten on him from the breaſts: I am confident he ſhall not leave you, till he crown the begun work in you. There is nothing here but diviſions in the church and aſſembly; for beſide Browniſts and Independents, (who, of all that differ from us, come neareſt to walkers with God) there are many other ſects here of Anabaptiſts, Libertines, who are for all opinions in religion, fleſhly and abominable Antinomians, and Seekers, who are for no church ordinances, but expect apoſtles to come and reform churches; and a world of others, all againſt the government of preſbyteries. Luther obſerved, when he ſtudied to reform, that two and thirty ſundry ſects aroſe; of all which (I have named but a part) except theſe called Seekers, who were not then ariſen he ſaid, God ſhould cruſh them, and that they ſhould riſe again; both which we ſee accompliſhed. In the aſſembly, we have well near ended the government, and are upon the power of ſynods, and I hope near at an end with them, and ſo I truſt to be delivered

vered from this prison shortly. The king hath dissolved the treaty of peace at Uxbridge, and adheres to his sweet prelates; and would abate nothing but a little of the rigour of their courts, and a suspending of laws against ceremonies, not a taking away of them. The not prospering of your armies there in Scotland, is ascribed here to the sins of the land, and particularly to the divisions and backslidings of many from the cause, and the not executing of justice against bloody malignants. My wife, here, under the physicians, remembers her service to your Ladyship. So, recommending you to the rich grace of Christ, I rest,

*London, March* 4. 1644. *Your Ladyship's at all obedience in Christ,* S. R.

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53. *For the right honourable, my Lady* BOYD.

*Madam,*

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: I received your letter on May 19th. We are here debating with much contention of disputes, for the just measures of the Lord's temple. It pleaseth God, that sometimes enemies hinder the building of the Lord's house; but now friends, even gracious men (so I conceive of them) do not a little hinder the work: Thomas Goodwin, Jeremiah Burroughs, and some others, four or five, who are for the Independent way, stand in our way, and are mighty opposites to presbyterial government. We have carried thro' some propositions for the scripture-right of presbytery; especially in the church of Jerusalem, Acts ii. iv. v. vi. xv. and the church of Ephesus; and are going on upon other grounds of truth; and by the way have proven, That ordination of pastors belongeth not to a single congregation, but to a college of presbyters, whose it is to lay hands upon Timothy, and others, 1 Tim. iv. 14. 1 Tim. v. 17. Acts xiii. 1, 2, 3. Acts viii. 5, 6. We are to prove, That one single congregation hath not power to excommunicate, which is opposed, not only by Independent men, but by many others: the truth is, we have many and grieved spirits with the work; and for my part, I often despair of the reformation of this land, which saw never any thing, but the high places of their fathers, and the remnants of Babylon's pollutions; and except that, not by might, nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord; I should think, God hath not yet thought it time for England's deliverance: for the truth is, the best of them almost hath said, An half reformation is very fair at the first; which is no other thing than, It is not yet time to build the house of the Lord: and for that cause, many houses, great and fair in the land, are laid desolate. Multitudes of Anabaptists, Antinomians, Familists, Separatists are here; the best

of the people are the Independent way: as for myſelf, I know no more, if there be a ſound Chriſtian (ſetting aſide ſome, yea, not a few learned, ſome zealous and faithful miniſters, whom I have met with) at London, (though I doubt not but there are many) than if I were in Spain; which maketh me bleſs God, that the communion of ſaints, how deſireable ſoever, yet is not the thing, even that great thing, Chriſt and remiſſion of ſins. If Jeſus were uncouth, as his members are here, I ſhould be in a ſad and heavy condition. The houſe of Peers are rotten men, and hate our commiſſioners and our cauſe both; the life that is, is in the houſe of commons, and many of them alſo have their religion to chooſe. The ſorrows of a travailing woman are come on the land: our army is lying about York, and have blocked up them of Newcaſtle, and ſix thouſand papiſts and malignants, with Mr. Thomas Sydſerf, and ſome Scottiſh prelates; and if God deliver them into their hands (conſidering how ſtrong the parliament's are, how many victories God hath given them ſince they entered into covenant with him, and how weak the king is) it may be thought the land is near a deliverance; but I rather deſire it, than believe it. We offered this day to the aſſembly a part of a Directory for worſhip, to ſhoulder out the Service-Book; it is taken into conſideration by the aſſembly. Your ſon Lindſay is well. I receive letters from him almoſt every week.

*London, May* 25. *Yours at all obedience in God,* S. R.

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54. *For the right honourable Lady, my Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam,*

I Am a little moved at your infirmity of body and health; I hope it is to you a real warning: And if in this life only we had hope, we ſhould be of all men the moſt miſerable. Sure the huge generations of the ſeekers of the face of Jacob's God muſt be in a life above the things that are now much taking with us; ſuch as to ſee the ſun, to enjoy this life in health, and ſome good worldly accommodations too: and if we be making that ſure, it is our wiſdom. The times would make any that love the Lord ſick, and faint, to conſider how iniquity abounds, and how dull we are in obſerving ſins in ourſelves, and how quick-ſighted to find them out in others, and what bondage we are in; and yet very often, when we complain of times, we are ſecretly ſlandering the Lord's work and wiſe government of the world, and raiſing a hard report of him; He is good, and does good, and all his ways are equal. Madam, I have been to ſome other (oh if I could to myſelf) holding out ſome more of this, to read and ſtudy God well, and make the ſerious thoughts of a God-head and a God-head in Chriſt, the work, and the

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only work, all the day. Oh we are little with God! and do all without God! we sleep and wake without him; we eat, we speak, we journey, we go about worldly business, and our calling without God! and considering what deadness is upon the hearts of many, it were good that some did not pray without God, and preach and praise, and read, and confer of God, without God. It is universally complained of, that there is a strange deadness upon the land, and on the hearts of his people: Oh if we could help it! But he that waters every moment his garden of red wine, must help it. I believe he will burn the briers and the thorns that come against him. I desire to remember your Ladyship to God, but little can I do that way: his everlasting good-will be with you.

*St. Andrews, July* 24. *Yours in the Lord Jesus*, S. R.

55. *For the right honourable and Christian Lady, the Lady* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

GRACE, mercy and peace be to you: the Lord is gracious, who keeps your Ladyship in the furnace, when many put out their hand to iniquity one way or other. We are now shouldering and casting down one another in the dark, and the godly are hidden from the godly. We make our own chains heavier, by joining with the Lord's enemies: hence new sufferings to all, that dare not say a confederacy to those to whom this people say a confederacy, nor fear their fear. As that is my exercise now, who am not very far from being my alone (tho' I know in whom I have believed, at least I should know) in this place; so I am afraid that the godly there comply with these declared enemies of God; it will be our strength to walk between enemies and malignants on either side; this is the day of Jacob's trouble, yet these dry bones can and must live. I know not if I shall see it, but I hope to take this quietness and silence of faith, in the most of the noises of the alarm for war, to the grave with me, that the Lord shall build upon the church of Britain, and Ireland, a palace of silver, inclosed with boards of cedar. Dear madam, faint not, the night is almost gone; for the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; tho' it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, and not tarry. Madam, weary not; none can out-bid your lodging in heaven: there is more given for it by him, who hath bespoken it for Jane Campbell, and taken it for her, than any can offer; the ransom of blood standeth. My wife remembereth her respects to your Ladyship. The child is well; Mrs. Gillespie is well we hear, but not here. Grace, grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, Jan.* 28. *Yours in his own Lord*

1633. *Jesus Christ*, S. R.

## 56. *To the honourable and truly worthy Colonel* GILBERT KER.

*Much honoured in the Lord,*

HOW it is with you, may appear by your letters to some with us. But it is the complaint of not a few of such, who were in Christ before me, that most of us inhabit and dwell in a parched land. The people of the Lord are like a land not rained upon: though some dare not deny but this is the garden of the Beloved, and the vineyard that the Lord doth keep, and water every moment; yet O where are the sometimes quickening breathings and influences from heaven that have refreshed his hidden ones? The causes of his withdrawings are unknown to us; one thing cannot be denied, but that ways of high sovereignty, and dominion of grace, are far out of the sight of angels and men; yea, and so above the fixed way of free promises, (such as, This do, and he shall breathe and blow upon his garden) as he hath put forth a declaration to his hidden ones in Scotland, that smarting, wrestlings, prayings, complaining, gracious missing, cannot earn the visits from on high, nor fetch down showers upon the desart. It may be, when we are saying in our graves, Our bones are dry, and our hope gone, that temporal and spiritual deliverance may come both together; and that he shall cause us feel, both the one way and the other, the good of his reign who shortly comes to the throne, Psalm lxxii. 6. 'He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth.' Ver. 7. 'In his days shall the righteous flourish: and abundance of peace, so long as the moon endureth.' Ver. 12. 'He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, and the poor also, and him that hath no helper.' Ver. 14. 'He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in his sight.' And though we cannot pray home a sweet season that way, yet Christ must bring summer with him, when he cometh. Ver. 16. 'There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon.' I know not if I apply prophecies as I would, rather than as they are; when the one Shepherd is set over them, even he who shall stand (O how much do we ly!) and feed in the strength of the Lord, the isles (and this the greatest of them) who wait for his law, are to look for that, Ezek. xxxiv. 26. 'And I will make them, and the places round about my hill a blessing, and I will cause the showers to come down in his season.' And there shall be showers of blessing: how desireable must every drop of such a shower be? And Hosea xiv. 5. 'I will be as the dew to Israel, he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.' Ver. 6. 'His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree,

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and his ſmell as Lebanon. And Iſa. lv. 13. 'Inſtead of the thorn ſhall come up the fir-tree, and inſtead of the brier ſhall come up the myrtle-tree: and it ſhall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlaſting ſign that ſhall not be cut off,' Iſa. xli. 19. 'I will plant in the wilderneſs the cedar, the ſhittah tree, and the oil-tree.' Iſa. xliv. 3. 'I will pour water upon him that is thirſty, and ſtoods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy ſeed, and my bleſſing upon their offspring.' And it ſhall be no loſt labour, nor fruitleſs huſbandry. Ver. 6. 'They ſhall ſpring as among the graſs, as willows, by the water-courſes.' But when this ſhall be in Scotland, (and it muſt be) is better to believe than prophefy, and quietly to hope and ſit ſtill (for that is yet our ſtrength) than quarrel with him, that the wheels of his chariot move leiſurely.

Yet this can hardly ſay any thing to us, who do ſo much pleaſe ourſelves in our deadneſs, and are almoſt gone from godly thirſt and miſſing too, being half ſatisfied with our witheredneſs; no doubt we have marred his influences, and have not ſeconded nor ſmiled upon his actings upon us, nor have we been much of his ſtrain, who, Pſal. cxix. doth eight times breathe out that ſuit, Quicken me, quicken me. So much are we deſirous to be acted upon by the Lord as blocks and ſtones; and ſo prodigal are we of his motions, as if they were no better to be huſbanded: but it is good, that it is not in our power to blaſt and undo his breathings; but his wind bloweth where he liſteth. Could we but learn, and caſt a quiet ſpirit under the dewings and ſhowerings of him, that every moment watereth his vineyard, how happy and bleſſed were we? we neither open, nor do we diſcern his knocking, nor feel his hand put in through the key-hole, nor can we give any ſpiritual account of the walkings and motions of Chriſt, when he ſtands behind the wall, when he comes ſkipping over the mountains, when he comes to his garden and feaſts, when he feeds among the lilies, when his ſpikenard caſts a ſmell, when he knocks and withdraws, and is no where to be found. O how little a portion of God do we ſee! how little ſtudy we God! how rarely read we God, or are verſed in the lively apprehenſions of that great unknown All in All, the glorious God-head, and the God-head revealed in Chriſt! We dwell far from the well, and complain but dryly of our dryneſs and dulneſs; we are rather dry than thirſty.

Sir, There may be artificial pride in this humility; but for me, I neither know what he is, nor his Son's name, nor where he dwells: I hear a report of Chriſt great enough, and that is all. O what is nearneſs to him! what is that, to be in God, to dwell in God! what a houſe muſt that be, 1 John iv. 13. How far are ſome from their houſe and home? how ill acquaint with the rooms, manſions, ſafety, and ſweetneſs of holy ſecurity to

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be found in God! O what eſtrangement! what wandering! what frequent converſing with ſelf and the creature! Is not here the bed ſhorter than that a man can ſtretch himſelf on it? and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himſelf in it? Iſa. xxviii. 20. When ſhall we attain to a living in only, only God! and be eſtranged from all the poor created nothings, the painted ſhadow beings of yeſterday, which an hour and leſs before creation were dark waſte negatives, and empty nothings, and ſhould ſo have been for eternity, had the Lord ſuffered them to ly there for ever? It is He, the great He, who ſitteth upon the circle of the earth (of the world) and the inhabitants thereof are as graſhoppers; that ſtretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and ſpreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity, Iſa. xl. 22, 23. And He, the only He, and there is no He beſide him, Iſa. xliii. 10, 11. and xlv. 5. Men or angels, there are not any of them an he to him: but a living, breathing, dying nothing is man at his beſt, a ſick clay vanity; and the angel to him but a more excellent, living, and underſtanding nothing; yet we live at a diſtance from him, and we die and wither, when we are out of God: oh if we knew how nothing we are without him. Sir, We deſire to mind your bonds, and are cheered and refreſhed, that we hear of any of his manifeſtations, and his out-goings, which are prepared as the morning to you. We hope, nor need we deſire you not to faint, and are confident that the anointing, that abideth in you, teacheth you ſo much: wait upon the ſpeaking-viſion; behold he cometh, behold his reward is with him, and his work before him. The only wiſe God ſtrengthen you with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-ſuffering with joyfulneſs.

*St. Andrews, July* 1653. *Yours at all obſervance in the Lord Jeſus*, S. R.

## 57. *To Mr.* JOHN SCOT *at Oxname.*

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Saw from C. K. a teſtimony of your preſbytery againſt toleration, in which you have been inſtrumental; the Lord give ſtrength to do more. I think it both rare and neceſſary, and would account it a great mercy, if there were an addition of a poſtſcript from divers miniſters and elders, out of all the ſhires of Scotland: it is really the mind of all the godly and tender in this land. It is believed by ſome, that the proteſting party hath quite given over the cauſe: I hope it is not ſo; but the Lord ſhall be yet victorious in his moſt deſpiſed ones. Our darkneſs is great and thick, and there is much deadneſs; yet the

the Lord ſhall be our light. Thus recommending you to his grace, whoſe you are, I am

*St. Andrews, April* 2. 1658. *Your own brother in the Lord*, S. R.

## 58. *To Mr.* JOHN SCOT *at Oxname.*

*Dear brother,*

FAINT not, but be ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; I look on it as a rich mercy, that the Lord is with you, ſtrengthening you, to quicken fainters, to warm and warn any that are cold or dead, or who deaden others. Believe it, it will be your peace in the end: the times are ſad; yet I perſuade myſelf, the viſion will not tarry, but will ſpeak. The Lord will looſe our captive-bonds: O bleſſed be he, though alone, who is found faſt and conſtant, for the deſireable intereſt of Chriſt. My humble advice would be, that you ſee to the placing of the deacon and ruling-elder, or to any thing that may weaken the diſcipline: our ſecond book of diſcipline ſhould be heeded, ſeſſions purged. Oh! catechiſing and perſonal viſiting, and ſpeaking to them *ſigillatim*, concerning their intereſt in Chriſt, and a ſtate of converſion, is little in practice. The practice of family-faſts is ſcarce known to be an ordinance of God. It were good you would confer with godly brethren in private, concerning the promoving of godlineſs, concerning Chriſtian conference, and praying together, worſhipping of God in families, and ſolitary faſts. To his grace, who can direct, quicken, and ſtrengthen you, I recommend you, and am

*St. Andrews.* *Your loving brother*, S. R.

## 59. *To Mr.* JOHN SCOT *at Oxname.*

*Reverend and dear brother,*

YOUR letter that came unto me of Auguſt 2d, to be be at Edinburgh upon Auguſt 2d, was unknown to me by the ſubſcription; but ſince it was written for ſo honourable and warrantable a truth of Chriſt, as a teſtimony againſt toleration, if my health would have permitted, and my daily menacing gravel, I ſhould have come to Edinburgh: what either counſel, countenance, or clearing, you could have had from the like of me, I cannot ſay, nor dare I ſpeak much. But with a reſerve of the help of his grace, I deſire to deſire, and purpoſe by ſtrength from above, to own that cauſe, and to join with you, and ſome in this church, beſides your preſbytery, who will own that cauſe. Be ſtrong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. This cloud will over: could we live by faith, and wait on a ſpeaking and a ſeeming-delaying viſion, the Lord will not tarry.

be found in God! O what estrangement! what wandering! what frequent conversing with self and the creature! Is not here the bed shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it? and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it? Isa. xxviii. 20. When shall we attain to a living in only, only God! and be estranged from all the poor created nothings, the painted shadow beings of yesterday, which an hour and less before creation were dark waste negatives, and empty nothings, and should so have been for eternity, had the Lord suffered them to ly there for ever? It is He, the great He, who sitteth upon the circle of the earth (of the world) and the inhabitants thereof are as grashoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth the princes to nothing, and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity, Isa. xl. 22, 23. And He, the only He, and there is no He beside him, Isa. xliii. 10, 11. and xlv. 5. Men or angels, there are not any of them an he to him: but a living, breathing, dying nothing is man at his best, a sick clay vanity; and the angel to him but a more excellent, living, and understanding nothing; yet we live at a distance from him, and we die and wither, when we are out of God: oh if we knew how nothing we are without him. Sir, We desire to mind your bonds, and are cheered and refreshed, that we hear of any of his manifestations, and his out-goings, which are prepared as the morning to you. We hope, nor need we desire you not to faint, and are confident that the anointing, that abideth in you, teacheth you so much: wait upon the speaking-vision; behold he cometh, behold his reward is with him, and his work before him. The only wise God strengthen you with all might, according to his glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness.

*St. Andrews, July* 1653. *Yours at all observance in the Lord Jesus*, S. R.

## 57. *To Mr.* JOHN SCOT *at Oxname.*

*Reverend and dear brother,*

I Saw from C. K. a testimony of your presbytery against toleration, in which you have been instrumental; the Lord give strength to do more. I think it both rare and necessary, and would account it a great mercy, if there were an addition of a postscript from divers ministers and elders, out of all the shires of Scotland: it is really the mind of all the godly and tender in this land. It is believed by some, that the protesting party hath quite given over the cause: I hope it is not so; but the Lord shall be yet victorious in his most despised ones. Our darkness is great and thick, and there is much deadness; yet the

the Lord shall be our light. Thus recommending you to his grace, whose you are, I am

*St. Andrews, April* 2. 1658. *Your own brother in the Lord*, S. R.

## 58. *To Mr.* JOHN SCOT *at Oxname.*

*Dear brother,*

FAINT not, but be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; I look on it as a rich mercy, that the Lord is with you, strengthening you, to quicken fainters, to warm and warn any that are cold or dead, or who deaden others. Believe it, it will be your peace in the end: the times are sad; yet I persuade myself, the vision will not tarry, but will speak. The Lord will loose our captive-bonds: O blessed be he, though alone, who is found fast and constant, for the desireable interest of Christ. My humble advice would be, that you see to the placing of the deacon and ruling-elder, or to any thing that may weaken the discipline: our second book of discipline should be heeded, sessions purged. Oh! catechising and personal visiting, and speaking to them *sigillatim*, concerning their interest in Christ, and a state of conversion, is little in practice. The practice of family-fasts is scarce known to be an ordinance of God. It were good you would confer with godly brethren in private, concerning the promoving of godliness, concerning Christian conference, and praying together, worshipping of God in families, and solitary fasts. To his grace, who can direct, quicken, and strengthen you, I recommend you, and am

*St. Andrews.* *Your loving brother*, S. R.

## 59. *To Mr.* JOHN SCOT *at Oxname.*

*Reverend and dear brother,*

YOUR letter that came unto me of August 2d, to be be at Edinburgh upon August 2d, was unknown to me by the subscription; but since it was written for so honourable and warrantable a truth of Christ, as a testimony against toleration, if my health would have permitted, and my daily menacing gravel, I should have come to Edinburgh: what either counsel, countenance, or clearing, you could have had from the like of me, I cannot say, nor dare I speak much. But with a reserve of the help of his grace, I desire to desire, and purpose by strength from above, to own that cause, and to join with you, and some in this church, besides your presbytery, who will own that cause. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. This cloud will over: could we live by faith, and wait on a speaking and a seeming-delaying vision, the Lord will not tarry.

tarry. Grace be with you. Many are with you, but there is One who is above millions.

*St. Andrews, June* 15. 1658. *Your own brother in the Lord*, S. R.

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## 60. *For Mr.* JOHN SCOT *at Oxname.*

*Reverend and dear brother,*

NO man oweth more to the church of God with you, than poor and wretched I; but when weakneſs of body, and the Lord by it, did forbid me to undertake a leſſer journey to Edinburgh, I am forbidden far more to journey thither; and, believe it, nothing beſides this doth hinder. I am unable to undertake what the Lord hath laid upon me here; and therefore I deſire to ſubmit to Sovereignty, and muſt be ſilent: if my prayers and beſt deſires to the Lord could contribute any thing for promoving of his work, my ſoul's deſire is, That the wilderneſs, and that place (to which I owe my firſt breathing) in which I fear Chriſt was ſcarce named, as touching any reality or power of godlineſs, may bloſſom as a roſe. So deſiring and praying, that his name may be great among you, and intreating that you may believe that the names of the Lord's adverſaries ſhall be written in the earth, and that whoſo will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jeruſalem, to worſhip the King, the Lord of hoſts, even upon them ſhall be no rain; and that the Lord will create glory upon every aſſembly in mount Zion; I reſt

*St. Andrews, June* 15. 1655. *Your own brother in the Lord*, S. R.

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## 61. *For Mr.* JAMES DURHAM *Miniſter of the goſpel at Glaſgow, ſome few days before his death.*

*Sir,*

I Would ere now have written to you, had I not known, your health, weaker and weaker, could ſcarce permit you to hear or read. I need not ſpeak much; the way you know, and have preached to others the ſkill of the Guide, and the glory of the home beyond death. And when he ſays, Come and ſee, it will be your gain to obey, and go out and meet the Bridegroom: what acceſſion is made to the higher houſe of his kingdom ſhould not be our loſs, though it be real loſs to the church of God; but we count one way, and the Lord counts another way. He is infallible, and the only wiſe God, and needs none of us. Had he needed Moſes and the prophets their ſtaying in the body, he could have taken another way. Who dare bid you caſt your thoughts back on wife or children, when he ſaid, Leave them to me, and come up hither? Or who can perſuade you

you to die or live as if that were arbitrary to us, and not his alone, who hath determined the number of your months? If so it seem good to him, follow your Fore-runner and Guide: it is an unknown land to you, who was never there before; but the land is good, and the company before the throne desireable, and he who sits upon the throne is his alone a sufficient heaven. Grace, grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, June* 15. 1658. *Yours in the Lord,* S. R.

62. *Mr.* RUTHERFOORD's *judgment, sent to some brethren, about petitioning his Majesty after his return, and for owning such who were censured while about that so necessary a duty.*

*Reverend and dear brethren,*

IT is a matter of difficulty to me to write at this distance, not having heard your debates. It seems the Lord calls us to give information to the king's majesty of affairs. The Lord's admirable providence, in bringing him to his throne, and laying aside others, who were enemies to the cause and sworn covenant of God, (so that now the government is in a right line) is to be adored; and I judge (without prescribing) that some should be sent to his majesty, to congratulate that providence, and the reason of our being so slow in sending would be rendered. 1. We would write, not in the name of the kirk of Scotland, but in the name of the most considerable number of godly ministers, elders, and professors, who both pray for the king, are obedient to his laws, and are under the oath of God for the sworn refomation. 2. It is better now, than after sentences and trouble, to have recourse to him, who is by place *Pater Patriæ.* 3. We would supplicate in all humility for protection, countenance, far more for lawful liberty to fear the bond of the oath of the dreadful and most high Lord, avouching to his majesty, that the Lord, his holy name being interposed, will own that covenant, and bless his majesty with a happy and successful reign, in the owning thereof, and kissing of the Son of God. And when the Lord shall be pleased to grant that to us, which concerns religion, the beauty of his house, the propagating of the gospel, the government of the Lord's kingdom, without popery, prelacy, unwritten traditions and ceremonies, let his majesty try our loyalty with what commands he shall be pleased to lay upon us, and see if we be found rebellious. 4. We would disclaim such as have sinfully complied with the late usurpers; produce our written testimonies against them; our not accepting of offices and places of trust from them; our testimonies against their usurpation, covenant-breaking, toleration of all religions, corrupt Sectarian ways, for which the Lord hath broken them. 5. We are represented to his majesty as

such who would not consent that the remonstrance of the western forces should be condemned by the Commission of the General Assembly; whereas, (1.) We did humbly desire, that the judicature would not condemn nor censure that remonstrance, till the gentlemen were heard, and their reasons discussed. (2.) Whatever demur was as to the banding or combining part of it, we were, and are obliged to believe, they had no Sectarian design therein, nor levelling intention. (3.) They are gentlemen most loyal, and never were enemies to his majesty's royal power; but only desired that security might be had for religion, and the people of God; persons well affected to religion and the sworn covenant abandoned; otherwise they were and still are willing to hazard their lives and estates, for the just greatness and safety of his majesty, in the maintenance of the true religion, covenant and cause of God. The only difficulty will be, where to have fit men to send. But as it will be both sin and shame for us, to desert our underservedly now censured brethren; so it will be our sin and reproach, sinfully to comply with such things and courses, as we testified against, and confessed to God. I can say no more at present, but I am

*St. Andrews*, 1660. *Your loving brother*, S. R.

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63. Mr. RUTHERFOORD's judgment of a draught or minute of a petition, to have been presented to the Committee of Estates, by those ministers who were then prisoners in the castle of Edinburgh, for that other well-known petition to his majesty, about which they were, when seized upon and made prisoners.

*But that no man may mistake or judge amiss of persons, so fixed in the cause, and faithful in their generations: know that this draught was not sent to Mr. Rutherfoord, as a paper concluded and condescended upon among these brethren, whose love to truth made them in all thing, so tender, that they were ever found to abstain from all appearances of evil; but it was more like the suggestion of some other men (wherein was laid before them what kind of address would most probably please, waving the just measures of what was simply duty in their circumstances) than any thing flowing from themselves, as the product of a mature deliberation. And* Secondly, *Know (which confirmeth what was said) that whatever it was, or whoever gave the rise to it, yet it was never made use of, nor presented to the Committee of Estates, by any of these faithful men, whose praise, for their fidelity, fixedness, real and untainted integrity, is in the churches of Christ.*

*Dear*

*Dear brother,*

I Am (as ye know) ſtraitened as another ſuffering man; but dare not petition this Committee, 1. Becauſe it draws us to capitulate with ſuch as have the advantage of the mount, the Lord ſo diſpoſing for the preſent: and to bring the matters of Chriſt to yea and no (you being priſoners, and they the powers) is a hazard. 2. A ſpeaking to them in writ, and paſſing in ſilence the ſworn covenant, and the cauſe of God, which is the very preſent controverſy, is contrary to the practice of Chriſt and the apoſtles, who being accuſed, or not accuſed, avouched Chriſt to be the Son of God, and the Meſſias, and that the dead muſt riſe again, even when the adverſary miſſtated the queſtion. Yea, ſilence of the cauſe of God, which adverſaries perſecute, ſeems a tacit deſerting of the cauſe, when the ſtate of the queſtion is known to beholders; and I know the brethren intend not to leave the cauſe. 3. I know no offence you have given (I will not ſay what offence may be taken) either as to the matter or manner of your petition: for if what you have done be a neceſſary duty, laid aſide by others, a duty can never give an offence to Chriſt, and ſo none to men. But Chriſtians will look upon a pious, harmleſs and innocent petition to the prince, in the matters of the Lord's honour, and good of his church, though proffered by one or two, when they are ſilent whoſe it is to ſpeak and act, as a ſeaſonable duty. 4. The draught of that petition, which you ſent me, ſpeaks not one word of the covenant of God; for the adhering to which you now ſuffer, and which is the object of men's hatred; and the deſtruction whereof is the great work of the times: and your ſilence, in this nick of time, appears to be a non-confeſſion of Chriſt before men; and you want nothing to beget an uncleanly deliverance, but the profeſſion of ſilence. 5. There is a promiſe and real purpoſe (as the petition ſaith) to live peaceable under the king's authority. But, (1.) You do not anſwer ſo candidly and ingenuouſly the mind of the rulers, who to your knowledge mean a far other thing, by authority, than you do; for you mean his juſt authority, his authority in the Lord, and his juſt greatneſs, in the maintenance of true religion, as in the Covenant, Confeſſion of Faith, and Catechiſms, is expreſſed, from the word of God. They mean his ſupreme authority and abſolute prerogative above laws, as their acts bear, and as their practice is; for they refuſed to ſuch as were unwilling to ſubſcribe their bond, to add authority in the Lord, or juſt and lawful authority, or authority as is expreſſed in the covenant. But this draught of a petition, under your own hand, yields the ſenſe and meaning to them, which they crave. (2.) That authority, for which they contend, is excluſive of the ſworn covenant; ſo that, except ye had ſaid, You ſhall be ſubject to

the

the king's authority in the Lord, or according to the ſworn covenant, you ſay nothing to the point in hand; and that ſure is not your meaning. (3.) Whoever promiſed ſo much of peaceable living under his majeſty's authority, leaving out the expoſition of the fifth commandment, as your petition doth, may upon the very ſame ground ſubſcribe the bond refuſed by the godly; and ſo you paſs from the covenant, and make all theſe by-paſt actings of this kirk and ſtate, thoſe years by-paſt, to be horrid rebellion; and how deep that guiltineſs draws, conſider. 6. A condemning of the remonſtrance, ſimply and without any limitation and diſtinction, is a condemning of many precious ones in the land, and paſſing from the cauſes of God's wrath, which is the chief matter of the Remonſtrance. 7. That nothing is before your eyes, but the exoneration of your conſcience, is indeed believed by the godly, who know you: but a paſſing in ſilence of the honeſt materials in your former petition to his majeſty, ſeems to be a deſerting thereof, ſince, in all your petition, you do not once ſay, you cannot but adhere to that pious petition, as your neceſſary duty; and that you intend in the petition the happineſs of his majeſty, is alſo believed. Dear brother, ſhew to our brethren, the Lord Chriſt in your perſons hath ſtated a queſtion betwixt him and the powers on earth: the only wiſe God lead you now, when he hath brought you forth in public, ſo to act, as if ye did ſee Jeſus Chriſt by you, and beholding you. It is eaſy for ſuch as are on the ſhore, to throw a counſel to thoſe that are toſſed in the ſea: but only living by faith, and by fetching ſtrength and comfort from Chriſt, can you be victorious, and have right to the precious promiſes of the tree of life, of the hidden Manna, of the gifted morning-Star, and the like, made to thoſe who overcome; to whoſe ſtrength and grace, brethren, who deſire with me to remember you, do recommend you, I am,

*St. Andrews*, 1660. *Dear brother, yours in the Lord*, S. R.

## 64. *For the right honourable, my Lady Viſcounteſs of* KENMURE.

*Madam*,

IT is not my part to be unmindful of you: be not afflicted for your brother, the Marquis of Argyle; as to the main, in my weak apprehenſion, the ſeed of God being in him, and love to the people of God and his cauſe, it will be well: the making particular reckoning with the Lord, and peace with God, and owning his cauſe when too many diſown it, will make his peace with the king the ſurer. The Lord is beginning to reckon with ſuch as did forſake his cauſe and covenant; and

until

until we return to him, our peace ſhall not be like a river but as the waves of the ſea. However, the opening of the boſom, to take in all the malignants, can produce no better fruits. The Lord calleth us to flee into our chambers, and ſhut the doors, till the indignation be over, Iſa. xxvi. 20. The lily among the thorns is ſo ſerved; he hideth himſelf, and our mountain is removed, and we are troubled: but the Lord reigns, let the earth tremble, and let the earth rejoice. The Lord without blood broke the yoke of uſurping oppreſſors, and laid them aſide; the ſame Lord can ſettle throne and kingdom on the pillars of heaven: but O the controverſy the Lord hath with Edom, and thoſe who covenanted with us, and then ſold us; and with thoſe of whom the Holy Ghoſt ſpeaks, Lam. ii. 14. 'Thy prophets have ſeen vain and fooliſh things for thee; they have not diſcovered thine iniquity to turn away thy captivity, but have ſeen for thee falſe burdens and cauſes of baniſhment.' The time of Jacob's ſuffering is but ſhort, and the viſion will ſpeak: could we be from under deadneſs, and watch unto wreſtling and prayer with the Lord, and live more by faith, we ſhould be more than conquerors. Wait upon the Lord, faint not; the Lord Jeſus be with your ſpirit.

*St. Andrews, July* 24. 1660.

*Yours at all reſpective obſervance in the Lord*, S. R.

65. *For Mrs.* CRAIG, *upon the death of her hopeful ſon, who was drowned waſhing himſelf in a river in France.*

*Miſtreſs*,

YOU have ſo learned Chriſt, as now in the furnace, what droſs, what ſhining of faith may appear, muſt come forth. I heard of the removal of your ſon Mr. Thomas; though I be dull enough in diſcerning, yet I was witneſs to ſome ſpiritual ſavourineſs of the new birth and hope of the reſurrection, which I ſaw in the hopeful youth, when he was, as was feared, a-dying in this city. And ſince it was written and adviſedly appointed, in the ſpotleſs and holy decree of the Lord, where, and before what witneſſes, and in what manner, whether by a fever, the mother being at the bed-ſide, or ſome other way in a far country, (dear patriarchs died in Egypt, precious to the Lord have wanted burials, Pſalm lxix. 3.) your ſafeſt way will be, to be ſilent, and command the heart to utter no repining and fretting thoughts of the holy diſpenſation of God. 1. The man is beyond the hazard of diſpute, the precious youth is perfected and glorified. 2. Had the youth lien year and day pained beſide a witneſſing mother, it had been pain and grief lengthened out to you in many portions, and every parcel would have been

been a little death; now his holy Majeſty hath, in one lump and maſs, brought to your ears the news, and hath not divided the grief in many portions. 3. It was not yeſterday's thought, or the other years ſtatute; but a counſel of the Lord of old; and who can teach the Almighty knowledge? 4. There is no way of quieting the mind, and of ſilencing the heart of a mother, but godly ſubmiſſion; the readieſt way for peace and conſolation to clay-veſſels is, that it is a ſtroke of the Potter and Former of all things; and ſince the holy Lord hath looſed the grip, when it was faſtened ſure on your part, I know your light, and I hope your heart alſo will yield: it is not ſafe to be at pulling and drawing with the omnipotent Lord; let the pull go with him, for he is ſtrong; and ſay, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' 5. His holy method and order is to be adored: ſometime the huſband before the wife, and ſometime the ſon before the mother; ſo hath the only wiſe God ordered: and when he is ſent before and not loſt, in all things give thanks. 6. Meditate not too much on the ſad circumſtances, the mother was not witneſs to the laſt ſight, poſſibly cannot get leave to mind the ſon, nor to weep over his grave, and he was in a ſtrange land; there is a like nearneſs to heaven out of all the countries of the earth. 7. This did not ſpring out of the duſt; feed and grow fat by this medicine, and fare of the only wiſe Lord: it is art and the ſkill of faith to read what the Lord writes upon the croſs, and to ſpell and conſtruct right his ſenſe; often we miſcall words and ſentences of the croſs, and either put nonſenſe on his rods, or burden his Majeſty with ſlanders and miſtakes, when he minds for us thoughts of peace and love, even to do us good in the latter end. 8. It is but a private ſtroke on a family, and little to the public arrows ſhot againſt grieved Joſeph, and the afflicted; but ah! dead, ſenſeleſs and guilty people of God; this is the day of Jacob's trouble. 9. There is a bad way of wilful ſwallowing of a temptation, and not digeſting it, or laying it out of memory without any victorioufneſs of faith; the Lord, who forbids fainting, forbids alſo deſpiſing: but it is eaſier to counſel than to ſuffer; the only wiſe Lord furniſh patience. It were not amiſs to call home the other youth. I am not a little afflicted for my Lady Kenmure's condition; I deſire, when you ſee her, remember my humble reſpects to her: my wife heartily remembers her to you, and is wounded much in mind with your preſent condition, and ſuffers with you. Grace be with you.

*St. Andrews, May* 4. 1660.

*Yours in the Lord,* S. R.

66. *A*

66. *A letter from Mr.* SAMUEL RUTHERFOORD *to Mr.* WILLIAM GUTHRIE, *when the army was at Stirling, after the defeat at Dunbar, and the godly in the West were falsely branded with intended compliance with the usurpers, about the time when these debates, and that difference concerning the public resolutions arose.*

*Reverend brother,*

I Did not dream of such shortness of breath, and fainting in the way toward our country: I thought I had no more to do but die in my nest, and bow down my sinful head, and let him put on the crown, and so end. I have suffered much; but this is the thickest darkness, and the straitest step of the way I have yet trode. I see more suffering yet behind, and I fear from the keepers of the vine. Let me obtain of you, that you would press upon the Lord's people, that they would stand far off from these merchants of souls, come in amongst you. If the way revealed in the word be that way, we then know, these soul-coupers and traffickers shew not the way of salvation. Alas! alas! poor I am utterly lost, my share of heaven is gone, and my hope is perished, and I am cut off from the Lord, if hitherto out of the way: but I dare not judge kind Christ; for if it may be but permitted, (with reverence to his greatness and highness be it spoken) I will before witnesses produce his own hand, that he said, This is the way, walk thou in it: and he cannot except against his own seal. I profess I am almost broken and a little sleepy, and would fain put off this body; but this is my infirmity, who would be under the shadow and covert of that good land, once to be without the reach and blast of the terrible one. But I am a fool; there is none that can overbid, or take my lodging over my head, since Christ hath taken it for me. Dear brother, help me, and get me the help of their prayers who are with you, in whom is my delight. You are much suspected of intended compliance; I mean not of you only, but of all the people of God with you. It is but a poor thing, the fulfilling of my joy; but let me obtest all the serious seekers of his face, his secret sealed ones, by the strongest consolations of the Spirit, by the gentleness of Jesus Christ, that Plant of renown, by your last accounts, and appearing before God, when the white throne shall be set up, be not deceived with their fair words: though my spirit be astonished at the cunning distinctions, which are found out in the matters of the covenant, that help may be had against these men; yet my heart trembleth to entertain the least thought of joining with these deceivers. Grace, grace be with you. Amen.

*St. Andrews.* *Your own brother in our common Lord and Saviour,* S. R.

67. *For my reverend brother, Chriſt's ſoldier in bonds, Mr.* JAMES GUTHRIE, *miniſter of the goſpel at Stirling.*

*Dear brother,*

WE are very oft comforted with the word of promiſe; tho' we ſtumble not a little at the work of holy providence; ſome earthly men flouriſhing as a green herb and the people of God counted as ſheep for the ſlaughter, and killed all the day long; and yet both word and promiſe, and works of providence, are from him, whoſe ways are equal, ſtraight, holy and ſpotleſs. As for me, when I think of God's diſpenſations, he might juſtly have brought to the market-croſs, and to the light, my unſeen and ſecret abominations, which would have been no ſmall reproach to the holy name, and precious truths of Chriſt; but in mercy he hath covered theſe, and ſhapen and carved out more honourable cauſes of ſuffering, of which we are unworthy. And now, dear brother, much depends upon the way and manner of ſuffering, eſpecially, that his precious truths be owned with all heavenly boldneſs; and a reaſon of our hope given in meekneſs and fear; and the royal crown, and abſolute ſupremacy of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, the Prince of the kings of the earth, avouched, as becometh: for certain it is, Chriſt will reign the Father's King in mount Zion; and his ſworn covenant will not be buried. It is not denied, but our practical breach of covenant firſt, and then our legal breach thereof, by enacting the ſame miſchief, and framing it into a law, may heavily provoke our ſweeteſt Lord: yet there are a few names in the land, that have not defiled their garments, and a holy ſeed, on whom the Lord will have mercy, like the four or five olive berries upon the top of the ſhaken olive-tree, and their eye ſhall be toward the Lord their Maker. Think it not ſtrange, that men deviſe againſt you: whether it be to exile, the earth is the Lord's; or perpetual impriſonment, the Lord is your light and liberty; or a violent and public death, for the kingdom of heaven conſiſts in a fair company of glorified martyrs, and witneſſes, of whom Jeſus Chriſt is the chief witneſs, who for that cauſe was born, and came into the world. Happy are ye, if you give teſtimony to the world of your preferring Jeſus Chriſt to all powers; and the Lord will make the innocency and Chriſtian loyalty of his defamed and deſpiſed witneſſes in this land to ſhine to after generations, and will take the man-child up to God and to his throne, and prepare a hiding-place in the wilderneſs for the mother, and cauſe the earth to help the woman. Be not terrified; fret not: forgive your enemies; bleſs and curſe not; for though both you and I ſhould be ſilent, ſad and heavy is the judgment and indignation from the Lord, that is abiding the unfaithful watchmen of the church of Scotland.

land. The ſouls under the altar are crying for juſtice, and there is an anſwer returned already: the Lord's ſalvation will not tarry. Caſt the burden of wife and children on the Lord Chriſt, he cares for you and them: your blood is precious in his ſight. The everlaſting conſolations of the Lord bear you up, and give you hope; for your ſalvation (if not deliverance) is concluded.

*St. Andrews, Feb.* 15. 1661. *Your own brother*, S. R.

## 68. *To* ABERDEEN.

*Reverend and dearly beloved in the Lord,*

GRACE be to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. There were ſome who rendered thanks, with knees bowed to him, 'of whom is named the whole family in heaven and earth, when they have heard of your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jeſus;' and rejoiced not a little, that where Chriſt was ſcarce named in ſavourineſs and power of the goſpel, even in Aberdeen, that there Chriſt hath a few names precious to him, who ſhall walk with him in white. We looked on it (he knoweth, whom we deſire to ſerve in our ſpirit, in the goſpel of his Son) as a part of the fulfilling of that, 'The wilderneſs and ſolitary place ſhall be glad for them; and the deſart ſhall rejoice and bloſſom as a roſe:' but now it is more grievous to us than a thouſand deaths, when we hear that you are ſhaken, and ſo ſoon removed from that, which you once acknowledged to be the way of God. Dearly beloved, the ſheep follow Chriſt, who calleth them by name: a ſtranger they will not follow; but they flee from him, for they know not the voice of a ſtranger. You know the way by which you were ſealed to the day of redemption; and ye received the Spirit by the hearing of faith: part not with that way, except ye ſee there be no reſt for your ſouls therein; neither liſten to them that ſay, Many were converted under epiſcopal as well as under preſbyterial government: and yet the godly gave teſtimony againſt the Biſhops; for the inſtruments of converſion lothed epiſcopacy, with the ceremonies thereof, and never ſealed it with their ſufferings. But we ſhall deſire inſtances of any engaged by oaths, and by the ſufferings of the faithful meſſengers of God, and the manifeſtations of the Lord's preſence, in the way you now forſake, who yet turned from it, and went one ſtep toward ſinful ſeparation, and did it in that way you now aim at, and did yet flouriſh and grow in grace: but we can bring proofs of many who left it, and went further on to abominable ways of error. And you have it not in your power, where you ſhall lodge at night, having once left the way of God; and many we know loſt peace

and communion with God, and fell in a condition of withering, and, not being able to find their lovers, were forced to return to their firſt huſband. We ſhall intreat you, conſider what a ſtumbling it is to malignant oppoſers of the way and cauſe of God, who with their ears heard you, and with their eyes ſaw you, ſo ſtrenuouſly take part with the godly in their ſufferings, and profeſs yourſelves for religion, truth, doctrine, government of the houſe of God, his covenant and cauſe; if now you build again what you once deſtroyed, and deſtroy what you builded; and ſhall you not make yourſelves, by ſo doing, tranſgreſſors? How ſhall it wound the hearts of the godly, ſtain the profeſſion, darken the glory of the goſpel, ſhake the faith of many, weaken the hands of all, if you, and you, firſt of all in this kingdom, ſhall ſtretch out the hands to raze the walls of our Jeruſalem, by reaſon of which the Lord made her terrible as an army with banners; for, when kings came, and ſaw the palaces and bulwarks thereof, they marvelled and were troubled, and haſted away; fear took hold of them there, and pain as of a woman in travail. And we ſhall be grieved, if you ſhould be heirs to the guiltineſs of breaking down the ſame hedge of the vineyard, for the which the ſaid indignation of God purſueth this day the royal family, many nobles houſes great and fair, and all the prelatical party in theſe three kingdoms. And when your dear brethren are weak and fainting, ſhall we believe that you will leave us, and be divided from this ſo bleſſed a conjunction? The Lord Jeſus Chriſt, we truſt, ſhall walk in the midſt of the golden candleſticks, and be with us, if you will be gone from us. Beloved in the Lord, we cannot but be perſuaded of better things of you; and we ſhall not conceal from you, that we are ignorant what to anſwer, when we are reproved on your behalf, in regard that your change to another goſpel-way (which the Lord avert) is ſo much the more ſcandalous, that the ſudden alteration, unknown to us before, now overtaketh you, when men come amongſt you, againſt whom the furrows of the fields of Scotland do complain. Forget not, dear brethren, that Chriſt hath now the fan in his hand, and this is alſo the day of the Lord, that ſhall burn as an oven; and that Chriſt now ſitteth as a refiner of ſilver, purifying the ſons of Levi, and purging them as gold and ſilver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteouſneſs; and theſe that keep the word of his (not their own) patience, ſhall be delivered from the hour of temptation, that ſhall come on all the earth to try them. If you exclude all non-converts from the viſible city of God, in which daily multitudes in Scotland, in all the four quarters of the land, above whatever our fathers ſaw, throng into Chriſt, ſhall they not be left to the lions and wild beaſts of the foreſt, even to Jeſuits, Seminary-prieſts, and other ſeducers?

for

for the magiſtrate hath no power to compel them to hear the goſpel, nor have you any church-power over them, as you teach; and they bring not love to the goſpel and to Chriſt out of the womb with them, and ſo they muſt be left to embrace what religion is moſt ſuitable to corrupt nature: nor can it be a way approven by the Lord in ſcripture, to excommunicate from the viſible church (which is the office-houſe of the free grace of Chriſt, and his draw-net) all the multitude of non-converts, baptized, and viſibly within the covenant of grace, which are in Great-Britain, and all the reformed churches; and ſo to ſhut the gates of the Lord's gracious calling upon all theſe, becauſe they are not, in your judgment, choſen to ſalvation, when once you are within yourſelves: for how can the Lord call Egypt his people, and Aſſyria the work of his hands, and all the Gentiles (who for number are as the flocks of Kedar, and the abundance of the ſea) the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Chriſt, if you number infants, as many do, and all ſuch as your charity cannot judge converts, as others do, among Heathens and Pagans, who have not a viſible claim and intereſt in Chriſt? The candleſtick is not yours, nor the houſe; but Chriſt fixeth and removeth the one, and buildeth or caſteth down the other, according to his ſovereignty. We in humility judge ourſelves, though the chief of ſinners, the ſons of Zion, and of the ſeed of Chriſt: if you remove from us, and carry from hence the candleſtick, let our Father be judge, and ſhew us, why the Lord hath bidden you come out from among us. We look upon this viſible church, though black and ſpotted, as the hoſpital and gueſt-houſe of ſick, halt, maimed and withered, over which Chriſt is Lord-phyſician and Maſter; and we would wait upon theſe that are not yet in Chriſt, as our Lord waited upon us and you both. We therefore, your brethren, children of one Father, cannot but, with tears and exceeding ſorrow of heart, earneſtly intreat, beſeech, and obteſt you by the love of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by his ſufferings, and precious ranſom he paid for us both, by the conſolations of his Spirit, by your appearance before the dreadful tribunal of our Lord Jeſus; yea, and charge you before God and the ſame Lord Jeſus, who ſhall judge the quick and the dead, at his appearing, and in his kingdom; break not the ſpirits and hearts of thoſe to whom you are dear as their own ſoul, forſake not the aſſemblies of the people of God, let us not divide. Not a few of the people of God, in this ſhire of Fife, in whoſe name I now write, dare ſay, if you depart, you ſhall leave Chriſt behind you with us, and the golden candleſticks, and ſhall caſt yourſelves (we much fear) out of the hearts and prayers of thouſands, dear to Jeſus Chriſt in Scotland: therefore, before you fix judgment and practice on any untrodden path, let a day of humiliation be agreed upon

by

by us all, and our Father's mind and will enquired, through our one common Saviour; and let us see one another's faces at best conveniency; and plead the interest of Christ, and be comforted, and not stumble at your ways. So expecting your answer, we shall pray, that the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, may make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ, and shall remain

*St. Andrews.* *Your affectionate brother in the Lord,* S. R.

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# THE POSTSCRIPT BY ANOTHER AUTHOR.

*Christian Reader,*

WHOSOEVER thou art, into whose hands these letters may come, in order to thine own establishment in the truth, and continuing in the faith of God's elect, grounded and settled, and that thou mayst not be moved away from the hope of the gospel, whereof thou hast heard, by the slight of men, and cunning craftiness, wherewith they ly in wait to deceive; thou art desired to take notice, to what dreadful and strong delusions, such who were ring-leaders in this separation, together with not a few of their followers (some I except, because God hath excepted them; and I pray, that he may still both except them, and let them see also the sin of what accession they had to this, which is so punished in others, while they are past by and preserved) have been left, and given up of God. Remember with fear and trembling, how the great God, who confirmeth the word of his servants, and performeth the counsel of his messengers, hath fulfilled upon many of those, who fell off from, and forsook the communion of his church of Scotland, that which

which this great Seer (much upon his Maſter's ſecrets, becauſe he had frequent acceſs to lean his head upon his breaſt who came out of his Father's boſom) foreſaw would follow upon this turning aſide, and fall upon the head of ſuch forſakers of a church, ſo often honoured by receiving ſignal teſtimonies of the great Bridegroom's love toward her, as his ſpouſe, in rejoicing over her with ſinging, and ſo frequently helped to give him teſtimonies of her endeared affection to him, as her Head, Huſband, ſupreme Lord and Governor. In this we may through grace humbly boaſt (nay, deſpiſe or envy who will, we cannot do leſs, without being guilty of the baſeſt ingratitude) that we have not been inferior (O bleſſed be his grace to whom we owe it! and it is for the commendation of his glorious goodneſs we mention it) whatever we were beyond them, to any church we know upon the earth. It is true, this ſucceſſion ſeemed at the firſt but a ſmall remove (O that there they had ſtopped their career, and ſtood without going forward, when it was downward) and in a matter wherein the great foundations of the goſpel were not ſo immediately concerned, nor ſtruck at; yet, after they had gone forth from us (as a witneſs of his diſpleaſure againſt that rent and ſchiſm, made in his body; and that the truth of what his faithful ſervant had foretold them, would be the iſſue of that courſe, might be verified, *viz.* That, if they departed, they ſhould leave Chriſt behind them, keeping houſe with their mother, as his wife, in whoſe face they had ſpit, and in running thus away, had made fool's haſte from home) there was no ſtanding nor fixing, till the moſt fervid and furious drivers in that rent, rolled themſelves headlong into this abyſs of all abominations, deſperate Quakeriſm; and ſo that the place thereafter became the ſeat, ſeminary, and ſeed-plot, wherein this root of bitterneſs, whereby the church of Chriſt is troubled, and many defiled, hath ſprung up. And I would alſo ſtir up thy pure mind, by way of remembrance, that thou mayſt be eſtabliſhed in the preſent truth, beſeeching thee to conſider with awful regard, how one pariſh particularly in the Weſt of Scotland, with ſome perſons in the adjacent places, forſaking us, and falling off from us, upon the ſame pretence, were likewiſe in the ſame manner (after other ſignifications of his diſpleaſure againſt their way, evident beyond denial, and contributive to the eſtabliſhment of ſuch who take notice thereof) left of the Lord, after their many other wanderings, to plunge and precipitate themſelves into this ditch, and deep pit; in which poſture they ſtill ly, without pitying themſelves, or imploring the help of others. And though theſe, and the like, might have been warnings ſufficient, to all the profeſſors of the truth to have continued in his goodneſs, while they beheld the juſt ſeverity of God upon them which fell; yet I cannot conceal

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it, that, as it is a grief, beyond all that the ſerious ſervants of the Lord have groaned under, or do find, becauſe of their other ſufferings, to ſee how many have followed theſe pernicious ways, by reaſon of whom the way of truth is evil ſpoken of; ſo it fills them with amazement, anxiety, yea, ſinking and inſupportable ſorrow, to ſee not a few profeſſors of the truth ſo little touched at the heart for, and troubled at, the power and prevalency of theſe ſoul-murdering deluſions; but walking with as little care, circumſpection and fear of coming near this ſpreading contagion, as if they did not thereby provoke the Lord to leave them to that, which ought to be equally lothſome and hateful to their ſouls, with hell. Is it not ſtrange, that ſome will ſtand aloof from Prelates, and profeſs an hatred at, and abhorrence of Popery, Arminianiſm, Eraſtianiſm, Socinianiſm, Arianiſm, Pelagianiſm, Familiſm, Antinomianiſm, Atheiſm, and Heatheniſm, &c. and yet there will be a fearleſs, yea, familiar converſing with abominable Quakers, without all due dread of being deſerted of God, and left to a defiling of themſelves with Satan's ſlime wherewith they are beſmeared, and that botch of hell which is running upon them, wherewith many, becauſe of their too near approach, have been, and are infected; yea, and a ſpeaking of them as a kind of innocents (which if they be, Satan himſelf, in his warring againſt Michael and his angels, is not innocent) and with leſs lothing and abhorrence than of any of the former? whereas Quakeriſm may be truly called (if the term be ſufficiently expreſſive of the thing) pure Deviliſm. I mean, not only becauſe of what ſpecial power and influence Satan hath been obſerved, by gracious and grave men, to have had over and upon the bodies and ſpirits of not a few of that monſtrous brood; but alſo becauſe theſe have licked up and ſwallowed down, the dung of all theſe deſperate, ſoul-deſtroying hereſies, hatched in hell by the father of falſehoods and lies; and whatſoever is in any of theſe moſt deadly and damnable, that is, to them, their darling; and whatſoever is the moſt mortal poiſon in the cup of their abominations, and hath the moſt cloſe and clear connection with the deſtruction of the immortal ſoul, this they ſwallow down, and vomit it up, and ſpue it out again in every place, and with a piece of the black art, peculiar to that tribe, diſh up this dung of hell, and ſet it as Manna before ſuch as they would make diſciples, to be ſupped up, and ſwallowed down, that they may thereby poiſon, beyond the power of an antidote, thoſe ſouls whom they ſeduce; and, while they draw them after them, drown them in the ſame perdition with themſelves. Theſe are the poor innocents you talk of: what a wonder and aſtoniſhment is it, that the very ſink of hell, which cometh forth at their impure and polluted mouths, in blaſphemies againſt God, his Chriſt, his Spirit,

rit, his word, his precious and pure ordinances, the purchaſe of the blood of Chriſt, and the means of fellowſhip with the Father, and with his Son Jeſus Chriſt, ſhould not make all who are, or would be reputed, lovers of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt in ſincerity, abhor them, as the moſt odious vermin, and black locuſts, that ever crawled out of the infernal lake, or croaked upon the face of earth, and flee the ſound of their blaſphemous belchings, as the very ſibiliation of the old ſerpent? If the Spirit of God call a forbidding to marry, and commanding to abſtain from meats, the doctrines of devils; what name or notion can be fallen upon, or found fit, to unfold the nature of that doctrine, comprehenſive of all theſe doctrines of devils, whereby the goſpel hath been, from the beginning, oppoſed, through Satan's black art, and utmoſt malice? as if in this one ſhape, and ſize of the enemies to the goſpel, were gathered together and cemented all the ſeveral parties that ever Abaddon and Apollyon commanded in his ſeveral expeditions againſt the prince Michael. For this at once and for ever, not in parcels and by conſequence, makes void the whole goſpel of the grace of God, and the all of that bleſſed contrivance of ſalvation, by the Son of God, as a ſlain Saviour. This is ſuch an explicit, unmaſked, and groſs perverſion of the goſpel, that if the apoſtle, who had the ſpirit of God, who had the mind of Chriſt, who had received the ſpirit of love and of a ſound mind, who, being filled with the Holy Ghoſt, ſpoke to a ſeducing Elymas, ſeeking to turn away the deputy, deſiring to hear the word of God, from the faith (the perſons are of the ſame practice, and this is the poſt, here the captain ſets them to ſtand centry) in theſe terms, O full of all ſubtilty, and all miſchief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteouſneſs, wilt not thou ceaſe to pervert the right ways of the Lord? Would ye have ſpoke to them in another ſtile or ſtrain, being perſons of the ſame practice? And this is the prey they hunt for, by perverting the right ways of the Lord, to turn men from the faith once delivered to the ſaints, and to turn away the ear of any, whom they obſerve deſirous to hear the word of God, from the truth, that they may turn them unto their blaſphemous fables, and bewitch even theſe into a diſobedience to the goſpel, before whoſe eyes Jeſus Chriſt hath been evidently ſet forth crucified amongſt them. Yea, if he would, and actually did curſe, even an angel from heaven, upon a ſuppoſition of a leſs and lower degree of perverſion of the goſpel of Chriſt; how would he have ſent this race of men a-packing, without more ado, the way he ſent Hymeneus and Alexander, whom he delivered unto Satan, that they might learn not to blaſpheme? as, after his example, many of them were dealt with by our faithful men, when in caſe, who, by drawing out church-cenſures, delivered the body

from being gangrened by such members; but, while we are now kept from making use of this most proper remedy, the Holy Ghost hath supplied it in a most tremenduous manner, and with such a witness, as he must be blind who seeth them not carry about with them the blackest-like badge, and most unquestionable-like character and cognisance of being cut off from that church that he washeth with his own blood, which they are left to blaspheme and trample under foot, that ever any race of apostates were stigmatized with. And that other disciple likewise, who breathes forth so much of love, is most peremptory in pressing those, whom he persuades to the love of Christ, and of the brethren, to a professed detestation of such enemies to Christ: insomuch that he will not have any, who would witness their love to him, who witnessed his love to his people, in sending his only-begotten Son into the world, to be a propitiation for their sins, and that they who were dead in sins and trespasses might live through him, to receive them into their houses, or give such factors for Satan the least of countenance or encouragement. And here, by the way, let me set before thee the practice of that great man of God, Mr. John Livingston (of whom, without vanity, or being judged to hold men's persons in admiration for advantage, I fear not to say, That, in the day he was taken up from us, I knew not so great an ambassador for Christ left upon the earth: O to see some, on whom this Elijah's mantle is fallen!) as a fit pattern in the case for thy imitation; who, when one of these master-seducers, and grand traffickers to defile the world, and bewitch it into the same damnable delusion, whereto he, as a just punishment for his levity in religion, and what he himself may know besides, was left, pretending old acquaintance, came to make him a visit, would not receive him into his house, as judging he could not otherwise have witnessed his having received Jesus Christ to dwell in his heart and house, than by such a practice; and herein he made himself an example for us, to follow such a follower of God, as a dear child. O let all who hope to be saved by Jesus Christ, and to whom God hath made him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption: all who know no other way of being justified before the tribunal of God, but by the imputed righteousness of him, whose name is, The Lord our righteousness; or saved and sanctified, but by his working in them to will and to do, who hath redeemed them from their vain conversation by his own blood: all who being justified by faith, have ever had, or hope to have, peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: all who now sit together in heavenly places in Christ, and who are preserved by the power of God, through faith unto salvation: all who know no other Fountain to bathe their leprous soul in, nor stream to bleach their spot-

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ted and black ſoul by, that they may appear before God without ſpot, but the blood of Jeſus Chriſt, which cleanſeth from all iniquity, even his blood, who for this purpoſe did, thro' the eternal Spirit, offer up himſelf without ſpot unto God. All who have found the ſweetneſs of the ſcriptures, and have felt how their hearts burn within them, while he talked with them, and opened theſe unto them, and their ear and heart to receive what was ſaid. All who have been by theſe made wiſe unto ſalvation: all that ever have had acceſs to God through Chriſt, and know no other way of being accepted but in the Beloved: all who ſee themſelves (and the devil hath put out his eyes who ſees it not) under a neceſſity, though in a clean ſtate, of making daily uſe of the blood of Chriſt, in order to a keeping up of fellowſhip betwixt them, and the Father, and his Son Jeſus Chriſt, while here, and of being admitted to have a part with him hereafter (for that man's feet ſhall never ſtand within that glorious city, whereinto nothing that defileth or worketh abomination, can enter, which Chriſt doth not waſh; If I waſh thee not, thou ſhalt have no part with me, is his own word to a perſon in a clean ſtate.) All, to whoſe ſouls, after they had received the ſentence of death in themſelves, God hath ſpoken peace upon the account of his Chriſt, who is our peace: all who, knowing they can do nothing without him, live under a ſeen neceſſity of daily drawing ſtrength from Chriſt, who works in them both to will and to do, and muſt perfect that which concerneth them, and look only for the acceptation of their ſervice in and through Chriſt: all, whoſe great All it is to be found in him in the day of his appearance, not having their own righteouſneſs, but that which is through the faith of Chriſt, even the righteouſneſs which is of God by faith: all who, becauſe they have ſinned, and come ſhort of the glory of God, know no other way but to throng in amongſt theſe ungodly, who are juſtified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Chriſt Jeſus, whom God hath ſet forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood: all whoſe eyes God hath opened, and turned from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveneſs of ſins, and an inheritance amongſt them that are ſanctified, through faith that is in him: all who have, or hope to have, redemption through his blood, even the forgiveneſs of ſins: all to whom he hath given an underſtanding to know him that is true, and in whoſe heart he hath written his law, and put his fear, that they ſhall not depart from him: all into whoſe ſoul he hath ſhined, to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jeſus Chriſt, while this goſpel is hid from others: all who have received that Spirit which is of God, and not that ſpirit which is of the world, whereby the child of God is diſtinguiſhed from a natural man, who receiveth not the things of

the Spirit of God (for the higheſt pitch and perfection of natural mens light judgeth theſe things fooliſhneſs. The world through wiſdom knew not God) neither can he know them, becauſe they are ſpiritually diſcerned: all who ever have been made glad in his houſe of prayer, and have been admitted to walk with the King in the galleries, where he is held: all to whoſe ſoul he hath endeared and commanded ordinances, and who have found the goſpel to be the power of God unto ſalvation; all who are begun partakers of the glory to be revealed, and who hope to ly down in the grave, under the comfortable hope of a glorious reſurrection, and ſhut their eyes ſinging, in the expectation that their vile body ſhall be changed, that it may be faſhioned like his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to ſubdue all things to himſelf; and that they ſhall be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, and ſo ſhall be ever with the Lord: all who would obtain the ſalvation which is in Chriſt Jeſus, with eternal glory. In a word, all who are Chriſtians, on whom that worthy name is called, as the badge of their profeſſion: who profeſs faith in him, whom God hath ſent and ſealed to be the Saviour of the world; that one Mediator, which is between God and man, the Man Chriſt Jeſus, who gave himſelf a ranſom for all, to be teſtified in due time; he who is the ſecond perſon of the bleſſed Trinity, the eternal Son of God, equal to, and conſubſtantial with the Father, but perſonally diſtinct from him; incarnate, by aſſuming the nature of man, in the womb of the virgin Mary, by which he became Immanuel, God and Man in two diſtinct natûres, united in one ſingular Perſon, who is the Subſtance of the goſpel, and the Myſtery of godlineſs: this which comprehends the All of our ſalvation, and conſolation, yea, the All of Chriſtian religion, is ſo wrapt up herein, that whoſoever ſtrikes at this, ſtrikes at name and thing of Chriſtian religion, robs us of the whole goſpel, and turns us over into pure heatheniſm, ſhuts us out eternally from all acceſs to God, and makes our ſalvation for ever ſimply impoſſible; for, if we believe not that He is that He, we ſhall die in our ſins; and yet every article of this, that they may for ever deſtroy the foundations of ſalvation, is by them oppugned and ſubverted. They, putting a falſe Chriſt inſtead of the true Jeſus, the Son of David, our only Saviour; denying Chriſt to be the ſecond Perſon of the Trinity; denying Chriſt to be a ſingular Perſon; denying Jeſus the Son of Mary, to be the alone true Chriſt; but affirming Chriſt to be a common ſort of thing, to be found in every man, as it was in the Son of Mary, even the common light to be found in the mind of every man in the world; affirming Jeſus, the true Chriſt, the Son of Mary, to be only an ordinary Veſſel, which containeth this light, as the ſpirit of every other holy man doth; and ſo, not only pulling down our exalted

alted Prince from his throne of glory, but putting their falſe prophets in his place, clothing them with the glory of his proper titles, as being Chriſt as well as he, becauſe containing the ſame light with his. Thus do they blaſpheme that worthy Name by the which we are called: thus do they rob our Saviour, the only Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who is the Brightneſs of the Father's glory, and the expreſs image of his Perſon, of his glorious prerogative and majeſty; and, in contempt of this exalted Prince and Saviour, clothe themſelves with the ſpoils of his honour. And thus do they rob the church of him, whom God hath given to be her Head and Saviour; that ſo, having turned the world with themſelves into a ſynagoge of Satan, they may enrich hell. This is the great myſtery of their iniquity, and a monſter it is, in ſhew and ſubſtance, and in all dimenſions of devilry, prodigious, beyond any ſhape Satan ever yet aſſumed, or wherein he ſhewed himſelf in the world. The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan! even the Lord (who hath ſent his only begotten Son into the world, to be the alone propitiation for ſins, and prepared a Body for that purpoſe) rebuke thee, ought to be the conſtant language of the heart of every one to whom Chriſt is become a Saviour, till he caſt forth this blaſphemous ſpirit out of thoſe demoniacks. For what elſe is this, which proceedeth out of the mouths of ſuch perſons, but pure helliſm! No man, ſure, who hath ever heard the goſpel of the grace of God, or is acquainted with the very firſt principles of the oracles of God, but he muſt conclude, men of that ſpite, malice and dialect, men who talk at this rate of railing againſt our Immanuel, againſt his holy Child Jeſus, that Child born unto us, and that Son given unto us, who is yet the mighty God, the everlaſting Father, the Prince of peace, muſt be the very candidates of hell, and have commenced in the infernal regions, where more black, more abominable, more horrid and bold blaſphemies, cannot be belched forth. I ſay therefore, O let all who have the name of Chriſt called upon them; all to whom that bleſſed name is as ointment poured forth, and to whom he is precious, even he whom the Father hath laid in Zion for a Foundation and Corner-ſtone, diſallowed indeed of theſe builders, but choſen of God and precious: all who ſeek a ſure reſting-place for their ſouls; for whoſoever believeth on him, ſhall not be aſhamed: and all who know no other ſolid foundation; for other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jeſus Chriſt, he is the ſure and ſole Foundation: let them carry towards this race of Renegadoes, from the very real profeſſion of Chriſtianity, as Satan's ſpecial agents and emiſſaries, who, with a malice infuſed by their maſter, and reſembling him, and a peculiar keenneſs, fury and rage, as ſet on fire by hell, blaſpheme the true Saviour, our bleſſed Lord Jeſus, who, being come of the Fathers according to the fleſh, is God over all bleſſed for ever;

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and fight againſt that one, that alone way of ſalvation, which is now made manifeſt by the appearing of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, who hath aboliſhed death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the goſpel. And in proſecution of this war, and purſuance of this open hoſtility againſt heaven, and that it may appear whoſe angels they are, under whoſe banner they fight, who ſends them, ſerves himſelf by them, ſets them on work, and drives them in their reſtleſs compaſſing of ſea and land, to proſelyte poor ſouls, and draw them into the ſame conſpiracy with themſelves againſt our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and the alone way of ſalvation by him; they oppoſe, as incenſed with malice and rage, the Mediator's miniſters and meſſengers, ſent forth to preach this everlaſting goſpel, and to point forth the Lamb of God, who taketh away the ſins of the world; and while they are preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching theſe things which concern the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, ſetting forth Chriſt evidently crucified before their eyes, that they may look unto him and be ſaved; and preaching ſalvation in the name of this Jeſus of Nazareth, and teſtifying, that as God hath exalted him to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and forgiveneſs of ſins: ſo there is no other name given under heaven, by which men muſt be ſaved: theſe are the glad tidings of great joy for all the people, which make the feet of him who publiſheth them beautiful; and this is the main of the goſpel of the grace of God (yea, that without which there is no goſpel and no ſalvation) that all may know aſſuredly, that through this Man, who is both Lord and Chriſt, is preached unto them the forgiveneſs of ſins, and that by him all that believe are juſtified from all things, from which they could not be juſtified by the law of Moſes: while, I ſay, his miniſters are about this, ſtriving according to his working, which worketh in them mightily, theſe falſe prophets and ſeducers, after the ſame method and malice of Barjeſus, withſtand them, and ſeek to turn away their hearers from the faith; yea, they ſeek to diſſuade the people from hearing the Lord's meſſengers ſpeaking the Lord's meſſage, in the very ſtile and ſtrain and ſpirit of Rabſhakeh; let not theſe men (ſay they of the miniſters of Chriſt) deceive you, neither let them make you truſt in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, ſaying, This Lord Jeſus will ſave you to the utmoſt: hearken not unto them, turn you to the light within you. This common thing, that is to be found in every man, that is the Chriſt which muſt ſave you, and not this Chriſt, the only Son of God, (as they talk, and would perſuade you) incarnate by aſſuming the nature of man in the womb of the virgin Mary. And if, amongſt all the ambaſſadors to whom the miniſtry of reconciliation is committed, there be one more eminently qualified than another, to whom his Maſter hath given a ſpecial ſpiritual dexterity in beſeeching, praying and perſuading men to be reconciled

ciled unto God, who hath made his only begotten Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, sin for them, that they may be made the righteousness of God in him; One, whose shining light, and burning zeal proves him to be a Star held in his Master's right-hand; One whom Jesus Christ doth most remarkably countenance in his administrations, in making manifest the savour of his knowledge by him amongst the people; One highly esteemed for his work's sake, and endeared to the lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ, for his caring naturally for the flock, and travailing in birth till Christ be formed in his hearers; One by whose ministry Satan's dominion over souls is destroyed, and they installed into the glorious liberty of the sons of God: then, as if they were the sole trustees that Satan had upon the earth, and his only Janizaries fitted for that work, or as if they were sent express from hell, they set themselves in opposition to this man, and all who walk with him in the same spirit, and in the same steps, and do all they can, by their bawling, to blast the ministry of such a worker together with God. As the ministers of Jesus Christ are the men in the world against whom they have the most pure and perfect hatred, so it is against those ministers more particularly who are most tender and edifying, and by whose labour amongst the people, their Lord and Master, who sent them, sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied, that they, as the ministers of Satan, set themselves. Very fit messengers of Satan are they, if any were caught up to the third heaven, to buffet him. I appeal in this matter to the experience and observation of all who take notice of their way; and how little they trouble others, their master fearing little, or finding little damage to his dominion and kingdom, by these lazy ly-bies and idle loiterers.

Let this short hint of that unhallowed generation put us, not only to weep to see what a dominion Satan hath obtained over such poor unsettled souls, who every day wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived; but also, to study more caution and circumspection in our way for the future, and that in order both to our own preservation, that that wicked one touch us not, nor have access to tumble us headlong in this gulf, and also in order to the recovery (if it be possible) of some at least of those out of this snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his pleasure. Let all who would be saved themselves, or would not become a snare to others, by emboldening them by their example to converse to their perdition with such deceivers, save themselves, and stand aloof from this generation, that they may be saved.

It may and ought to be remembered, and regretted by all of us, that when Satan first set up by these proxies, and appeared in this disguise to act upon the stage, he gained not a little

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at his firſt aſſault, by our contempt and ſecurity. For every one thought the devil was turned dunce, and had played the wrong card, and failed in his politicks, in falling upon the leaſt probably taking way that ever he had yet attempted, how either to promove his own kingdom of darkneſs, or oppoſe the coming of the kingdom of the Son of God, in ſo clear a day of the goſpel's ſhining brightneſs. And therefore, however men were amazed at the appearance of ſuch a monſter (and the more they were amazed at its ſize and ſhape, the more they thought themſelves exempted from all care, to trouble themſelves in telling the world that it was ſuch, and whence it came, and whether it went; it was taken by the moſt diſcerning for granted, that the devil intended this piece of ridiculous pageantry, only for an interlude, that ſo, while we were gazing and mocking, he might fill the ſtage with Rome's abominations: and the more judicious cannot but diſcern, how the devil, in this dreſs, hath had the aſſiſtance of his old cabal the conclave; and by the brimſtone which iſſue out of their mouths, wherewith ſo many are killed, they may well be judged to make up one of Abaddon's legions) yet it was put out of doubt with moſt, that the Chriſtian world, eſpecially theſe churches, which had enjoyed ſo fair a day, and had been in a manner the valley of viſion, could not be cheated into a liking of this hell-black compound of all the moſt damnable hereſies; and judged, that there was but little reaſon to fear that Satan ſhould prevail much, or make any notable inroads upon the church, while he appeared ſo like himſelf; yea, it was thought impoſſible that any who had but the uſe of his reaſon, much leſs any who profeſſed religion, could be bewitched and proſelyted into a way which ſeemed to carry its own antidote with it, becauſe its poiſon was ſo palpable, and Satan had been at ſo little pains to buſk this hook, or hide his malice, in deſigning to murder as many as ſhould ſwallow this ſoup.

Nay, ſome were puffed up, and tuſhed at the fear of others, inſtead of being deeply affected, to ſee what ſpiritual judgments and plagues we were thereby threatened with, and like to be poured forth upon a people, who had walked ſo unſuitable to that degree of glorious Goſpel light which had ſhined amongſt us: But, alas! it is our folly to think that Satan plays the fool always when he puts on hood and bells; for he perceiving the temper and untenderneſs of many high pretenders, who had not received the truth in love, and perceiving how, in place of pure religion and undefiled before God, a giddy gaudineſs was entertained, as the badge of a progreſſive knowledge, and looked upon as an high attainment: Satan, I ſay, obſerving the propenſion of many to turn away their ears from the ſolid ſubſtantial and ſaving truths of the Goſpel, and how ready they were to be turned into fables, appears in this dreſs; and when men in their gaudy giddineſs came to gaze, when they ought to have looked

looked on with the tear in their eye; all on a ſudden, he opens this ſluice of hell upon them, and ſpues this flood out of his mouth after the woman, who had brought forth the man-child of reformation (by which he was enraged, becauſe thereby caſt unto the earth) that he might cauſe her to be carried away of the flood. Oh, if this day we could remember our faults, and weep over our folly, who carried in that day, as if ignorant of Satan's devices! For though we ourſelves had been ſome way ſecured againſt his ſucceſs in this garb and ſhape, after the light had ſhined in ſuch a meridian brightneſs amongſt us; yet it became us to have been deeply affected at this diſmal appearance, leſt the rumour of the riſe of ſuch a generation, after ſo much endeavour to reform the church, ſhould have given Satan the advantage of creating ſuch a prejudice againſt all for reformation in other churches, as that they, upon hearing what giddineſs and prodigious deluſions ſome were delivered over unto, in a church of theſe endeavours, might abandon all eſſays that way, and bleſs themſelves in a ſupine neglect of what is yet unqueſtionably their duty.

But that which gave Satan the greateſt advantage of all, was this, that moſt men at firſt did (and not a few continue to do ſo to this day) out of a kind of fooliſh pity, look upon them as a well-meaning kind of harmleſs, though half-hillocked perſons; and therefore converſed with them, without all fear or apprehended neceſſity of fearing a being infected with that leproſy which was got up into their head, and for which they ſhould have been put out of the camp of the Iſrael of God, as utterly unclean.

And hence it came to paſs, that he who in diſdain and contempt of that ſnare, ſaid to-day, Am I a dog to do this great evil? began to bark with them to-morrow, at the Sun of righteouſneſs, and all the healing that is under his wings, and to belch forth blaſphemies againſt the way and word of God. Let no man therefore wonder at Satan's ſucceſs under this ſhape, or at the ſpreading of this contagious leproſy; nay, let him conclude without a peradventure, that it will certainly ſpread further, if the courſe ſo proper to preſerve ourſelves and cure them, preſcribed by our bleſſed Lord, the great Phyſician of his church, be not followed. Let them therefore be ſhunned, that they may be aſhamed, when they find themſelves ſtink in the noſtrils of all who ſavour the things of God, and ſhut out from all who are called by his precious name, as perſons bearing and branded with another name and mark.

Let no man who would not expoſe himſelf to the ſnare of the devil, and harden them to deſtruction, liſten unto them, receive them into his houſe, or carry any otherwiſe towards them than towards Satan's agents and angels, who are ſo known by their

talk and tokens, that ſcarce can it be ſaid they transform themſelves into angels of light, that they may with the greater facility promove the kingdom of darkneſs.

Let me therefore beſeech, and obteſt all the fearers of God, to whoſe hands theſe lines ſhall come, by their love to him, by their longing after the coming of Chriſt's kingdom, and their deſires of the earth's being filled with the knowledge of his glory, as the waters cover the ſea, by the love they have to their own immortal ſouls, and the ſalvation of the preſent generation and poſterity: Yea, let me make bold to charge them, in the name and authority of the great God, and our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and by their dreadful appearance before him, and as ever they expect to be admitted to Chriſt's company, and find a place amongſt them who are ſaved and waſhed in his blood, and made kings and prieſts unto God, and his Father, make more conſcience henceforth of abſtaining from all converſe, beyond the unpleaſant conſtraint of pure neceſſity, with this race of the moſt degenerate brood, and deſperate enemies to the true foundation-principles of ſalvation, that ever hell yet hatched, or Satan ſet on work, to counter-work and obſtruct the progreſs of the goſpel. The adequate remedy, it is true, is not in the hand of every, nor any private Chriſtian; but God hath put this plaiſter into every man's hand, and hath made it eaſy for him to apply it, while other remedies are not within his reach, whereby he may, thro' grace, preſerve himſelf unpolluted, and pure from the plague of the ſpreading contagion, yea, and poſſibly recover ſome of them: let him but in compliance with the will of God, diſcountenance theſe traders and traffickers for Satan, and let him ſhun all converſe with them. Enter not into the path of theſe wicked perſons, and go not in the way of theſe evil men; avoid it, paſs not by it, turn from it, and paſs away: for their houſe inclineth unto death, and their paths unto the dead. None (at leaſt few) that go unto them, return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life.

If any deſpiſe our Lord's preſcription, and do otherwiſe, let neither himſelf nor others wonder, if, as a juſt puniſhment of this preſumptuous contempt, he be left and caught into the ſnare. O fear this infatuation, which hath overtaken ſo many to that height, that they wrangle and wreſt, without a bluſh, the word of life, and the ſcriptures holding forth the plain pathway of ſalvation, to their own perdition; yea, and as perſons ſick of an hydrophoby, fear only and flee from the proper remedy. O beware, leſt, while you ſee ſuch a doleful and ſo amazing a ſpectacle and document of divine diſpleaſure before your eyes, you alſo, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own ſtedfaſtneſs: but labour to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt;

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and then it is impoſſible not to grow in an abhorrence at name and thing of this abomination, which his ſoul hateth, as the moſt pure and perfect oppoſition to that ſalvation which is in Chriſt Jeſus, and the moſt explicit and plain attempt againſt the pleaſure of the Lord's proſpering in the Mediator's hand, and his ſeeing of the travail of his ſoul and being ſatisfied, that ever Satan made or managed by any mortal. But I have poſſibly exceeded the juſt limits of a poſtſcript; and therefore, committing thee to the guarding and guidings of his grace, who is of power to eſtabliſh thee, and keep thee from falling, and preſent thee faultleſs before the preſence of his glory with exceeding joy, I here ſubſiſt.

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## Mr. RUTHERFOORD's TESTIMONY to the Covenanted Work of Reformation, (from 1638, to 1649.) in Britain and Ireland.

THOUGH the Lord needeth not a Teſtimony from ſuch a wretched man as I, if I, and all the world ſhould be ſilent, the very ſtones would cry: it is more than debt, that I ſhould confeſs Chriſt before men and angels. It would ſatisfy me not a little, that the throne of my Lord Jeſus were exalted above the clouds, the heaven of heavens, and on both ſides of the ſun; and that all poſſible praiſe and glory were aſcribed to him; that, by his grace, I might put my ſeal, ſuch as it is, unto that ſong, even the new ſong of theſe, who, with a loud voice, ſing, ſaying, "Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the ſeals thereof: for thou waſt ſlain, and haſt redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation: and haſt made us unto our God kings and prieſts; and we ſhall reign on earth, Rev. v. 9, 10." And bleſſed were I, could I lay to my ear of faith, and ſay Amen to that Pſalm "of the many angels round about the throne, and the beaſts, and elders: whoſe number is ten thouſand times ten thouſand, and thouſands of thouſands: ſaying, with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain, to receive power and riches, and wiſdom, and ſtrength, and honour, and glory, and bleſſing." And if I heard "every creature, which is in heaven, and on earth, and under the earth; and ſuch as are in the ſea; and all that are in them; (as John heard them) ſaying, Bleſſing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that ſitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever." I mean not any ſuch viſible reign of Chriſt on earth, as the Millenaries fancy; I believe (Lord help my unbelief) the doctrine of the holy prophets, and the apoſtles of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt, contained in the books of the Old and New Teſtament, to be the undoubted truth of God, and a perfect rule of faith

faith, and the only way of ſalvation. And I do acknowledge the ſum of the Chriſtian religion, exhibited in the Confeſſions and Catechiſms of the reformed proteſtant churches: and in the national covenant, divers times ſworn by the king's majeſty, the ſtate, and church of Scotland; and ſealed by the teſtimony and ſubſcription of the nobles, barons, gentlemen, citizens, miniſters, and profeſſors of all ranks. As alſo, in the Solemn League and Covenant in the three kingdoms of Scotland, England and Ireland. And I do judge, and in conſcience believe, that no power on earth can abſolve, and liberate the people of God from the bonds and ſacred ties of the oath of God. I am perſuaded that Aſa acted warrantably, in making a law, that the people ſhould ſtand to the covenant; and in receiving into the covenant ſuch as were not of his kingdom, 2 Chron. xv. 9, 10. As did alſo Hezekiah, in ſending a proclamation thro' all the tribes, from Dan to Beerſheba, "That they ſhould come and keep the Paſſover unto the Lord at Jeruſalem, 2 Chron. xxx. 6, 7." tho' their own princes did not go along with them; yea, and it is nature's law, warranted by the word, that nations ſhould encourage and ſtir up one another to ſeek the true God. It is alſo propheſied, That divers nations ſhould excite one another in this way, "Iſa, ii. 3. Many people ſhall go and ſay, Come ye, and let us go up unto the mountain of the Lord, to the houſe of the God of Jacob, and he will teach us of his ways," Zech. viii. 21, 22. "And the inhabitants of one city ſhall go to another, ſaying, Let us go ſpeedily to pray before the Lord of hoſts: I will go alſo. Yea, many people and ſtrong nations ſhall come to ſeek the Lord of hoſts in Jeruſalem, and to pray before the Lord." There is alſo a clear prophecy to be accompliſhed under the New Teſtament, Jer. l. 4, 5. "That Iſrael and Judah ſhall go together, and ſeek the Lord. They ſhall aſk the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, ſaying, Come, and let us join ourſelves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant, that ſhall not be forgotten." It is alſo foretold, That different nations ſhall confederate with the Lord, and with one another, "Iſa. xix. 23, 24, 25. In that day there ſhall be an high way out of Egypt to Aſſyria; and the Aſſyrian ſhall come to Egypt, and the Egyptian into Aſſyria, and the Egyptians ſhall ſerve with the Aſſyrians. In that day ſhall Iſrael be the third with Egypt, and with Aſſyria, even a bleſſing in the midſt of the land; whom the Lord of hoſts ſhall bleſs, ſaying, Bleſſed be Egypt my people, and Aſſyria the work of my hands, and Iſrael mine inheritance."

The church of Scotland had once as much of the preſence of Chriſt, as to the power and purity of doctrine, worſhip, diſcipline, and government, as many we read of, ſince the Lord took his ancient people to be his covenanted church. The Lord ſtir-

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red up our nobles to attempt a reformation in the laſt age, thro' many difficulties, and againſt much oppoſition from thoſe in ſupreme authority: he made bare his holy arm, and carried on the work glorioufly, like himſelf; his right hand getting him the victory, until the idolatry of Rome, and her curſed maſs were daſhed: a hopeful reformation was in ſome meaſure ſettled, and a ſound Confeſſion of Faith was agreed upon, by the lords of the congregation. The people of God, according to the laudable cuſtom of other ancient churches, the Proteſtants in France and Holland, and the renowned princes in Germany, did carry on the work in an innocent, ſelf-defenſive war, which the Lord did abundantly bleſs. When our land and church were thus contending for that begun reformation, theſe in authority did ſtill oppoſe the work; and there was not then wanting men from among ourſelves, men of prelatical ſpirits, who with ſome other time-ſerving courtiers, did not a little undermine the building; and we doating too much upon ſound parliaments, and lawful general aſſemblies, fell from our firſt love to ſelf-ſeeking, ſecret banding, and little fearing the oath of God.

Afterwards, our work in public was too much in ſequeſtration of eſtates, fining and impriſoning, more than in a compaſſionate mournfulneſs of ſpirit toward thoſe whom we ſaw to oppoſe the work. In our aſſemblies, we were more to ſet up a ſtate oppoſite to a ſtate; more upon forms, citations, leading of witneſſes, ſuſpenſions from benefices, than ſpiritually to perſuade, and work upon the conſcience, with the meekneſs and gentleneſs of Chriſt. The glory and royalty of our princely Redeemer and King was trampled on, as any might have ſeen in our aſſemblies. What way the army and the ſword, and the countenance of nobles and officers ſeemed to ſway, that way were the cenſures carried. It had been better, had their been more days of humiliation and faſting in aſſemblies, ſynods, preſbyteries, congregations, families; and far leſs, adjourning commiſſions, new peremptory ſummons, and new drawn-up proceſſes. And if the meekneſs and gentleneſs of our Maſter had got ſo much place in our hearts, that we might have waited on gainſayers, and parties contrary minded; and we might have driven gently, as our Maſter Chriſt, who loves not to over-drive, but "carries the lambs in his boſom."

If the word of truth, in the Old and New Teſtaments, be a ſufficient rule, holding forth what is a Chriſtian army, whether offenſive or defenſive, whether clean or ſinfully mixed, then muſt we leave the queſtion betwixt our public brethren and us, to be determined by that rule; but if there be no ſuch rule in the word, then the confederacies and aſſociations of the people of God, with the idolatrous apoſtate Iſraelites, with the

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Egyptians and Aſſyrians, as that of Jehoſhaphat with Ahab, and theſe of Iſrael and Judah, with Egypt and Aſſyria, are not to be condemned. But they are often reproved and condemned in ſcripture. To deny the ſcripture to be a ſufficient rule in this caſe, were to accuſe it of being imperfect and defective. An high and unjuſt reflection on the holy word of God. Beyond all queſtion, the written word doth teach what is a right conſtituted court, and what not, Pſalm x. What is a right conſtituted houſe, and what not, Joſh. xxiv. 15. What is a true church, and what is a falſe one: what is a true church, and what is a ſynagogue of Satan, Rev. ii. What is a clean camp, and what is an unclean. We are not for an army of ſaints, and free of all mixture of ill affected men: but it ſeems an high prevarication for churchmen to counſel and teach, that the weight and truſt of the affairs of Chriſt, and his kingdom, ſhould be laid upon the whole party of ſuch as have been enemies to our cauſe, contrary to the word of God, and the declarations, remonſtrances, ſolemn warnings, and ſerious exhortations of his church, whoſe public proteſtations the Lord did admirably bleſs, to the encouragement of the godly, and the terror of all the oppoſers of the work.

Since we are very ſhortly to appear before our dreadful Maſter and Sovereign, we cannot paſs from our proteſtation, truſting we are therein accepted of him; though we ſhould lie under the imputation of dividing ſpirits and unpeaceable men. We acknowledge all due obedience in the Lord, to the king's majeſty; but we diſown that eccleſiaſtical ſupremacy in, and over, the church, which ſome aſcribe to him: that power of commanding external worſhip, not appointed in the word; and laying bonds upon the conſciences of men, where Chriſt has made them free. We diſown antichriſtian prelacy, bowing at the name of Jeſus, ſaints days, canonizing of the dead, and other ſuch corrupt inventions of men, and look on them as the high way to popery. Alas! now there is no need of a ſpirit of prophecy, to declare what ſhall be the woful condition of a land that hath broken covenant, firſt practically, and then legally, with the Lord our God; and what ſhall be the day of the ſilent and dumb watchmen of Scotland? Where will we leave our glory, and what if Chriſt depart out of our land? We verily judge they are moſt loyal to the king's majeſty, who deſire the droſs may be ſeparated from the ſilver, and the throne eſtabliſhed in righteouſneſs and judgment. We are not (our witneſs is in heaven) againſt his majeſty's title by birth to the kingdom, and the right of the royal family: but that the controverſy of wrath againſt the royal family may be removed; that the huge guilt of the throne may be mourned for before the Lord: and that his majeſty may ſtand conſtantly, all the days of his life, to the covenant of God, by oath, ſeal, and ſubſcription, known

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the world; that ſo peace, and the bleſſings of heaven, may follow his government: that the Lord may be his rock and ſhield, that the juſt may flouriſh in his time, that men fearing God, hating covetouſneſs, and of known integrity and godlineſs, may be judges and rulers under his majeſty. And they are not really loyal and faithful to the ſupreme magiſtrate, who wiſh not ſuch qualifications in him: we are not, in this particular, contending, that a prince who is not a convert, or a ſound believer, falls from his royal dominion: the ſcriptures of God warrant us to pray for, and obey in the Lord, princes and ſupreme magiſtrates, that are otherwiſe wicked: and to tender all due obedience to them, Rom. xiii. 2, 5. 2 Tim. ii. 12, 13, 1 Pet. ii. 18. Our ſouls ſhould be afflicted before the Lord for the burning of the cauſes of God's wrath: a ſad practice, too like the burning of the roll by Jehoiakim, Jer. xxxvi. 23. In theſe controverſies, we ſhould take ſpecial heed to this, that Chriſt is a free, independent Sovereign, King, and Lawgiver. The Father hath appointed him his own king in mount Zion; and he cannot endure that the powers of the world ſhould encroach upon his royal prerogative, and preſcribe laws to him; this preſumption is not far from that of the citizens, that hated him, Luke xix. 14. "He ſhall not rule over us." And from the intolerable pride of thoſe who are for breaking aſunder the bands of the Lord, and his anointed; and for caſting away their cords from them, Pſalm ii. 2. Eſpecially ſeeing the man Chriſt would not take the office of a judge upon him, Luke xii. 14. And diſcharged his diſciples to exerciſe a civil-lordſhip over their brethren. True it is, the godly magiſtrate may command the miniſters of the goſpel to do their duty, but not under the penalty of eccleſiaſtic cenſures, as if it were proper to him to call and uncall, depoſe and ſuſpend from the holy miniſtry. The lordly ſpiritual government, in and over the church, is given unto Chriſt, and none elſe; he is the ſole eccleſiaſtic Lawgiver. It is proper to him to ſmite with the rod of his mouth; nor is there any other ſhoulder, in heaven or on earth, that is able to bear the government. As this hath been the great controverſy betwixt our Lord Jeſus, and the powers of the world, from the beginning; ſo it has ruined all that coped with him. Chriſt has proven a rock of offence to them; they have been daſhed in pieces by the ſtone that was cut out of the mountain without hands, Dan. ii. 34, 35. And the other powers that enter the liſts with him, ſhall have the ſame diſmal exit. Whoſoever ſhall fall upon this ſtone, ſhall be broken; and on whomſoever it ſhall fall, it ſhall grind him to powder, Matth. xxi. 44. As the bleſſed prophets and apoſtles of our Lord, contended not a little with the rulers of the earth, that Chriſt ſhould be the Head Corner Stone; that Chriſt is the only Head of the church, is

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as ſure as that he died, was buried, and roſe again. It is a moſt victorious and prevailing truth; not only preached and atteſted by the ambaſſadors of the Lord of hoſts, but confirmed by blood, martyrdom, and ſuffering.

Many precious ſaints, have thought it their honour and dignity to ſuffer ſhame and reproach for the name of Jeſus. And it is beyond doubt, that paſſive ſuffering for the name of Chriſt, comes neareſt to that noble ſampler, wherein Chriſt, though a ſon, learned obedience by the things which he ſuffered, Heb. v. 8. Now bleſſed is the ſoul who loves not his life to death, Rev. xii. 11. for on ſuch reſts the ſpirit of glory and of God, 1 Pet. iv. 14. We cannot but ſay it is a ſad time to this land at preſent, it is a day of darkneſs, and rebuke and blaſphemy. The Lord hath covered himſelf with a cloud in his anger; we looked for peace, but behold evil: our ſouls rejoiced when his majeſty did ſwear the covenant of God, and put thereto his ſeal and ſubſcription, and after confirmed it by his royal promiſe; ſo that the ſubjects hearts bleſſed the Lord and reſted upon the healing word of a prince. But now, alas! the contrary is enacted by law, the carved work broken down, ordinances are defaced, and we are brought into the former bondage and chaos of prelatical confuſions. The royal prerogative of Chriſt is pulled from his head, and after all the days of ſorrow we have ſeen, we have juſt cauſe to fear we ſhall be made to read and eat that book wherein is written Mourning, and Lamentation, and Woe. Yet we are to believe, Chriſt will not ſo depart from the land, but a remnant ſhall be ſaved; and he ſhall reign a victorious conquering King, to the ends of the earth. O that there were nations, kindreds, tongues, and all the people of Chriſt's habitable world, encompaſſing his throne with cries and tears for the ſpirit of ſupplication, to be poured down upon the inhabitants of Judah for that effect.

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## Some of the LAST WORDS of Mr. RUTHERFOORD; containing ſome Advices and Exhortations to his Friends and Relations, during his ſickneſs, before his death, February the laſt, 1661.

He uttered many ſavoury ſpeeches in the time of his ſickneſs, and often broke out in a ſacred kind of rapture, extolling and commending the Lord Jeſus, eſpecially when his end drew near; whom he often called his bleſſed Maſter, his kingly King.

SOME days before his death he ſaid, I ſhall ſhine, I ſhall ſee him as he is, I ſhall ſee him reign, and all his fair company

any with him; and I ſhall have my large ſhare, my eyes ſhall ee my Redeemer, theſe very eyes of mine, and no other for ne; this may ſeem a wide word, but its no fancy or delu- ion; its true, its true, let my Lord's name be exalted, and e he will, let my name be grinded to pieces, that he may be all n all. If he ſhould ſlay me ten thouſand times ten thouſand imes, I'll truſt. He often repeated, Jer. xv. 16. 'Thy words were found and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the oy and rejoicing of my heart." Exhorting one to be diligent n ſeeking of God, he ſaid, 'Tis no eaſy thing to be a Chriſti- an, but for me, I have gotten the victory, and Chriſt is hold- ing out both his arms to embrace me. At another time, to ſome friends about him, he ſaid, At the beginning of my ſufferings I had mine own fears like another ſinful man leſt I ſhould faint, and not be carried creditably through; and I laid this before the Lord: and as ſure as he ever ſpake to me in his word, as ſure his ſpirit witneſſed to my heart, "he had accepted my ſuf- fering, he ſaid to me, fear not: the outgate ſhall be ſimply matter of praiſe." I ſaid to the Lord, if he ſhould ſlay me five thouſand times five thouſand times, I would truſt in him; and I ſpake it with much trembling, fearing I ſhould not make my putt good. But as really as ever he ſpoke to me by his Spirit, he witneſſed unto my heart, "that his grace ſhould be ſufficient."

The laſt Tueſday's night, before his death, being much weight- ed with the ſtate of the public, he had that expreſſion, "Ter- ror hath taken hold on me, becauſe of his diſpenſations." And after falling upon his own condition, he ſaid, I diſclaim all that ever he made me will or do, and look on it as defiled and im- perfect, as coming from me; and I take me to Chriſt for ſanc- tification, as well as juſtification; and repeating theſe words, "He is made of God to me, wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctifi- cation and redemption;" he added, I cloſe with it, let him be ſo, he is my All, in all this.

On March the ſeventeenth, three gentlewomen coming to ſee him; after exhorting them to read the word, and be fre- quent in prayer, and much in communion with God, he ſaid, My honourable Maſter and lovely Lord, my great and royal King, hath not a match in heaven or in earth; I have my own guiltineſs like another ſinful man, but he hath pardoned, loved, and waſhed, and given me "Joy unſpeakable, and full of glo- ry." I repent not that ever I owned his cauſe. Theſe whom ye call Proteſters, are the witneſſes of Jeſus Chriſt; I hope ne- ver to depart from that cauſe, nor ſide with theſe that have burnt the cauſes of God's wrath.

They have broken their covenant oftener than once or twice: but I believe, "The Lord will build Zion, and repair the waſte places of Jacob." O! to obtain mercy, to wreſtle with God for their ſalvation. As for this Preſbytery, it hath ſtood in oppo-

sition to me these years past: I have my record in heaven, I had no particular end in view, but was seeking the honour of God, the thriving of the gospel in this place, and the good of the new college, that society which I have left upon the Lord: what personal wrongs they have done to me, and what grief they have occasioned to me, I heartily forgive them; and desire mercy to wrestle with God, for mercy to them and all their salvation.

The same day, Mr. James M'Gill, Mr. John Wardlaw, Mr. William Violant, and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, (all members of the same presbytery with him) coming to visit him, he made them heartily welcome, and said, My Lord and Master is the chief of ten thousand of thousands, none is comparable to him in heaven or in earth. Dear brethren, do all for him; pray for Christ, preach for Christ, feed the flock committed to your charge for Christ, do all for Christ; beware of men-pleasing, there is too much of it among us. Dear brethren, you know I have had my own grievances among you of this presbytery. He, before whom I stand, knows it was not my particular, but the interest of Jesus Christ, and the thriving of the gospel, I was seeking. What griefs or wrongs you have done me, I heartily forgive, as I desire to be forgiven of Christ. The new college hath broke my heart, and I can say nothing of it, but I have left it upon the Lord of the house; and it hath been, and still is, my desire, that he may dwell in this society, and that the youths may be fed with sound knowledge. This is a divided visit of the presbytery, and I know so much the less what to say.

After this, he said, Dear brethren, it may seem a presumption in me, a particular man, to send a commission to a presbytery; and Mr. M'Gill replying, It was no presumption: he continued, Dear brethren, take a commission from me, a dying man, to them, to appear for God and his cause, and adhere to the doctrine of the covenant, and have a care of the flock committed to their charge. Let them feed the flock out of love, preach for God, visit and catechise for God, and do all for God. Beware of man-pleasing: the chief Shepherd will appear shortly; and tell them from me, dear brethren, that all the personal griefs and wrongs they have done to me, I do cordially and freely forgive them: but for the business of the new college, I have left that upon the Lord: let them see to it, my soul desires the Lord to dwell in that society, and that himself may feed the youths. I have been a sinful man, and have had my failings, but my Lord hath pardoned and accepted my labours. I adhere to the cause and covenant, and mind never to depart from that protestation against the controverted assemblies. I am the man I was. I am still for keeping the government of the kirk of Scotland intire, and would not for a thousand worlds, have had the least finger of an hand in burning of the causes of God's wrath. O! for grace to wrestle with God for their salvation, who

who have done it; and Mr. Violant having prayed, at his desire, as they took their leave, he renewed his charge to them, "to feed the flock out of love."

The next morning, as he recovered out of fainting, in which they who looked on, expected his dissolution, he said, I feel, I feel, I believe in joy, and rejoice; I feed on manna. The worthy and famous Mr. Robert Blair, whose praise is in the gospel, through all this church, being with him, [I must tell the reader, our author had this man in high esteem, and lived in near friendship and love with him to the day of his death. A reverend minister, lately fallen asleep, that was often with Mr. Rutherfoord told me, he used to call Mr. Blair a worthy man of God] As Mr. Rutherfoord took a little wine in a spoon, to refresh himself, being very weak, Mr. Blair said to him, Ye feed on dainties in heaven, and think nothing of our cordials on earth; he answered, They are all but dung, yet they are Christ's creatures, and out of obedience to his command, I take them; adding, my eyes shall see my Redeemer, I know he shall stand the last day upon the earth, and I shall be caught up in the clouds to meet him in the air, and I shall be ever with him, and what would ye have more, there is an end; and stretching out his hand again, reply'd, there is an end. A little after, he said, I have been a wicked sinful man, but I stand at the best pass that ever a man did, Christ is mine and I am his; and spake much of the white stone, and the new name. Mr. Blair, who loved to hear Christ commended with all his heart, said to him again, What think ye now of Christ? to which he replied, I shall live and adore him: glory, glory, to my Creator, and to my Redeemer for ever: glory shines in Immanuel's land.

In the afternoon of that day, he said, O! that all my brethren, in the public, may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day: 'I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness.' And he said, This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the vail, and I shall go away in a sleep, by five of the clock in the morning: which exactly fell out according as he had told that night: though he was very weak, he had often this expression, O for arms to embrace him; O for a well tuned harp. And he exhorted Dr. Colvil (a man that complied with Episcopacy afterwards) to adhere to the government of the kirk of Scotland, and to the doctrine of the covenant; and to have a care that youth were fed with sound knowledge; and expresst his desire, that Christ might dwell in that society, and that vice and profaneness might be borne down; and the doctor being a professor in the new college, he told him, That he heartily forgave him all offence he had done him.

He spake likewise to Mr. Honeyman, who came to see him, (the man, who afterward not only submitted to the Episcopal

government, but wrote in defence of it, and was made Biſhop of Orkney) and deſired him to tell the preſbytery to appear for God and his cauſe, and covenant, ſaying, The caſe is not deſperate, let them be in their duty. And directing his ſpeech to Dr. Colvil, and Mr. Honeyman, he ſaid, Stick to it. Ye may think it an eaſy thing in me, a dying man, that is now going out of the reach of all that man can do, but he, before whom I ſtand, knows I dare adviſe no colleague or brother to do what I would not cordially do myſelf, upon all hazard: and as for the cauſes of God's wrath, that men have now condemned; tell Mr. James Wood from me, that I had rather lay my head down on a ſcaffold, and ſuffer it to be chopped off many times, were it poſſible, before I had paſſed from them. And to Mr. Honeyman he ſaid, Tell Mr. James Wood from me, I heartily forgive him all wrongs he has done me; and deſire him from me, to declare himſelf the man that he is, ſtill for the government of the church of Scotland.

And truly Mr. Rutherfoord was not deceived in him, for the learned, pious, and worthy Mr. Wood was true and faithful to the preſbyterian government; nothing could bow him to comply, in the leaſt degree, with abjured prelacy; ſo far from that, that apoſtacy and treachery of others, whom he had too much truſted, broke his upright ſpirit, eſpecially the aggravated defection and perfidy of one whom he termed Judas, Demas, and Gehazi, concentred in one, after he found what part he acted to the church of Scotland, under truſt. For this Mr. Wood went to the grave a man of ſorrows, and left his teſtimony behind him, to the work of God in this land, which has been in print a long time ago. I owe this piece of juſtice to the memory of this great man; and to ſhew that the only differences betwixt Mr. Rutherfoord and him, were occaſioned by Mr. Wood's joining with the promoters of the public reſolutions of that time, but Mr. Rutherfoord ever ſpoke of him with regard, and as a good man whom he loved. After, when ſome ſpoke to Mr. Rutherfoord of his former painfulneſs and faithfulneſs in the work of God, he ſaid, I diſclaim all that, the port I would be at is redemption and forgiveneſs, through his blood. Thou ſhalt ſhew me the path of life, in thy ſight is fulneſs of joy. There is nothing now betwixt me and the reſurrection; 'But to day thou ſhalt be with me in paradiſe:' Mr. Blair ſaying, Shall I praiſe the Lord for all the mercies he hath done for you, and is to do? He anſwered, O for a well tuned harp. To his child he ſaid, I have again left you upon the Lord; it may be you will tell this to others, That the lines are fallen to me in pleaſant places, I have a goodly heritage: I bleſs the Lord that gave me counſel.

*FINIS.*

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A HISTORY of the churches of Scotland and England, from the earlieſt period to the preſent time. To which will be added, A brief ſketch of the hiſtory of the church of Ireland, and of the Proteſtant churches in America.

*Alſo, another new work by the ſame auther, intitled,*

HARMONY of ſcripture prophecies, with the hiſtory of their fulfilment.